









THE
INVISIBLE WORLD;
OR
THE STATE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS
BETWEEN
DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.
A POEM IN EIGHT BOOKS,
WITH
AN APPENDIX.

By REV. W. ROBINSON,
" MISSIONARY OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

CALCUTTA :
PRINTED AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CIRCULAR ROAD.
1844.

PR 5233

.R4 A7

P R E F A C E.

THOUGH the author has, in conformity to prevailing custom, denominated his work a poem, because it is written in verse ; yet he prefers no claim to that superior style, which is, by way of eminence, termed poetical. The deep interest which he felt in the subject, and a desire to benefit his fellow-christians, were his inducements to writing ; and he ventures to hope, that a work on a subject so very important and interesting as the state of departed spirits, though in a plain style, will not, if found consistent with Scripture, be wholly unacceptable to the serious reader. The doctrine of an intermediate state, is neither so generally received, nor so well understood as it ought to be ; and should a perusal of the following pages, correct some errors, and lead to a profitable and Scriptural contemplation of the state which awaits us after death, the author's object will be accomplished.

The author has to acknowledge, with many thanks, the kindness of Dr. Yates in looking over the proofs, and suggesting improvements.

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THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation of the Deity. Two human saints walking on the Heavenly hills, long after the resurrection, enter into conversation. One narrates the circumstances of his death, then requests the other to tell of his state on earth. The other replies, that he had never died, but had lived to the last day, and undergone that change, of which Paul speaks (1 Cor. xv. 51,52.) He then mentions a few circumstances connected with the last day and the resurrection. The saint, who had died, speaks of what he saw after the resurrection. States his surprise at the vast multitudes, which he then saw collected—speaks of the intermixture of the good and bad—of the angel's separating the wicked from the just—tells of a young man, the son of pious parents, who was separated from them on that day, because he had not believed on Jesus Christ—requests the saint, who had lived to the last day, to describe some of the scenes, which he witnessed after the resurrection. The saint complies and states the case of a rich man, whom he knew, and who died but a few months before the last day—describes a company of saints assembled round their former pastor—mentions an ungodly man, who approached that assembly to take a final leave of his father and mother—states, that the saints, who were living, just before the last day, believed it near—mentions the earth's last Sabbath—requests the saint, who had died, to tell him some thing of the state of disembodied spirits in the unseen world. He agrees; but first mentions some of the opinions, which prevailed, about departed souls, when he lived on earth.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

BOOK I.

THY help, Eternal God, I now implore,
While I attempt a theme too great for man,
Unless assisted by thine aid divine.
Of things unseen, by mortal eyes ; unheard
By mortal ears ; and not, by mortal thought,
Clearly to be conceived, I wish to tell.
Thy Holy Word proclaims to man a world
Unseen, where human souls, after they leave
The body, all reside ; on that would I
Discourse. But chiefly, would I speak, of that
Part of the world to come called Paradise,
Where the departed spirits of the saints,
After the toils of life, in comfort rest.
O may thy Holy Spirit me direct,
My mind enlighten, and from error free ;
And teach me to conceive of things unseen,
Consistently with Scripture, and with truth.

The resurrection day was past, and all
The saints had long possessed their great reward,
When, walking on the Heavenly hills, arrayed
In pure white robes, and wearing crowns of life,

Which, at the Saviour's feet, they oft had laid
In token of the honour due to Him,
Who had redeemed them with his precious blood,
Two happy beings, saints of Adam's race,
Held conversation sweet on Heavenly joys ;—
On the great things, which they had seen and known,
And on some great events which, they had heard,
The Almighty purposed soon to bring to pass,
And thus discover to the saints in bliss,
More of his glorious attributes divine.
Themes, such as these, did much their minds engage,
And wonderful the thoughts and words produced
When Heavenly minds, by mutual intercourse
Excited, thus upon each other act.
Could men, on earth, have heard discourse like this,
They would have felt unutterable things.

At length, they to another subject came ;
'Twas one of interest deep to Adam's sons,—
Their state on earth ; for they remembered well
The various scenes of their mortality.
The way, by which the Lord had, through a world
Of sin and sorrow, led them they reviewed ;
They told of all his goodness, and the hopes
They, while on earth, enjoyed of Heavenly bliss ;—
Hopes, more than realized by all the saints.

“My way through life,” said one, “was sometimes dark :
Nor can I boast, that I was always free
From the sad fear of death ; yet, thanks to God,
He gave me, in that very trying hour,
Such holy peace as all my fears dispelled.
When it was clear, the destined time was come
For me to tread the gloomy vale of death,
And pass at once into another world,
My friends were sad, my family all mourned ;

They sat and wept, then looked on my pale face
With wishful eye, which seemed to say: ‘ O ! that
He might be spared to us a few years more !’
And there was one, my other self, who was
Quite overwhelmed with grief, when she perceived,
That we must part, and she be left alone.
I felt her anguish, and I wished to live
To be her comfort, and my children’s too.
Besides, I had my fears, I could not feel
Quite sure, that all was right, that death would be
A certain entrance to a better world.
But I looked upward in the trying hour ;
God heard the prayer of my poor trembling heart ;
He calmed my troubled mind, taught me to rest
On the great sacrifice of Jesus Christ,
And feel I rested on a solid rock.
My fears returned no more ; our gracious God,
Quite faithful to his word, forsook me not,
But as my day was, made my strength, and gave
Me grace sufficient for the trying hour.
Now, I could leave all dear to me on earth,
Because I could them all to God confide ;
Assured, that he, who had my helper been
In life, and who, in death, was my support,
Would never them forsake. I called my wife,
And said : ‘ My love, be comforted ; I go
Before ; you’ll follow soon. Arrived in that
Bless’d world, to which I go, I will not you
Forget, but for your coming watch. When there
We meet, no further separation shall
We know. Meanwhile, look up to Him, who is
The orphan’s father, and the widow’s God.
The time is short ; weep then as though you wept
Not, and rejoice in hope of that bless’d day,

When, in the Saviour's presence, we shall meet.
God will, I hope, for our dear children, hear
Our prayers, and bring them safely to that world
Of rest. The prospect cheers my heart ; may it
Cheer yours, while you my loss deplore. Now, I
Can go in peace, for, on atoning blood,
Is all my trust. May the same trust be yours,
And the same peace your mind support, when you,
As I now do, lie on the bed of death."

" Finding, that all was well, I wished to go :
I wished to join the spirits of the just,
To see my Saviour, and pour out my heart
In grateful praises for his love to me.
A few short struggles o'er, I had my wish ;
I felt, that I had pass'd the gate of death,
And that I was for ever safe indeed ;
Angels conveyed me soon to Paradise,
And there the Saviour's welcome I received.
Thus ended all my sins, and griefs, and fears,
Now brother, tell me how it was with you."

" My history, brother, differs much from yours
The dreaded path of death, I never trod ;
The pains of dissolution ne'er were mine ;
I ne'er was parted from my friends on earth ;
Ne'er saw them weeping round my dying bed ;
I never entered on the separate state ;
Nor did I e'er see Paradise, the abode
Of happy souls till the great judgment day.

lived on earth, in the last age of time ;
And ere I felt decay, or hoary locks
My head adorned, I heard the trumpet sound,
That raised the dead. I saw the dead arise ;
For, when that awful sound was heard, I was
Among the tombs, whither I had, as oft

Before, for serious meditation gone.
Some of my Christian friends, who, a few weeks
Or months, had been interred, sprung from their graves,
Before my eyes, and looked around with smiles.
Me soon they recognized and said : ‘ Brother,
Rejoice, the resurrection day is come ;
Now, we shall all our crowns of life receive.’

“ Soon, as you know, a second blast was heard ;*
Then were the living changed ; then they, at once,
Put on the garb of immortality.
That change I underwent, yet cannot it
Describe : for process, there was none for man
T’ observe ; ’twas done at once ; a moment’s space,
The twinkling of an eye, as Paul had long
Foretold, completed all. O ! what a time
Of joy was that to some ; while others felt
The deepest wo. Many good men had preached,
And others written, others deeply thought,
About that day ; yet neither tongue nor pen
Could tell, nor thought conceive, a scene so grand,
So solemn, and so awful, yet so bright,
And so absorbing to the sons of men.
Who then for honours, riches, or estates,
Or any earthly things, the least concern
Exhibited ? No ! brother, then we saw,
What all most deeply felt, and many wished
They had so felt before, that earthly things
Were nothing worth ; for then, all were assured,
That they had done with earth, that they must dwell
For ever in another world, a world
Of endless happiness, or endless wo.

“ After the dead were raised, and living changed,
There was, you know, a pause, a solemn pause,

* See Appendix, Note A. to Book I.

In the proceedings of that awful day.
It was, I thought, as though the Judge would grant
To men a little space to look around
And recollect the scenes of earth ; to call
To mind their earthly history ; that they
The past reviewing might anticipate
Their bless'd reward, or everlasting doom.
You, no doubt, saw, in some, a joyful hope,
A full assurance, that they should receive,
From Jesus' hands, a crown of righteousness ;
Others, you must have seen, with downcast eyes
And looks, which told of horror in the soul."

"Yes! brother," said the other saint, "I much
Observed of an affecting kind. One scene
I witnessed, which I will to you describe.

"After the dead had all been raised, and all
The living changed, the surface of the earth,
As you must have observed as well as I,
Seemed covered with its late inhabitants.
At sight of all those countless multitudes,
Surprise did, for a time, my thoughts enchain.
Large armies gathered on the battle field,—
Nay! that assembly vast, which Xerxes once
Conducted into Greece, and which to view,
Required a mountain's height, were emblems faint,"
Thought I, 'of this interminable throng.'
Both hill and dale were full, farther than eyes,
Just then immortal made, could penetrate ;
Even an angel's ken, as he pass'd through
Earth's atmosphere, the limits of that throng—
That almost boundless throng, could scarcely trace.
As I, in wonder lost, looked on, I thus
Exclaimed : ' Had Europe and America,'
With Africa, and Asia, and all

'The islands of the sea, at once turned out
The countless swarms of their inhabitants,
And into one assembly formed them all ;
That multitude, though greater far, than man
Had e'er before collected seen, compared
To the assembly of this day, would have
A concourse small,—a little group, appeared !
O ! how amazing, to behold, at once,
All, that had ever lived on earth ! to see
All generations, which the earth had borne,
In one assembly vast, collected stand !
Then, was the harvest of the earth ; then what
Our Lord, about the wheat and tares, had said,
Came strongly to my mind ; and, of his words,
An illustration full, I soon beheld.

“ You are aware, that this vast multitude,
Dense as it seemed, yet its divisions had ;
That, in some places, crowds, in others, groups,
And smaller parties were convened ; while some,
In quest of friends, from place to place, removed.
The tares and wheat, as yet, were intermixed.
The wicked, it was clear, could not endure
The thought of separation from the just ;
Some of them even seemed to hope, the good
Would prove a refuge for them from the wrath
Of the Great Judge ; but such a hope, how vain !
I joined a crowd, in which I recognized
Some, who, on earth, my fellow-travellers
Had been ; whose holy conversation had,
Comfort and strength, imparted to my mind.
Two of these blessed saints had watched beside
My bed of death, and had, in earnest prayer,
My soul committed to the Saviour's hands.
I met them both again in Paradise ;

Where I both sought and found all those dear saints,
With whom I had my earthly pilgrimage
Performed ; and in the crowd, in which I was,
I most of them observed. In that crowd too,
I many others recognized, with whom,
Though never known to me, on earth, I had,
In sweet communion lived, in Paradise.
I cannot well describe, nor can those saints,
Who did not die, fully conceive, the joy
We felt, when, death subdued, we had obtained
That object great, for which on earth we strove,
And which, in Paradise, we always much
Desired,—the resurrection of the dead.
Then did we all a shout of triumph raise,
And, in Paul's words, exclaim : "O death ! where is
Thy sting ? O Hades ! where's thy victory ?"*

"All in the crowd, in which I stood, did not
That shout of triumph join ; all were not saints.
There were some tares among the wheat : for some
Ungodly men, whose nearest relatives,
On earth, had walked in holiness of heart
And life, now sought with them a place to find.
Much then, did those ungodly men lament,
That they repentance had so long deferred ;
So long the Saviour's offered grace refused.
'We did intend,' many exclaimed, 'to turn
To God, to seek his mercy, and be saved.
We knew the admonitions of our friends,
And ministers were just, and that they sprung
From minds benevolent, intent upon our good ;
And we resolved, ere death should end our course,
To give those admonitions all their weight ;
And, by repentance deep, prepare for this

* Such is the literal rendering of 1 Cor. xv. 55.

Last, awful day. But oh ! the cursed love
Of sin ! By it allured, we still, in spite
Of all resolves, continued to transgress,
Till death's strong hand assailed our mortal frame,
And mercy's door for ever on us closed.'

" But soon, the awful parting moment came,
When, by the angels, as our Lord had said,
The wicked should be severed from the just.
Two mighty angels now approached the crowd,
In which I stood. ' Hail happy saints,' said they,
' Our brethren now in immortality.'
The wicked trembled much ; for well they knew,
For what intent these mighty ones had come.
They would have fled, but there was no escape ;
Resist they could not, for the angels' strength
Was irresistible. Some did entreat
The just to intercede for them, or hide
Them from the angels' scrutinizing eyes ;
But none would interfere ; they would not sin,
By daring to resist their Saviour's will.
Near me was one, his looks declared him lost,
Whom I had known on earth ; he was the son
Of pious parents ; one, who had, in life,
Maintained an upright character, and who
Attended much the house of God ; but he
Had never felt his ruined state, nor sought,
By faith in Christ, the pardon of his sins.
He thought, that, being free from the foul blots,
Which stained the characters of some, he had
But little cause to fear : and hoped, that he,
For death and judgment, should be found prepared.
His parents saw his error, and they oft
Admonished him, and begged him not to trust
To his good character ; but to admit,

That, in the eyes of God, he was a great
Transgressor, and to place his only hope
Of life eternal on the Saviour's blood.
But the young man would not his dangerous state
Believe ; he still would hope, that all was well.
At last, a mortal sickness came ; he felt,
That he must die ; then, he was serious,
And much alarmed. He called on friends to pray
With him ; on me, among the rest ; but none
Of us could see in him that change of heart,
That faith in Christ, which we so much desired.
He sometimes spoke of Christ, but cleaved, we feared,
To his own works. We strove to undeceive
Him, and to bring him to depend on Christ
Alone ; but ere we could be satisfied,
That he had trusted on the Saviour's blood,
He was removed, and we were left in doubt.
His parents grieved, and feared, all was not right ;
Yet sometimes they would hope, that he was saved.
Thus, between hope and fear, they left the case
To the Great Judge, who would, they knew, do right.
This young man, when the angels came to take
Away the wicked, by his parents stood.
The terror of his mind almost refused
Him utterance. In tones and accents wild,
He begged his parents' intercession ; prayed,
That they would not permit their only son,
So much beloved, to be for ever torn
From their society. His cries were vain ;
The parents calmly said : ' Son, you would not
Our admonitions hear ; you would depend
On your own works, rather than Jesus Christ ;
The Saviour's grace you slighted ; when he called,
You would not hear ; and now you call, he will

Not hear. We cannot help you ; nature's ties,
Strong as you think them, do not bind us now.
We loved you once ; but now we cannot love
One, who does not the Saviour love, though he
May be our son.' Just then, an angel came,
And, in a moment, from the parents drove
Their unbelieving son. Anguish, despair,
And malice, in his countenance, I read.

"Many strong angels, as you must have seen,
Were thus employed the wicked to collect,
And place in separate companies ; o'er each
Of which a guard of angels stood, to keep
Them in safe custody, till the command
Was issued to conduct them to the place
Of judgment. When I looked around, and saw
So many companies of wicked men,
That had been severed from among the just ;
Our Saviour's words come strongly to my mind,
That he would give command to gather first
The tares, and them in bundles bind to burn.
Thus did he send his mighty angels forth,
To gather those, who wrought iniquity,
And cast them into that dread furnace, where
They'll ever weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth.

"Thus have I something told of what I saw ;
And now I hope, that you will favour me
With some account of things, which you observed.
As you on earth remained, till the last day,
And many persons knew, who, like yourself,
Were found alive, when that great day arrived ;
And others knew, who died but a short time
Before, and recognized them after they
Arose ; you must have witnessed many things
Of interest deep, and worthy to be told."

“ True brother,” said the saint, who lived to hear
The trumpet sound, and see the dead arise,
“ I scenes of joy and scenes of grief beheld ;
And, some of them, I will to you describe.

“ There lived, a long time, in my neighbourhood,
A rich, ungodly man, who was content
To make this world his all ; nor cared nor thought,
With seriousness, about the world to come.
This man I knew, while he was yet alive ;
He died before the resurrection day,
But a few months ; and, on that day, I saw
And recognized him, and observed him well.
As, in a stately mansion, he had lived,
So, in a costly sepulchre, with all
The pomp of mourning, he had been interred.
A tablet fair, of polished marble, told
His name, his age, and highly him extolled
For many virtues, which he ne’er possess’d.
After he rose, he turned, his broken tomb,
To view ; and, as he his late resting-place
Surveyed, he said, ‘ O that my slumbers here
Had never been disturbed ; but that dread sound
Has waked the dead, and now the judgment comes.’
As thus he spoke, his down-cast eyes glanced on
His epitaph, unbroken yet, among
The ruins of his tomb. He read and paused ;
Then sighed to think how far it was from truth.
‘ O ! had I been as this false marble says,
A sincere Christian ; had the virtues here
Ascribed to me, but really been mine ;
I should not now have been among the lost.
O ! that the Judge would take this epitaph
As my true character ! The wish is vain !
He knows my sins, and he will punish them.

Already have I suffered much, but oh !
The wrath to come ! Oh ! what is Hell ! What pains
And sufferings, yet unknown, await me there !
I must be damned ;—Yes ! there is no escape.’
Then, as his former mansion he surveyed,
‘ There,’ he exclaimed, ‘ I once in pleasure lived ;
Enjoyed myself ; forgot and lost my soul.
I minded earthly things, and only them,
And now they’re gone ; all earthly things are gone ;
Estates, and honours, wealth, and friends are gone ;
Yes ! all are gone ; the earth itself will burn,
And I must dwell with everlasting fire.’

“ He moved a little, and he met his wife,
Once beautiful and charming in the extreme ;
She had not died, but lived till the last day ;
But oh ! how changed ! How woful she appeared !
She felt, that she was lost, nor dared to hope.
‘ My wife !’ ‘ My husband !’ This was all they said,
And then each other will deep anguish viewed.
Some of his old associates in sin,
He then observed, and with them looks exchanged ;
No salutations passed ; no mirth ; no smiles ;
Each face was pale ; each eye bespoke despair.
They felt a dread too great for utterance,
They trembled every limb, and deeply sighed,
But no one spoke ;—their whole appearance spoke ;
They needed neither voice nor tongue to tell
Their awful state ; they knew, that they were lost,
And every one, who saw them, knew the same.

“ Another scene, I witnessed, differed much
From this ; it was a scene among the saints.
I saw, not distant from the place, on which
I stood, a company of risen saints ;
And in their number there was one, on whom

They looked with feelings of intense delight.
As I approached them, I perceived, that some
Of them had been my early Christian friends,
With whom I had sweet intercourse enjoyed,
And often gone up to the house of God.
They all rejoiced to see me. O! their looks
Of pleasure, when they recognized their friend!
They knew, that I was saved; for, on that day,
As all men know, the saved and lost were so
Distinctly marked, that they could by a glance,
Be known. What joy we saw in all the saints!
And O! what sadness reigned among the lost!
I felt a tide of pleasure flow through my
Whole soul, when, by those risen saints, in their
Delightful forms of speech, I was addressed:
Language like this, I had not heard before.
The saints, on earth, had lived in peace and love,
And their society was sweet to me;
But those, from Paradise, I found, were saints
Of higher order, and did far excel,
In holy love, the best of saints on earth.
But, in this number, there was one, who looked
And gazed on me with so much pure delight,
That my heart overflowed with love to him.
He knew me well, before I him observed.
'How I rejoice,' cried he, 'to see you saved!'
I looked a moment, and I recognized
A man, whom I had known a hoary saint;
Who, in my youth, had oft admonished me,
And wept and prayed for me; until, at last,
My heart, through the Redeemer's grace, was moved,
Began to melt, and feel a Saviour's love.

"Now, I knew who he was, on whom they all,
As I have said, gazed with intense delight.

He was a saint of highest rank ; one, who
A pious, faithful minister had been ;
Who had, with ardent zeal, and much success,
Laboured to win immortal souls to Christ.
Those happy saints, who then around him stood,
Had been the people of his charge. Here were
The much-loved pastor, and his pious flock ;
All met again on earth ; all sure of Heaven.
I now saw verified the apostle's words,
Who said, his converts would, at last, his hope,
And joy, and crown of his rejoicing be.

“ This holy pastor, and his happy flock,
Had no doubt met in Paradise, where they
Rejoiced together in the Saviour's love,
And shared the happiness of all the just ;
But in this meeting, on the spot, where they
Before had lived ; where most of them, from sin,
Had been reclaimed ; had walked in holy love ;
Had fought and conquered all their enemies,
And been matured for everlasting life ;
There was, what caused, an overpowering joy.
The holy house, in which they oft had met
To worship God, and learn the way to Heaven,
Was standing yet ; and, being in full view,
Gave a still deeper interest to the scene.
To that the eyes of all were often turned ;
Yet none were more affected by the sight,
Than he, who, in that place had sown the seed,
Which had sprung up unto eternal life.
Quite vivid were his recollections then
Of former fears, and great discouragements ;
For oft he thought, that small was his success.
‘ How often in that place,’ said he, ‘ I sowed
In tears ; and now, behold, I reap in joy !

What a great number, of my former flock,
Have been, through faith, unto salvation kept !
' Yes ! ' they exclaimed, ' the Lord has greatly bless'd
His servants' labours. Some of us can say,
We, by your means, at first, were turned to God ;
Many were comforted in their distress ;
Others reclaimed from a backsliding state ;
All were admonished ; all were edified ;
All were led on in ways of holiness,
And taught to seek and gain the Heavenly prize.
And now, beloved pastor, here we stand
Prepared to witness to your faithful care,
And tell the blessed Saviour, when he comes,
That, under him, we owe our souls to you.'
' O ! 'tis enough, my friends, this happy hour
Beholds the labours of a life repaid !'

" At a short distance, there appeared a group,
Whose looks bespoke their anguish, and their guilt.
They were ungodly men, who had, in vain,
The pastor's faithful admonitions heard.
They were ashamed to approach the happy flock,
That joyful round their pastor stood ; they felt,
They could not look the good man in the face,
Because they knew, that he had faithful been ;
Had often begged them to repent in time,
And that upon their own heads was their blood.
Yet, there was one, who did approach quite near,
As though to take a sad and last farewell,
Of some, whom he, on earth, had known and loved.
He stopped and gazed a moment ; then, in tones
Of bitter anguish, cried ; ' There they both are !
Father and mother, see your wicked son ;
'Tis the last look, that I must have of you ;
Farewell for ever now, for I am damned.'

He smote his breast, and in despair withdrew.

“ We, who were found alive at the last day,
Knew not when that great day would come,
But, at the time of its approach, the saints,
Then living, all believed it very near.
We knew, that the millennium was past ;
That the great harvest of the Church was o’er ;
That the innumerable host of Gog
And Magog, gathered from the earth’s four parts,
Against the saints, had suffered foul defeat ;
And we expected, the next great event
Would be the coming of the Lord, to judge
The world in righteousness, and take his saints
To their eternal home. Ministers felt
Much deep concern to save their hearers’ souls ;
They warned the wicked, begged them to repent ;
Then wept, and prayed, and warned again, and seemed
Unable to desist ; for much they feared,
That each address would prove the last, and that
The door of mercy, to the human race,
Would soon for ever close ; and so it did.
Some were persuaded to renounce their sins ;
They sought and found the Saviour’s grace in time ;
But many hardened still their hearts, and said
Or thought, that the great day was distant far.

“ The earth’s last Sabbath, I remember well ;
It was indeed a solemn, joyful day.
In all the saints, what earnestness ! what love !
What seriousness ! what peace ! what lively hope !
What expectation ! O ! their hearts were full !
I never saw a day like that before ;
It was as though they all felt quite assured,
That ere another Sabbath came, they should
Behold the Saviour on his judgment throne ;

And so it was indeed. Earth never saw
Another Sabbath ;—ere another came,
The trumpet sounded, and the dead were raised,
And all were placed before the judgment seat.

“ Thus have I mentioned a few incidents
Connected with the great last day. But there
Are many things, that to our human race
Belong, of which my knowledge partial is ;
And, on those points, I have a strong desire
My information greatly to extend.
You, brother, can my knowledge much increase ;
You lived on earth, as I have heard you say,
Ages before the close of time, and long
Indeed before the bless'd millennium came ;
You passed through death, as nearly all men did ;
And, when your spirit was dismissed from earth,
You entered on that separate state, in which
The disembodied spirits of our race
Were placed, awaiting the great judgment day.
The souls of sinners, as from Holy Writ,
On earth, I learn'd, were all in torments placed ;
While all the spirits of the just had rest,
And comfort, in that Paradise, which was
An earnest and a foretaste of this Heaven,
To which the saints have all, at last, been brought.
These general truths I, like all others, know ;
But there are many things, of interest deep,
Connected with the separate state, of which
The saints, who lived in the last age of time,
And saw not death, nor entered on that state,
Are uninformed. And as I wish to know
The whole economy of that great plan,
Which love, and wisdom infinite, ordained
For the redemption of our sinful race,

Permit me, brother, to request of you
 A full account of what you felt, and saw,
 And knew, and did, while in that separate state.
 Tell me what scenes, among the spirits just,
 You witnessed ; what their bless'd employ ; and what
 The themes of their discourse ; and what they knew
 Of earth, while in that state ; and what they thought,
 Of things then future ; also what their hopes
 And expectations of the great last day.
 If in that state you could, as I suppose,
 Extend your observations o'er that gulf,
 Which parted Paradise from that abode
 Of woe called Tartarus, the prison* termed
 Of Hades, where the souls of all the lost
 Were kept and guarded till the day of wrath ;
 Tell me, I pray, what scenes you witnessed there."

To this request, the other saint, who long,
 In Paradise, had lived, gave this reply.

"Your wish, my brother, shall be gratified.
 To give the information you desire,
 Will yield no little pleasure to myself ;
 And should some other brethren of our race,
 Or blessed saints, from other worlds, join us
 While we discourse, and listen to our theme ;
 They will not, with a cool indifference hear.
 Our fellow men redeemed, like us, by Him,
 Who on the tree, his blood for sinners shed,
 Will either recollect, with holy joy,
 The scenes of Paradise, as I shall do ;
 Or else, like you, some information gain.

* "*Tartarus* which is, as it were, the prison of Hades, wherein criminals are kept till the general judgment."—*Campbell's Dissertation VI. Part II. Sect. 19.*

Should holy beings, not of human kind,*
 From some fair world, where sin has never reigned,
 Hear how our gracious God has brought us men,
 Through death and Paradise, to this bright world,
 Of highest bliss ; they will adore his grace.

Perhaps you've heard what different views, among
 The saints on earth, prevailed, about that state,
 Of which you so much wish to be informed.
 Discordant sentiments were entertained
 On that, and many other subjects too.
 We hoped, however, the millennial day,
 That purest, brightest era of the church,
 Would all the mists of error quite dispel ;
 Not only make all Christians one in heart,
 But even make them one in judgment too.
 For though there were, in Scripture, parts obscure
 And difficult ; yet most good men allowed,
 That the chief cause of error and mistake,
 Lay in that great carnality of mind,
 And want of holiness, found in the best,
 In those degenerate days. And 'twas believed,
 That in the latter day, when holiness,
 Of heart and life, in all should more abound,
 Error and doubt would almost disappear.
 Whether the church on earth, in her best days,
 Was in this manner bless'd, you can decide."

Then said the saint, who down to the last day
 Had lived : " Yes, such, my brother, was the case
 Indeed. The bright, millennial day, the mists

* " Why should we think, that Heaven's the appointed place
 For none but angels, and the human race ?
 The sons of God, from other worlds, may come
 To find in Heaven their bless'd and final home."

Of error all dispersed, and gave the church
A purer atmosphere, than she, in her
Primeval days of peace and love, enjoyed ;
And after the millennial day had pass'd,
Error, among the saints, was scarcely known.
On the great question of the separate state,
I heard but one opinion ; all believed,
Departed souls, though in a state of wo
Or happiness, were not in Heaven nor Hell.
But tell me now, what different views prevailed,
On this great question, when you dwelt on earth."

" Yes, brother," said the other saint, " I will,
With pleasure, do what you from me desire.

" Amidst a number of discordant views,
Received by men professing godliness,
Three chiefly did prevail ; of them two were
Extreme, and one was of a medium kind.
Some thought, that the immortal soul became,
At death, unconscious both of ill and good ;
And so remained till the great judgment day.
But that opinion was not popular ;
To the majority of pious men
It seemed, to Scripture statements, quite opposed.
' How,' they would ask, ' can it be gain to die,
If death bring us to an unconscious state ?
How could the thief then be in Paradise
That day ? How Lazarus be comforted ?
How the rich man tormented, if indeed
The soul can neither suffer nor enjoy ?'
To these objections some replied ; but then
It did appear, that those, who said the soul,
At death, became unconscious, were inclined
To wrest the Scriptures from their proper sense ;
Yet they were men of intellect, and men

Who reasoned much ;—too much for simple faith.

“ Others maintained the opposite extreme.
They said, the souls of all the good, at death,
Entered, at once, upon the joys of Heaven,
And took their station near the throne of God.
Hence, of a saint departed, often was
It said : ‘ He’s happy now in Heaven ; his great
Reward he has obtained ; he sits upon
A throne above, and wears a crown of life.’
Again, it was believed by these good men,
And this indeed consistency required,
That all the souls of wicked men, at death,
Entered the everlasting fire of Hell.
And many thought, that what our Lord had said
Of the rich man, who died and lifted up
His eyes in torments, was a case in point ;
‘For he,’ said they, ‘ was in the fire of Hell.’

“ ’Tis very true, that many thinking men,
Who, on the whole, believed, that Heaven or Hell
Received each human soul at death, perceived
Their system did involve, to say the least,
A few apparent inconsistencies ;
They thought things true, of which they could not see
Th’ agreement with some parts of Holy Writ.
Sometimes, when they conversed about the state
Of disembodied spirits, they would own,
That there must be a difference great, between
That state, in which the disembodied souls,
Both of the good and bad, did then remain,
And that eternal state of bliss or wo,
Which they would enter when, at the last day,
Their souls and bodies would again unite.
Some, to themselves, this question put : ‘ If all,
At death, enter on the eternal bliss

Of Heaven, or sink into the eternal fire
Of Hell, why should there be a judgment day ?
Why after men are placed in highest bliss
Or deepest wo, must they to judgment come,
That they may be acquitted or condemned ?
For this arrangement, they could not account ;
Yet doubted not, but still affirmed, that Heaven
Or Hell received each human soul at death.

“ The men who entertained those views, were not
From error free ; yet they were ranked among
The best then found on earth. They worshipped God
In spirit ; loved the Saviour, and obeyed
His laws ; they loved each other, and they set
Their hearts supremely on the things above.
Some of them were my dearest friends, with whom
I often held sweet Christian intercourse ;
And they are now among the bless'd in Heaven.
This error, in opinion, no effect,
Upon their moral state, produced ; but then,
It led them into inconsistencies :
They often spoke about another world,
And souls departed, in such terms as were,
By Scripture, quite unauthorized ; yea such,
As were to it opposed. Hence, 'twas remarked,
And, with propriety, I thought : ‘ To search
The Word of God, and know what it contains,
And form our speech consistently with that,
Is better far than, on the smallest point,
To err. If error is, in any case,
As good as truth, why was the truth revealed ?’

“ Thus brother, have I told of those, who held
The two extremes, about the souls of men,
At death ; of a third class I now shall speak,
Whose sentiments were of a medium kind.

They did not think, that human souls, at death,
Entered a dormant, or unconscious state,
And so remained till the great judgment day ;
Nor did they think, that, when the body died,
The souls of men were instantly transferred
To their eternal state in Heaven or Hell ;
Yet they in Purgatory ne'er believed.
The intermediate state, of which they spoke,
Was not a place, where souls were purified
By torments, and at last made fit for Heaven ;
Nor did they ever entertain a thought
Of a probation after death. They held,
That man's eternal state was fixed at death ;
That those, who died in sin, entered, at once,
Upon a state of hopeless misery ;
That they were criminals, in prison bound
Till the great judgment day ; when they would all
Their doom receive, and be together driven
Into the everlasting fire of Hell.
The righteous, they believed, when they were freed
From earth and flesh, entered a state of rest,
In which they would remain till the last day ;
When they would gain the higher bliss of Heaven.
' The righteous, in that state,' it was observed,
' Are happy conqu'rors, who have won the prize,
And are awaiting the great crowning day.'
Thus, it was well believed, and fully taught,
That endless happiness or endless woe,
With every soul of man, commenced at death.

" Having now stated the opinions, which,
While I on earth abode, were entertained
Concerning the departed souls of men,
We will a moment pause ; and when, our theme,
We shall resume, I will proceed to state

The arguments, and Scripture passages,
By which they, who an intermediate state,
Not Heaven nor Hell, believed, did well their views,
Upon that point, support and justify."

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The speaker is requested to resume his theme. He consents, and promises to state the arguments of those, who believed in an intermediate state, and to show how they met the objections of those, who did not believe in that state. No part of Scripture teaches, that the souls of men go, at death, to Heaven or Hell; but many parts teach, that men will be sent to Heaven or Hell after the judgment.—The Word of God contains the names of three different places, which are to be the future abodes of men: viz. Gehenna, Heaven, and Hades; the first is to be the abode of wicked men after the judgment; the second that of the righteous after the judgment; the third that of disembodied souls, both good and bad, between death and judgment.—Hades is divided into two parts: viz. Paradise, the abode of happy souls after death; and Tartarus, the abode of lost souls after death.—The term Hell supposed by some always to designate the lake of fire.—The souls of all men will come out of Hades at the last day; death and Hades will be cast into the lake of fire; hence Hades cannot be Hell.—Hades not Hell, as shown by our Lord's words.—Hades not the grave.—Hades not sometimes the grave, sometimes the intermediate state, and sometimes Hell.—Paradise not Heaven.—Objection against an intermediate state founded on Paul's teaching, that departed saints are with the Lord, considered.—Objection against an intermediate state founded on Rev. vi. 9, and vii. 13—17, considered.—Objection against an intermediate state founded on its alleged similarity to the Papal doctrine of Purgatory, considered.

BOOK II.

BUT a short interval had passed, when he,
Who had not died nor entered Paradise,
His fellow saint requested to resume
His theme. The saint complied, and thus began.

“ Now brother, as I promised, I will state
To you the arguments and passages
Of Holy Writ adduced by those, who in
That intermediate state, of which we are
To speak, believed. And I will also tell
You how they did the objections meet, of those
Who said, that every human soul, at death,
Was placed immediately in Heaven or Hell.

“ The men, who held this intermediate state,
Were men, who searched the Holy Scriptures much
To learn the truth on that important point.
I thought their arguments were very strong ;
Their statements very clear. They seemed, to me,
To take, in its plain sense, the Word of God ;
And by comparing different parts, to prove,
And fully too, the doctrines which they held.
Their statements, and their arguments ran thus.

“ ‘ No part of Scriptures teaches us,’ they said,
‘ That the departed souls, of good or bad,
Enter, at death, on their eternal state ;
But there are parts which teach, and plainly too,

That, at the judgment, men will be consigned
 To Heaven or Hell, just as their deeds have been.
 Does not the invitation, which our Lord
 Will give, to all the saints at his right hand,*
 Most clearly shew, that they had not before
 Inherited that kingdom ? If they have
 Possessed that kingdom, from the hour of death,
 Some of them will have sat on thrones in Heaven,
 And worn their crowns, through many centuries,
 And some of them, through several thousand years,
 When they that invitation will receive.
 After so long possession, can they then,
 Without great inconsistency, be thus
 Addressed, ‘Ye blessed of my Father, come,
 Inherit now, the kingdom, which has been,
 From the foundation of the world, for you
 Prepared ?’ These words imply, what other parts
 Of Scripture clearly teach, that at the great
 Last day, and not before, the saints will all
 Be introduced to their inheritance
 In Heaven. Who can believe, the Saviour will
 His saints address in terms, which intimate,
 That they are then, for the first time, about
 To enter Heaven, if many of them then,
 Whole centuries, or whole millenniums,
 Will have their crowns and Heavenly thrones possessed ?
 Now if the saints, it was observed, are all
 To enter Heaven at the last day, it can’t
 Be right to speak of them as, one by one,
 Entering that world, just as they leave the earth.’

“ So, of the wicked, it was said : ‘ They do
 Not go, just when they die, into that world,
 Which properly is designated Hell ;

* Matt. xxv. 34.

For Scripture clearly teaches, that they all
 Will stand, at the last day, before their Judge ;
 And that, their sentence having been pronounced,
 They then will all, in one vast multitude,
 Be driven into the everlasting fire
 Of Hell. Would Scripture teach us thus, if each
 Ungodly man, at death, goes instantly
 To that most dreadful place of punishment ?

“ Again ’twas thought by some, that when Paul wrote,
 His Thessalonian converts to console,*
 Respecting their deceased friends, he would,
 If that had been the fact, have said to them :
 ‘ Your friends are bless’d with all the joys of Heaven.’
 What so consoling, had it but been true !
 ‘ But mark,’ said they, ‘ the language he employs ;
 He offers comfort of a different kind ;
 He only tells them, that the friends they mourned
 Were all asleep in Jesus, resting from
 The toils and sorrows of the present life ;
 And that, when Jesus should descend from Heaven,
 They at the trumpet’s sound, would rise ; that then,
 Both risen saints, and those who would be found
 Alive, would be caught up into the air
 To meet the Lord, and henceforth be with him
 For evermore. This passage teaches then,
 As others do, that, on the day, which Paul
 Has most emphatically termed, ‘ That day,’†
 The saints will all together enter Heaven.”

“ Again, those who this intermediate state
 Believed, as farther proof, this statement made,—
 That in the Word of God, three different terms
 Are found, which designate three different states

* 1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

† 2 Tim. iv. 8.

Or places destined for the human race,
 In periods yet to come. Their names are these,
 Gehenna*, Heaven, and Hades†. Of the first
 Of these, which is translated Hell, they said,
 ‘This, as our Saviour teaches, is the place,
 To which the wicked, after sentence pass’d,
 At the last day, will be compelled to go ;
 Where, in the body, they will all receive
 The full reward of their unrighteous deeds ;
 For God, both soul and body, into Hell
 Will cast.‡ There is the everlasting fire,
 And there the worm, that never, never dies.
 But, in no part of Holy Writ, is it
 E’er taught, that this *Gehenna* is the place
 For men at death,—for disembodied souls.’

“ ‘Heaven is the place,’ ’twas said, ‘in which the saints
 Will all reside after the judgment day.
 They will be raised ; their bodies will be strong,
 Immortal, glorious made ; fashioned like His,
 Who died for them, and rose as the first fruits.
 Then they will all, at his right hand, appear ;
 Be all approved and owned ; then will the gates
 Of Heaven be open thrown, and they will all
 Enter that blessed world, there to enjoy
 Their great reward.’ ‘And Peter’s words,’ it was
 Observed, ‘do with this statement well agree ;
 For he has clearly taught,§ that for the saints,

* Screvelius calls *γέεννα*, Gehenna “locus suppliciorum eternorum,” the place of everlasting punishment.

† See Appendix, Note B. to Book II.

‡ See Matt. v. 29, 30, where, in both verses we read thus, “And not, that thy whole body be cast into Hell,” *Gehenna*. Also Matt. x. 28, “Fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in Hell,” *Gehenna*.

§ 1 Peter i. 4, 5.

There is reserved, in Heaven, an undefiled
 And incorruptible inheritance,
 Which cannot fade, ready to be revealed
 In the last time. But nowhere is it taught,
 That this salvation, this inheritance,
 Will be conferred before the great last day.'

"Again, the words of Jesus, which he spoke
 To his disciples, when about to part with them,
 Were thought another proof, that Heavenly bliss
 Would be conferred on none till the last day ;
 For he affirmed, that, in his Father's house ;
 There many mansions were ; ' and I,' said he,
 ' Go thither to prepare a place for you ;
 And, if I go and thus a place prepare,
 I will return and take you to myself,
 That where I am, there ye may also be.'
 ' Hence it appears,' 'twas said, ' that Jesus Christ
 Is gone to Heaven, there to prepare a place
 For his disciples ; and that he will come
 Again to take them to the place prepared,
 That they may dwell for ever with him there.
 But he has not, as yet, returned, to take
 His much loved people to himself in Heaven ;
 Nor do the Scriptures teach, he will return,
 Thus to receive them, till the final day.
 Then why suppose, that they are now in Heaven ?'

"Of Hades it was said ; ' That is the place,
 To which the disembodied souls of all,
 Both good and bad, depart at death ; and where
 They will, in comfort or in torments dwell,
 Until their bodies rise at the last day.
 Thus the rich man, soon as he died, as we're
 In Scripture taught, to Hades went, where he
 Those torments, felt which no abatement knew ;

And where he, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
But distant far, the beggar Lazarus,
Who was near Abraham, in comfort placed.*

“ The state of souls, in Hades, oft was termed,
The separate or intermediate state,
’Twas called, the separate state, because the souls,
Of all in Hades placed, were in a state
Of separation from their bodies kept ;
’Twas called, the intermediate state, because
It came between the solemn hour of death,
And the great judgment day ; also, because
It mediate was, between the state of men
On earth, and their eternal state in Heaven
Or Hell. While in that state, the saints felt not
The pains and griefs of earth, nor were they bless’d
With all the joys of Heaven. The wicked too,
Though they the loss of every earthly good
Sustained, and suffered much, yet did not there
Endure Gehenna’s everlasting flames.

“ When some opposed, and others doubts expressed,
Whether these sentiments were perfectly
Correct ; the men who held them, argued thus :
If there is no such place as Hades, then
Why does the Word of God contain that name ?
Surely, the Scripture would not designate,
By name, a place which no existence has !
For so to do would very much deceive ;
The name is proof, that there is such a place.
Besides, in several passages, we find
The name of Hades joined with that of death.
Paul in one place exclaims ; ‘ Where is, O death !
Thy sting ? O Hades ! where’s thy victory ?’*
And in the book, called the Apocalypse,

* 1 Cor. xv. 55.

Hades and death four times connected stand.*
 When He, the First and Last, appeared to John,
 He said, ' Behold I live for evermore,
 And have the keys of Hades and of death.'
 When John the pale horse saw, whose rider's name
 Was death, he saw that Hades followed him.
 When speaking of the judgment, John affirms,
 ' That death and Hades both resigned their dead.'
 Lastly, he says, ' Hades and death were cast
 Into the lake of fire,—the second death.'
 Hence it appears, that, in man's destiny,
 Hades and death a close connexion have.

" This name, or else its corresponding term,
 'Twas said, in both the testaments is found ;
 That place, which, in the new, is Hades called,
 Is designated *Sheol* in the old.†
 Now, that this *Sheol* or this Hades is
 The place of souls departed, does appear,
 From many portions of the Word of God.
 Old Jacob said, when he had lost his son :
 ' To *Sheol* mourning, I will follow him.'‡
 So Hezekiah in his sickness said :
 ' I to the gates of *Sheol*, shall descend.'§
 So Babylon's proud monarch went, at death,
 To *Sheol*, which was moved at his approach ;||
 The dead were stirred, the kings and nobles, whom
 He had dethroned and humbled to the dust,
 All came to meet him, and insulting cried :
 ' Art thou, even thou, become as weak as we ?

* Rev. i. 18 ; vi. 8 ; xx. 13, 14.

† See Appendix, Note C. to Book II.

‡ Gen. xxxvii. 35.

§ Isaiah xxxviii. 10.

|| Isaiah xiv. 9—11.

Art thou become like us? and is thy pride
 Brought down to Sheol? Is the worm thy couch?'
 So in the Psalms, we read: 'What man is he,
 That lives, and never shall see death? Shall he
 His soul out of the hand of *Sheol* save?''*
 Thus it appears, that all to *Sheol* go.

"And whither went, 'twas asked, our Lord at death?
 Did not his soul to Sheol go, and there
 Remain, while in the grave his body lay?
 David said, in Messiah's name: 'My flesh
 Shall rest in hope, for thou will not my soul
 In Sheol leave.'† And Peter to these words
 Referring says: 'The soul of Christ was not
 In Hades left.'‡ Thus we are taught, by both
 The prophet and apostle, that the soul
 Of Christ to Hades went, yet did not there,
 For a long time, remain, because he rose
 On the third day. And lest it should be thought,
 That David, speaking of himself, had said,
 'Thou Lord will not my soul in Sheol leave,'
 Peter observed, that David was both dead
 And buried, and his sepulchre remained
 Until that day. Thus teaching us, that it
 Cannot be said, of one not ris'n, but who
 Among the dead remains, that Hades does
 Not still *his* soul retain. Hence, we may learn,
 That disembodied souls in Hades dwell,
 Until their bodies rise at the last day.

"Again, 'twas said: As it appears quite plain,
 That our Redeemer, blessed be his name,
 Departed into Paradise, at death,

* Psalm lxxxix. 48.

† Psalm xvi. 10.

‡ Acts ii. 27—34.

For so his words to the poor thief declare ;
 It cannot, we suppose, be well denied,
 That Paradise and Hades are but one,*
 That is, that Hades Paradise contains ;
 For it with Scripture perfectly accords
 To say, that Hades has two separate parts ;
 One, which is designated Paradise,
 Where all the spirits of the just reside ;
 The other, Tartarus, where dwell the lost,
 And where, as Scripture teaches, are confined
 The fallen angels, who await their doom.†
 The thief, to whom the dying Saviour pledged
 His word, that he with him, that day, should be
 In Paradise, no doubt to Hades went,
 As all men do, as did our Lord himself,
 And there, in Paradise, the Saviour met.‡

“ If Abr’ham and Lazarus too, ’twas said,
 Were not in Hades, how could they converse
 With the rich man in torments there ? And how
 Could he see them, and with them hold discourse ?
 This intercourse will surely not agree
 With what is said by some, that the rich man
 Was then in Hell, and these two saints in Heaven.
 Are Heaven and Hell conjoined ? And will the saved
 And lost for ever near each other dwell ?
 That cannot be. Admit, that these two saints
 In Hades were, but yet in Paradise,
 And all is clear. Our Lord did not, we own
 Most readily, in terms express, affirm,
 That Abr’ham was in Paradise, nor say,

* Biddulph, in his work on the Liturgy, when speaking of our Lord’s alleged descent into Hell, says, that Hell, in this sense, is the same as Paradise.

† See Appendix, Note D. to Book II.

‡ See Appendix, Note E. to Book II.

The angels thither Lazarus conveyed ;
 But then his words do certainly imply,
 That they were in a state of happiness ;
 And as the Jews believed, the spirits just
 Were all in Paradise, they would, of course,
 Assume, that faithful Abraham was there ;
 Hence, they would think, ‘ to go to Abraham’
 Most surely meant, to go to Paradise.*

“ Concerning Hades, other arguments
 Of weight, were, from the Word of God, adduced.
 If there no Hades is, why did our Lord,
 ’Twas said, to John affirm, that he the keys
 Of death and Hades had ?† His words import,
 Both that there is a place, which bears that name,
 And that he is its Lord. And as he has
 The keys of death and Hades too ; so it
 Appears, that he o’er all men has the power
 Of death. Hence, he can cause each human soul
 To pass the gate of death, at any time,
 In any place, in any manner, just
 As he sees fit ; hence too, of all the souls
 Of men, whether in faith or in their sins
 They die, he in that world unseen, the sole
 Disposal has ; ’tis his prerogative,
 As Lord both of the living and the dead.
 The saints may then rejoice, for he, their Lord
 And Saviour, will their souls receive, and place
 Them in the happy seats of Paradise.

“ Some argued, justly as I thought, that ’twas,
 Because in Hades Jesus has all power,
 That Stephen, when departing did commend
 His spirit, to the blessed Saviour’s hands ;‡

* See Appendix, Note F. to Book II.

† Rev. i. 18.

‡ Acts vii. 59.

And that, for the same reason, holy Paul
 Declared his confidence, that Jesus Christ
 Would that deposit safely keep, which he
 Had trusted to his care until that day.*
 And true it was, as sweet experience taught,
 We dropped at death into the Saviour's arms,
 And were by him in rest and comfort placed.

“Again, ’twas said : The Word of God declares,
 That, at the name of Jesus, every knee
 In Heaven must bow, and every knee on earth,
 And every knee beneath the earth, that is,
 And every knee in Hades too ;† for here,
 As in some other parts of Holy Writ,
 The situation of departed souls,
 Perhaps because the many thought it so,
 Is spoken of as underneath the earth.

“Two passages, found in the Apocalypse,
 It was observed, do well accord with what
 The apostle to the Philipians wrote.
 John says : ‘No one in Heaven, nor in the earth,
 Nor underneath the earth, had power the book
 To open, or to look thereon.’‡ He speaks
 Of beings rational, intelligent,
 This all must own. Then such, it seems, there were
 In some place neither earth nor Heaven, but here
 Termed underneath the earth ; the place assigned,
 By popular opinion, in old times, for all
 Departed human souls. Again John says :
 ‘I heard each creature say, which was in Heaven,
 And on the earth, and underneath the earth,
 And also such as in the sea remained,
 Blessing and honour, glory, power to Him,
 That sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb,

* 2 Tim. i. 12. † See Appendix, Note G. to Book II. ‡ Rev. v. 3.

For evermore.* Now, who were these, 'twas ask'd,
 That, underneath the earth, did thus ascribe
 Blessing and honour, glory, power to Him,
 That sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb?
 They were not only creatures rational,
 But saints; for none but saints would speak in terms
 Like these. They were not saints in Heaven, nor saints
 On earth; this, the apostle's language shows;
 Then in what place could they be found, except
 In Paradise? Hence, it appears, the phrase,
 'Under the earth,' doth Hades designate,—
 That unseen world, which Paradise contains;
 Hence too, we learn, that saints in Paradise,
 In other words, the disembodied souls
 Of holy men in Hades, are employed
 In offering praise to God, and to the Lamb,
 Who has them all, by his own blood, redeemed.

“ Another argument adduced was this :
 If at the judgment day, as Scripture says,
 Both death and Hades will give up their dead;†
 Then surely Hades does the dead contain.
 Death takes the body, Hades takes the soul;
 But both will, at that day, their prey resign.
 The doom of Hades and of death, 'twas said,
 Does much corroborate this argument :
 For, when they shall have given up their dead,
 They will, as John informs us, both be cast
 Into the lake of fire;‡ a form of speech,
 From which we learn, that both will be destroyed.
 And when the dead have all been raised, when they
 All live again, will not death cease to be?
 When men are all immortal made, then will
 Not death, that strong, last enemy, be quite

* See Appendix, Note II. to Book II. † Rev. xx. 13. ‡ Rev. xx. 14.

Destroyed,—be swallowed up in victory ?
 And when all human souls, from Hades come,
 To join their bodies, where will Hades be ?
 Then no more Hades,—no more separate state ;—
 To men, at least, Hades will be no more.
 Then what the prophet wrote, will be fulfilled :
 ‘ O Sheol ! I will thy destruction be.’*
 If death and Hades will, at the last day,
 Be both destroyed, who can deny, that both
 Are in existence now, and that both will
 Exist until that great, last day arrive ?

“ This view of things, ’twas thought accorded well
 With that of holy Paul, when he exclaimed :
 ‘ O Hades ! where’s thy victory ? O Death !
 Where is thy sting ?’† Here the apostle speaks
 ’Twas said, as one would to an enemy
 Despoiled of power, that can do harm no more.
 Language like this will well become the saints,
 When they arise and gain their liberty.
 But why, o’er Hades, should they thus exult,
 If that no power had e’er possessed o’er them,
 And ne’er had them in its abodes detained ?
 This song of triumph shows, that they had once
 Its captives been ; but, having been set free,
 They now rejoice in liberty obtained.

“ But some, objecting said, If Paradise
 In Hades is, as you affirm, ’tis strange,
 That all the saints o’er Hades should exult,
 And thus rejoice at leaving it,—a place,
 Which, if it Paradise contains, must long
 Have been to them a place of peace and rest.

* Hosea xiii. 14. The word rendered grave, is in the Hebrew, *Sheol*, the place of departed souls.

† See Appendix, Note I. to Book II.

Will they rejoice to leave those sweet abodes,
Of which, on earth, they thought so much, and which
They felt so strong a wish to see? Will they
Forget, that they once thought it gain to die?
It is most natural, it was replied,
That they o'er Hades should exult, and should,
At leaving it, rejoice, although it does
That Paradise contain, which will, so long,
Have been their sweet abode of rest; because,
Though Paradise is better far than earth,
Yet Heaven is better far than Paradise.
In Paradise they are compelled to wait
For the redemption of the body, which,
By Paul, is the 'doption termed;* for, till
The great, last day shall raise their bodies up,
They cannot enter on their full reward;—
Cannot in glory with their Lord appear;
Cannot, before the assembled world and hosts
Of angels bright, be owned by him as his;
Cannot, their crowns of life from him receive,
Nor enter on their bless'd inheritance.
Hence, when that great, last day shall come, and they
Shall all the happiness receive, which that
Important day to them will bring, will they
Not have abundant cause for highest joy?

“Another argument, by some adduced,
And which they thought of weight was this: Is not,
Said they, the Saviour the acknowledged head
Of all his saints? Must they not follow him,—
Keep in his course, and tread the path he trod?
He died and rose again, and so must they.
After his resurrection, did not he
Ascend to Heaven, and, on his Father's throne,

* Rom. viii. 23.

Sit down? And must not all his saints arise,
Ascend on high, and sit on heavenly thrones?
All this, 'twas said, is clear and Scriptural;
And thus to follow Christ, is what the saints
Expect;—all hope to follow him to Heaven.
Then why, it was replied, refuse to own,
That we must follow him through all his course?
Now, where was Jesus, in the interval,
Between his death and resurrection day?
Was he in Heaven? No one can say, He was.
We read, that he to Paradise did go,
And that his soul was not in Hades left.
Hence, we are sure, his soul to Hades went,
And in the part called Paradise remained,
Until his resurrection day; when it
Returned to earth, his body to rejoin,
In which he did, at length, ascend to Heaven.
But if in that short space, which intervened,
Between his death and resurrection day,
He had ascended up to Heaven; could he
Just after he arose, to Mary say,
“I'm not ascended to my Father yet?”
What he affirmed was plain and simple truth,
For in no sense, as far as we can learn,
Had he ascended to his Father then;
His body in the grave had been confined;
His soul in Paradise had been detained;
How then can he, in any sense, be said
To have, at death, ascended up to Heaven?
See then the path, which all his saints must tread;
At death, their souls, like his to Paradise
Will go; their bodies slumber in the grave;
But, on the resurrection day, their souls,
Like his, will issue forth from Paradise,

Their bodies join, and, the whole man complete,
They will, like him, their head, ascend to Heaven.
This, fellow-christians, is the path he trod,
And we, through all these scenes, must follow him.

“ These then, were the chief arguments of those,
Who in this intermediate state believed.
To me they seemed too solid, and too clear,
For refutation, founded, as they were,
On the plain statements of the Word of God.
But there were some, among the saints, while I
On earth abode, who entertained, as I
Have told you, very different views, and they
Objections raised : of them, and the replies
Which they received, I will a statement give.”

“ Do so, my brother,” said the saint, who, down
To the last day, had lived ; “ I wish to know,
Not these things only, but a thousand more,
About the saints, who formed the church on earth,
Before the long and bright millennial day.
I know the picture has a gloomy shade ;
For errors numerous, as I have heard,
Were soon received into the church of God ;
But since all errors now have disappeared,
And all the saints, who erred, are safe in bliss ;
We may with pleasure view the past, and learn,
With how much care the Shepherd, great and good,
Amidst both sins and errors, did that flock
Preserve, which now, through grace, is all in Heaven.
Oft have I read, that the pure gospel, which
The apostles preached, soon much corrupted was ;
That error spread, and darkness thick prevailed,
Until, both in the east and west, the truth
Was almost lost ; that then the Word of God,
From its concealment, issued forth to view ;

Was read by thousands with avidity,
And soon diffused a glorious light abroad,
Which many fatal errors did expose.
But still some errors of a minor kind,
Part of the tares, which were in darkness sown,
Remained, as I've been taught, and vexed the church,
And slowly, very slowly, disappeared,
As men, by patient search, and earnest prayer,
Did, piece by piece, discover truth divine.
Hence, I have thought, correct me if I'm wrong,
That there was almost every kind and shade
Of error found, among the saints on earth,
Excepting such as was of fatal kind.
While all, of course, were right on those great points,
Which, to salvation, quite essential were ;
Each one appears to have, in minor points,
Embraced some error ; thus, among them all,
What error did not find an advocate ?
And, on the other hand, I oft have thought,
That every truth of God, all the saints 'mong,
Was firmly held ; for well we know, that truths,
Which some rejected, others did believe :
But where's the truth, which was believed by none ?”

“ I think you right, my brother,” said the saint,
Who long had lived in Paradise, whom we
Shall the narrator call, “ in these your views
Of truth and error, in the church of God ;
But I will tell you now, as I proposed,
The objections to the intermediate state.

“ Some thought, that the term Hell did always mean
The lake of everlasting fire ; for they,
Not knowing, that, in the Original,
Two different words, and differing in sense,
Occurred, both which had been translated Hell ;

And finding Hell did sometimes signify
The place of everlasting punishment,
And of the never-dying worm ; they thought,
As well they might, that the same word occurred,
In every place, in the same awful sense.
Thus they asserted, that the souls of all
Ungodly men entered at death, that place,
To which they were not doomed till the last day.
And some, who read the Original, and knew
Its proper sense, or who it might have known,
Seemed quite content to let this error pass,
And wrote and preached as though it was a truth.
Hence, many did not know,—nay, scarcely heard,
The Scripture doctrine of a separate state ;
And he, who taught it plainly and at length,
Though deemed quite orthodox, on other points,
Was almost thought a heretic on that.

“ But those, who, in this separate state, believed,
Would sometimes use this form of argument :
‘ Sheol and Hades never can be Hell ;
For, if they are, then did old Jacob say :
‘ Thus mourning for my son, I will, to him,
To Hell descend.’ Did Jacob think his son,
His much-beloved and pious son, was gone
To Hell, the place of endless punishment,
And that himself would thither follow him ?
Each one must know, that he did not think thus ;
And if he did not, how is Sheol Hell ?
When David said : ‘ Thou will not leave my soul
In Sheol ;’ did he think, that he, at death,
To Hell should go ? Or if he knew, that he
Of the Messiah spoke ; did he suppose,
That the Messiah would to Hell descend ?
When Peter, David’s words to Christ, applied,

Saying : ‘ His soul was not in Hades left ;’
 Did he then mean, that Christ had felt in Hell
 The eternal fire, and never dying worm ?

“ We learn from Scripture, that the souls of men,
 At the last day, will out of Hades come ;
 For death and Hades will give up their dead.
 Are they the wicked only, who will out
 Of Hades come ? Do not the apostle’s words
 Import, that all the dead, both good and bad,
 Will issue thence ? And if not thence, whence will
 They come ? No other place, in the whole Word
 Of God, is named as the abode of souls,
 From which they are to come at the last day.
 From Hades all must come, if all at death,
 As Scripture teaches, do to Hades go.
 And if the saints are not in Hades now
 Detained, how can they, when they rise exclaim :
 ‘ O Hades ! where is now thy victory ?’
 And if we’re taught, that all the saints, as well
 As all the wicked, will, at the last day,
 From Hades come, can Hades then be Hell ?
 Can that be Hell, whence all the saints will come ?
 If Hades really is Hell ; it will
 Then follow, shocking thought indeed, that all
 Departed saints are now in Hell, and that
 They there will prisoners be till the last day.

“ Again, we are not told, that, when the Judge
 Shall have pronounced the doom of wicked men,
 He will again, them into Hades send.
 But would they not into that place return,
 And there endure the never-dying worm,
 If that were Hell ? Surely they would ! But we
 Are taught, that they to Hades will not thus
 Return, but go into the lake of fire ;

For into that will all be cast, whose names
Are not found written in the book of life.

“ We read, that death and Hades will be cast
Into the lake of fire ; but those, who say,
Hades is Hell, do also say, The lake
Of fire is Hell. Can these assertions both
Be true ? For to affirm the lake of fire
Is Hell, and then to say, that Hades too
Is Hell, is to admit, what must appear
Quite inconsistent to a thinking mind.
Now, that the lake of fire is Hell, few will,
We think, deny ; and, this admitted, how
Can it be true, that Hades too is Hell ?
Will Hell itself then into Hell be cast ?
Can Holy Writ thus war with common sense ?

“ When John upon the isle of Patmos was,
The Saviour there to him appeared, and said :
‘ Fear not, I am the First, and I the Last ;
I once was dead, but now I live ; and lo !
I am alive for evermore, Amen,
And have the keys of Hades and of death.’
Can Hades here be Hell ? The Saviour’s words
Duly considered, prove, that it is not.
His language was intended to convey
Comfort and peace to his disciple’s mind ;
Hence, his address is prefaced by the words,
Fear not ; then, stating, that he had the keys
Of Hades and of death, he showed to John,
That all authority, both over death,
And o’er the world unseen, was in his hands.
This statement offers comfort to the mind,
Provided Hades means the separate state,
Including Paradise ; for Christians wish
To drop, at death, into the Saviour’s hands,

That he may place them, in another world,
 Among the perfect spirits of the just.
 But if you say, that Hades here means Hell ;
 Then will our Lord's address unnatural seem ;
 For then the import of his words will be,
 Fear not, for I have, power to kill, and power
 To cast into the eternal fire of Hell.
 Would this be comfort ? If you answer, No !
 Then be assured, that Hades is not Hell.
 Now mark the Saviour's language, when he speaks
 Of Hell indeed, which is Gehenna called ;
 Then he exclaims : ' Fear him, who has the power
 To cast both soul and body into Hell.'
 There is a perfect contrast ; for observe,
 Of Hades, when he speaks, he says, Fear not ;
 But, of Gehenna, when he speaks, he calls
 On us to fear its everlasting fire.
 Were Hades Hell, our Lord would not speak thus ;
 For think, were Hades Hell, you must admit,
 What every saint would tremble to assert,
 That our Great Teacher contradicts himself ;
 For ' Fear,' and ' Fear not,' contradictions are.

There others were, who, to a separate state,
 Did this objection raise. "*Sheol*," said they,
 And *Hades* too do signify the grave."*
 And truly, in one version of the Word
 Of God, these terms had both been rendered grave.
 But there are many passages, 'twas said,
 In which, consistently with common sense,
 Nor one nor other of these terms can e'er
 Be rendered grave ? On *this* point too, we may
 Old Jacob's words adduce. We read, that he
 Exclaimed ; ' I will go down into the grave

* See Appendix, Note J. to Book II.

Unto my son.' Could he indeed say this,
When he believed, no grave his son contained,
But that an evil beast had him devoured ?
Admit old Jacob said, what he indeed
Did say, that he to Sheol would descend
Unto his son,—that is, would follow him
Into another world, and all is clear.

“ If Sheol is the grave ; then we must come
To some conclusions, so absurd and false,
That, but to name them, may almost offend.
Can any one admit, that what occurred
In Sheol, as described by the great Seer
Isaiah,* in the grave, could e'er occur ?
Dead bodies only in the grave are found ;
How can they speak, and tauntingly insult
Those, who oppressed them while they lived on earth.
At the arrival of the haughty prince
Of Babylon, Sheol was moved ; the dead
Were stirred ; the chiefs and kings, which it contained,
Addressed him thus : ‘ Art thou as weak as we
Become ? Art thou become like us ? Thy pomp
To *Sheol* is brought down.’ Read the whole scene,
And calmly judge. Could these things in a grave
Occur ? Were not these chiefs and kings interred
In countries, from each other, far remote ?
Could they then in one common grave be found,
And did proud Babel's monarch meet them there ?
No ! this is too absurd. Let us admit,
What Scripture teaches, that these great ones were
In *Sheol* all assembled ; and that he,
Whom they insulted thus, went, at his death,
To *Sheol* too, and all doth well accord
Both with the Word of God, and common sense.

* See Appendix, Note K. to Book. II.

“ If Sheol is the grave, then David said :
‘ Thou, in the grave, my soul wilt never leave.’
If Hades is the grave, then Peter said,
When he, of Jesus the Messiah, spoke,
That, in the grave, his soul did not remain,
Nor did his flesh behold corruption there.
So that our Saviour’s soul and body both,
Upon this principle, were in the grave.
If so, he could not meet in Paradise,
Just after death, the poor repenting thief.

“ If Hades is the grave, what shall we say,
Of the rich man ? Was it then in the grave
He was tormented ? Was it there, he saw
Both Abraham and Lazarus, and spoke
With them ? And did he really entreat,
That, from the dead, one might be sent to warn
His brethren not to come into the grave ?

“ But some there were, who did suppose, Sheol
And Hades sometimes meant the grave, sometimes,
The intermediate state, and sometimes Hell.
They clearly saw, that neither of the terms
Could, in some passages, be rendered grave
Nor Hell ; and, in such instances, they owned,
It signified the intermediate state.
But they no clear, specific rule laid down,
Nor could they one devise, by which it might,
In any given case, be ascertained
Which meaning, of the three, these terms should have ;
And being slow to own a separate state,
Which was not Heaven nor Hell ; perhaps, because
They had to other views been trained ; they did,
When ever palpable absurdity,
From such a rendering did not result,
Give to each term the sense of grave or Hell.

The arguments, which were adduced to show,
That neither term did signify the grave
Or Hell, I need not here repeat ; but what
Was urged against a method which the Word
Of God did so interpret as to give
Three widely differing senses to each term,
And thus the truth obscure, I'll briefly state.

“ This method of interpretation, it
Was said, we deem quite incorrect, because
It seems to impugn the Holy Word of God.
The sense of Scripture must be vague indeed,
If the same word can sometimes mean the grave,
Sometimes the separate state, and sometimes Hell ;
If in one place it means a cavity,
A few feet long or broad, dug in the earth,
Just to receive a single human corpse ;
And, in another place, denotes that world
Unseen, where disembodied souls
In comfort some, and some in misery,
Do all reside ; and is in a third place,
Employed to designate that world, where dwells
The fire unquenchable, destined to be,
To wicked men, and wicked angels too,
The place of everlasting punishment.
Surely ! a Revelation sent from God,
For the sole purpose of informing man ;
And chiefly for informing him on things
Connected with his future state, would not
Employ a single term to express meanings
So various, without a hint bestowed
To teach us which of these three senses ought,
In any place, to be preferred : custom,
We own, may long have sanctioned forms of speech,
And expositions of God's Holy Word,

Which with this triple sense agree, and which,
 That they erroneous are, may not the least
 Suspicion raise ; but hence, no proof exists,
 That they with truth do perfectly accord.
 It may be said,—it has been said, we know ;
 ‘ The word, in such a place, can never mean
 The separate state ; it must then mean the grave
 Or Hell !’ But why to this conclusion come ?
 Your reason is perhaps, that, in the place
 In question, were the term allowed to mean
 The world unseen, where souls departed dwell ;
 The passage would a strange and novel sense
 Convey, of which you entertain some doubt.
 And be it so ; the novel sense, in which
 The passage now appears, no proof affords,
 That it is not the proper sense. Nay ! we
 May well suppose, it is the proper sense ;
 For you admit, Sheol or Hades does
 Sometimes denote the intermediate state ;
 Hence, you confess, that such a state there is ;
 And since no solid proof can be adduced,
 That either term has any other sense,
 We must conclude, that, in each passage, where
 These terms occur, they always signify
 The place, where disembodied souls reside.
 And what if many passages, when thus
 Interpreted, in a new light appear ?
 They still contain a sense, which well accords
 With every other part of Holy Writ.
 But not so, when these terms are thought to mean
 The grave or Hell ; hence, it may be presumed,
 The sense, they now have, is the proper one.*

“ Others objected, to this separate state,

* See Appendix, Note L. to Book II.

Another way ; they said, that Paradise
Was Heaven. Hence, when a person did observe,
Of a departed saint, that he was gone
To Paradise ; some would suppose he meant,
That the departed saint was gone to Heaven.
But those, who held a separate state affirmed,
That Paradise and Heaven were not the same ;
And this, I thought, they very clearly proved.
Our Lord's own words, they said, do plainly show
That Paradise cannot be Heaven, nor Heaven
Be Paradise ; but that they quite distinct
And separate places are. Do not his words,
To the repenting thief, most plainly teach,
That not the thief alone, but that our Lord
Himself would also be, in Paradise,
That day ? And, when he from the dead arose,
Did he not say that he had not as yet
Ascended up to Heaven ? ' I'm not,' said he
To her, ' ascended to my Father yet,'
Thus it is proved, that Jesus went, at death,
To Paradise, but did not go to Heaven.
It follows then, and clearly too, we think,
That Paradise can, in no sense, be Heaven.
'Twas further said, that the apostle Paul,
When he narrates the visions he had seen,
Mentions distinctly Heaven and Paradise ;*
Teaching, that, in one vision, he was borne
Away to the third Heaven, the dwelling place
Of God ; and, in another, carried off
To Paradise. Some did the two confound ;
For, having learn'd to think, that Paradise
Was but another name for Heaven, they spoke
As though these revelations were but one.

* See Appendix, Note M. to Book II.

The narrative itself, it was observed,
 Does plainly show, that Paul two visions had.
 Look at the number,—is it singular,
 Vision or revelation? No; you see,
 That, in both words, he has the plural form,—
 Visions and revelations of the Lord.
 Hence, we infer, that he two visions saw;
 First, one of Heaven, then, one of Paradise.*
 He also says, that fourteen years ago,
 He knew a man caught up to the third Heaven;
 But does not tell when he was carried off
 To Paradise. Thus leaving us, to say
 The least, uncertain when to that bless'd place
 He was conveyed. Again, he does not tell
 Of any thing he saw or heard in Heaven;
 But says, that, when he was in Paradise,
 He heard unutterable words, which he,
 On earth, was not permitted to express:
 Hence too, we think, the visions were not one.
 'Unutterable words,' the saints, on earth,
 Exclaimed, imply unutterable things.
 O glorious state! in which are heard and seen
 Such things as mortal tongues cannot express!
 O Paradise! we long to hear thy sweet
 Unutterable words! We long to see
 Thy fair abodes,—thy glorious scenes! We long
 To join the perfect spirits of the just!
 For we believe it real gain to die.

"Those, who believed, that Heaven and Paradise
 Were one, did also think, Hades was Hell;
 But how the two opinions clashed, both with
 Each other and the Word of God, they did
 Not, I suppose, perceive. The arguments,

* See Appendix, Note N. to Book II.

Which were against them brought, ran thus : Hades,
'Twas said, whatever it may mean, denotes,
As all must own, who Scripture truth regard,
The place, to which the soul of Jesus went
At death ; and which contains, as can be shown,
That Paradise, where the repenting thief
Was, after death, to meet him. Hence, if we
Admit, that our Redeemer went to Heaven
At death ; as you, who say that Paradise
Is Heaven, believe, we must also admit
Hades and Heaven are one ; then, as you say,
Hades is Hell, we must, strange as it seems,
To this conclusion come, that Heaven is Hell.
Or take it thus ; Hades, you say, is Hell ;
Yet Hades is, beyond all doubt, the place,
To which the soul of the Messiah went
At death ; if then, as you suppose, Hades
Is Hell, the soul of Jesus went to Hell
At death. But if, as you affirm, Heaven is
The same as Paradise, then did the soul
Of Jesus go to Heaven at death. If then,
As you believe, Hades, the place, to which
The soul of Jesus went at death, is Hell ;
And if, as you suppose, he went to Heaven
At death ; if both these premises be true,
We must infer, that Hades is both Heaven
And Hell. But this, you know, cannot be true ;
Hence, we entreat you to admit, that which
The Word of God does teach, that Hades is
Not Hell, nor Paradise the same as Heaven.

“ Another and a grave objection too,
As some supposed, against the state, of which
We speak, was this ; Paul’s language shows, ’twas said,
That saints departed are with Jesus Christ.

Did he not teach, that absent from the flesh,
 He should at once be present with the Lord?
 Did he not long from this life to depart,
 That he might be with Christ? * And where is Christ?
 We read, that he ascended up to Heaven,
 And that he sits at the right hand of God.
 Now, if our Lord is gone to Heaven, and all
 The saints, at death, depart to be with him;
 It must be clear, beyond a single doubt,
 That they are all in Heaven. What then becomes
 Of all you say about a separate state?

“ To this objection it was thus replied :
 To wrest the Scriptures from their proper sense
 We have no wish ; we own, as well as you,
 That Jesus has ascended up to Heaven,
 And that he sits at the right hand of God,
 And that departed saints are with the Lord. †
 We fear not to admit these Scripture truths ;
 Though, to our views, you think them much
 Opposed. We deem it possible to show,
 That both sides of the question may be true ;
 Both, that there is an intermediate state,
 And that departed saints are with the Lord.
 The passages you cite, we must observe,
 By no means contradict a separate state ;
 They are, to say the least, indefinite ;
 Not showing, that there is, or is not, such
 A state. It is a well known rule, and we
 Apply it here, that when, in many parts
 Of Holy Writ, a truth is clearly taught,
 And fully proved ; one or two sacred texts,
 Which nothing say, for or against the truth
 In question, though, to some, they seem to it

* 2 Cor. v. 6.—Phil. i. 23. † See Appendix, Note O. to Book II.

Opposed, cannot at all that truth disprove.
Now we have shown, by many passages
Of Holy Writ, and proved by arguments
Drawn from them, clear and strong, we think,
That there is certainly a separate state :
Hence, could we say no more in our defence,
The passages, which you adduce, could not,
We think, indefinite as they all are,
Disprove the truth, for which we now contend.

“ But hear us farther ; we have more to say.
You think the human body of our Lord,
Material as it is, does not possess
Ubiquity ; and that it cannot be,
At the same time, present in more than one
Locality : a point, which we shall not
Dispute. Then you assume, and 'tis to that
Assumption we object, that if our Lord
Is with his saints in Paradise, he must,
In his material body, there appear.
And this assumed, you then proceed to say :
That, in that body, he can present be
In Paradise and Heaven, at the same time,
If they two different places are, is quite
Impossible ; hence, you suppose, you must
To this conclusion come, that Paradise
Is but another name for Heaven, where all
The saints, you think, are present with the Lord.
Now, that the human body of our Lord,
In which he bore our sins upon the tree,
Always remains in that locality
Which is called Heaven, or whether he is not,
In that same body, seen in other parts
Of this vast universe, is more than we
Or you can tell ; for 'tis a point Scripture

Does not decide. But that, in places not
 Called Heaven, he can, in human shape appear ;
 Nay more, that he has sometimes so appeared,
 Since he ascended up to Heaven, to take
 His seat at God's right hand, we must believe,
 Because the Scripture teaches us that truth.
 Did he not twice appear on earth, to Paul ?*
 Once near Damascus, in the temple once ?
 And can you doubt, that he, in human shape,
 Appeared ? If otherwise, could Paul have ranked
 Himself among the witnesses, who saw
 The blessed Saviour after he arose ?
 And how, we ask, could he, unless he had,
 In human shape, the Saviour seen, adduce
 As proof of his apostleship, the fact,
 The important fact, that he had seen the Lord ?†
 When John to Patmos was exiled, our Lord
 Did there appear to him, and, in what shape,
 Let John himself declare. ' He was,' says John,
 ' Like to the son of man ; clothed with a robe,
 That reached down to his feet ; about his breast,
 He wore a golden girdle ; and his head
 And hairs were white like wool, as white as snow ;
 His eyes were like a flame of fire ; his feet
 Were like the finest brass ; in his right hand
 He held seven stars ; his countenance was like
 The sun, when he in fullest splendour shines.
 When I beheld him, at his feet I fell
 As dead ; and his right hand he on me laid
 And said, ' Fear not ; I am the first and I
 The Last.'‡ Majestic this appearance was ;
 Yet all must own, it was in human shape ;
 Nor was it part of that prophetic scene,

* Acts ix. 17 and 27.—Acts xxii. 17, 18. † 1 Cor. ix. 1. ‡ Rev. i. 13, 17.

Which subsequently John in Heaven beheld ;
But an appearance, which the stamp of pure
Reality displayed : this who can doubt ?

“ If then, while Jesus sits at God’s right hand
In Heaven, he can, on earth, in human shape,
Appear ; and if while he, in human form,
On earth abode, he was in Heaven, as he
To Nicodemus said ;* why should you doubt,
Whether he can, while yet he sits at God’s
Right hand in Heaven, in human shape, appear,
Among his blessed saints, in Paradise ?
Yea, cannot he, who is, as you believe,
The omnipotent and omnipresent God,
In human shape appear in any place,
In this vast universe ; and there, as long
As he sees fit, remain ? Nay ! can he not,
In human shape, and simultaneously,
In many places, both appear and dwell ?
His power no limit knows. Then why conclude,
That since his body, which once suffered here
On earth, is now in Heaven ; he cannot dwell,
In human form, with saints in Paradise ?
The thing is possible ; and that is all,
For which we now contend. The Scriptures do
Not say, that Jesus Christ, in human shape,
Among his saints, in Paradise resides ;
They only teach, that saints departed are
In Paradise, and that they’re with the Lord,
And he, of course, with them ; but in what way
He does to them his presence manifest,
In human shape or otherwise, we are
Not told : hence for conjecture there is room.
Besides, we all should bear in mind, that saints

* John iii. 13.

In Paradise are spirits. Who can tell
 How they the Saviour's presence apprehend ?
 It may unnecessary be, that they
 Should always him in human form behold,
 In order to their being sensible
 That he among them dwells ; for here on earth,
 Clothed as we are with bodies made of flesh
 And blood, could we but hear the Saviour's voice
 Addressing us in terms of love, we should,
 Though we no shape could see, his presence own,
 And in that blessed presence much rejoice.
 Thus we may well admit, that he his love
 Communicates, and presence shows to all
 The spirits just, in ways to us unknown.
 This truth, at present, is enough for us,
 That all departed saints are with the Lord.

“ Here brethren then, we venture to observe,
 That when some portions of the Word of God,
 With other portions, seem to disagree ;
 What we think a discrepancy, we should,
 To narrow views and ignorance, ascribe.
 To partial knowledge, things may seem obscure,
 Which, were our knowledge perfect, would be clear.

“ But there was yet another argument,
 Against this state of saints departed brought ;
 'Twas founded on two portions of the Word
 Of God, which, in the Apocalypse, occurred.*
 The first of these was that, in which John said,
 That he, under the altar, saw the souls
 Of those, who, for the word of God, were slain.
 Now, it was said, this altar was in Heaven ;
 And if the souls of those, who, for the word
 Of God, were slain, under the altar were,

* Rev. vi. 9. Rev. vii. 13—17.

Who can affirm that they were not in Heaven ?”
The other passage was, that beautiful
And well known one, which spoke of some,
Whom John had seen before the throne arrayed
In robes of white, which they had washed, and made
Thus’ white in Jesus’ blood. These, it was said,
Can be no other than the saints in Heaven ;
And there they were, not after the last day,
But while the apostle John was yet on earth.

“ This argument which some inclined to think
Unanswerable, this reply received.

Here brethren, you assume a principle,
Which calm reflection never can admit ;
For you suppose, that every thing which John
Beheld in Heaven, was there in very deed ;
And that each action, which he there observed,
Was there, in strict reality, performed.
This principle, that all which John beheld
In Heaven was there indeed, may seem to you
A perfect axiom, a truth too clear
And too self-evident to justify
A single doubt ; and you may be surprised
To hear a principle, so clearly true
As you suppose, pronounced absurdly false ;
Yet so it is ; the principle, that all
Which John beheld in Heaven was truly there,
Is false, and false to an absurdity.
You’ll see its falsehood, when you recollect
Some of the things he there beheld. Were they
Not bloodshed, war and famine, wickedness
In various shapes, with pestilence and death ?
These things and others, inconsistent quite
With every Scripture view of Heaven, that world
Of purity and happiness, John there

Beheld, as all must own ; but did they all
 In Heaven exist, or were they only shown
 To him, in vision, there ? The latter, we
 Believe, you will confess ; for you now see,
 'Twould be absurd to say, that all which John
 In Heaven beheld, had an existence there.

“ And may we not, an illustration bring,
 From that bright vision, which Isaiah saw ?*
 He says, that in the temple, he beheld
 The Lord upon a high and lofty throne ;
 His train the temple filled ; the seraphim,
 Each with six wings, one to another cried
 And said ; Thrice holy is the Lord of hosts,
 And the whole earth is of his glory full ;
 The door posts shook ; the house with smoke was filled.
 Will you affirm, that all this glorious scene
 Was truly in the temple, at the time,
 Or will you own it was a vision ? Which ?
 A vision we suppose you will confess.
 If then one prophet, in the temple, saw
 Things really not there, but only there
 In vision shown to him ; another might
 See things in Heaven, which were not truly there,
 But only there exhibited to him.

“ Did not Ezekiel too, in vision, things
 Behold, which, neither in the place, in which
 He saw them, nor, in any other, then
 Existence had ? He saw a valley full
 Of bones ; he saw them move ; saw every bone
 Resume its place ; saw sinews, flesh, and skin
 Come on them ; then, at God's command, he on
 Them prophesied, and breath came into them ;
 Then, he beheld them rise and stand a host

* Isaiah vi. 1—4.

Of living men. So while, in Babylon,
The captive prophet lived, he to the land
Of Israel, in visions of the Lord,
Was brought ; where, to his view, a temple was
Exhibited, the measurement of which,
In every part, was shown to him. But who
Has ever thought, that from a valley full
Of bones, an army vast did really
Spring up ? And who can be so uninformed
As to suppose, that the fair temple, which,
In Israel's land, the prophet saw, had been,
In very deed, erected there ? No ! these,
As every one believes, were merely scenes,
Presented to the prophet's view, designed
To represent events and things to come.
Then why believe, that what John saw, in Heaven,
Had really existence there ? We think
The exhibitions made to him, were like
Our panoramic views ; or like the scenes
In a mechanic theatre, where sounds
Are heard, and actions seem to be performed,
As well as views presented to the eye ;
And that, in manner thus, were shown to John
Both some events, which God would bring to pass,
And the chief actors in those great events.
That, on this point, our views are quite correct,
May be inferred from John's own words ;
For he beheld in Heaven, not things which then
Existence had, but things which were to come.*

“Now brethren, we inquire : Is there not room
To doubt, whether the souls, which John, under
The altar saw, to which white robes were given,
Were saints already gone to Heaven ? That they

* Rev. i. 1, and iv. 1.

Were represented to him there, is all
 That can, with certainty, be said. Besides,
 We know, that what John saw, to future times,
 A reference had ; and if, as some suppose,
 The fifth seal designates a period
 In the third century ; the souls, which John,
 Under the altar saw, were those of saints,
 Who had not then been born. They were, to him,
 Under the altar shown, to intimate,
 That they were martyrs' souls ;—the souls of those,
 Who would, for Jesus' sake, be sacrificed ;
 And, that they would be happy after death,
 Was shown, by the white robes on them bestowed.
 Nor does it seem improper to observe,
 That only souls, not bodies, were by John,
 Under the altar seen ? and as the place
 Of holy souls is Paradise, as we
 Have shown, not Heaven ; so, had these souls
 Existence at the time, which we do not
 Believe, they must have been in Paradise.

“We turn to those, who stood before the throne,
 Arrayed in robes of white. Here we again
 Observe, that John beheld a future scene ;—
 The happiness, which saints and martyrs, then
 Unborn, would, after death, enjoy. But you
 Suppose, that, though it was a future scene,
 Yet, that it showed the happiness of saints
 In Heaven, before the resurrection day.
 Is not the throne of God, you ask, in Heaven ?
 Is not his temple there ? Is it not there
 His saints will serve him day and night ? Is it
 Not there the Lamb will feed his flock, and lead
 Them to the living streams ? Nay, does not all
 That glorious scene belong to Heaven, and to

No other place ? Such, brethren, are your views ;
But we're inclined to think, this glorious scene
An emblematic one, designed indeed
To show the great felicity of those
Who die in Christ, especially of saints
Who, for his sake, would shed their blood, but none,
We think, can with propriety affirm,
' Because this vision John in Heaven beheld,
That is the exact locality, in which
The saints will all, at death, be placed'. Before
The throne they stood ; this shows they are approved
By God, favoured with near access to him,
And with his gracious presence always bless'd.
They serve him in his temple, day and night ;
This teaches us, that in delightful acts
Of warm devotion, they're incessantly
Employed ; while by the Lamb's both feeding them,
And leading them to living fountains, we
Are taught, that he, with holy joys, their minds
Will always fill. And, as we learn, that saints
Departed are in Paradise, so we
Believe, the glorious scene depicted here,
Shows us the happiness of Paradise.
If this conclusion stumbles you, we would
Remind you, that 'tis inadmissible
To say, that all which John beheld in Heaven,
Was truly there. Hence, though the happiness
Of these departed saints, was shown to him
In Heaven ; it cannot be inferred, that they
Already were in that most blessed world ;
Nor that they would be thither brought at death ;—
All, we are authorized to say, is this :
That, by these emblems, was exhibited,
To John in Heaven, the great felicity,

On which the saints will enter after death.
And we believe, this vision was designed
To stimulate the faith, and hope and zeal,
Of all believers in our blessed Lord,
By giving them a prospect bright, of peace
And happiness, commencing just at death.

“ If you are still inclined to view the throne
Of God, and other parts of this bright scene,
In their most literal sense, and to believe,
That they can have existence in no place
But Heaven ; and that, because John saw these saints
Before the throne, departed saints are all
In Heaven ; we ask, Are you prepared to assert,
That there is not, in Paradise, a throne
Of God, on which the Father’s glory rests ;
On which the Son, the Lord of Paradise,
Does, to his blessed saints, himself reveal ?
If, in the wilderness, upon this earth,
The constant presence of the Deity
Was, by a fiery cloudy pillar, shown ;
If, from the mercy-seat, God did converse
With *sinful* man ; if there was sometimes seen
A glory bright, which spoke the present God ;
Is it too much to think, that there may be,
In Paradise, among the spirits just,
A glorious throne of God, to indicate
His constant presence there ; and that the saints,
Before that throne, may stand ? May they not there,
Be constantly employed in serving God ?
And there, may not the Lamb incessantly
Pour holy joys into their souls ? We do
Not all these things affirm, though they, we think,
May be in substance true ; but simply ask,
Whether they are at all impossible,

Or inconsistent with the Word of God ?

“ We think, our views of those, who stood before
The throne, arrayed in white, are favoured much
By that bright vision, which John saw, of four
And twenty elders, seated round the throne.
That they were saints already gone to Heaven,
Few, we suppose, will venture to affirm.
The general opinion seems to be,
That they were emblematic persons, shown
To John, as seated round the Almighty's throne,
To represent the church.* Their crowns of gold,
And thrones,† placed round the throne, denote, we think,
The near access to God ; the honours great,
And boundless happiness, to be conferred
Upon the saints in Heaven ; while, by their songs
Of praise, and worship offered to the Lamb,
And Him, that sits upon the throne, we learn,
That all the saints do *now*, whether on earth
Or in a better world, and that they will
In Heaven, the Father's blessed name adore ;
And offer glory, honour, praise and power,
Unto the Lamb, who, by his precious blood,
Has them redeemed. Now if, as 'tis supposed,
These elders emblematic persons were,
Only to represent the church designed ;
It seems quite fair to infer, that none of all
The church, not even ancient saints, were then
In Heaven ; for why should they, who present were,
By representatives, appear ? If all
Departed saints, who must have formed, when John
This vision saw, the great majority,
Outnumbering far the saints on earth, were then,

* See Appendix, Note P. to Book II.

† The word rendered *seats* is, in the original, thrones.

As you believe, inhabitants of Heaven,
 'Tis strange, that they did not appear,—that none
 But emblematic persons, in their stead,
 Were shown. Where were Elijah, Enoch, Job,
 Moses, and Abraham, and numbers more,
 Who, while on earth were famed for piety ?
 Not one of them appeared ; John did not see
 One real saint in Heaven. Does it not seem,
 That not a single human saint was there ?
 And that unreal, emblematic saints
 Did, for that reason, in their stead appear ?

“ Nor are the points of difference, between
 The saints who stood before the throne, arrayed
 In white, to represent, as we suppose,
 The saints in Paradise ; and those, who round
 The throne were seated, the whole church of God
 To represent, and show what saints will be
 In Heaven, unworthy of remark. The four
 And twenty elders all appeared with crowns
 Of gold, and sat on thrones around the throne ;
 But those, whom John beheld before the throne,
 In robes of white, had neither crowns nor thrones.
 Surely, the want of these denotes a state
 Inferior to that, in which the saints will all,
 At last, in Heaven, appear ! We think, that crowns
 And thrones belong to none but saints in Heaven.
 Hence, Paul has taught, that he, and all, that love
 The appearing of the Lord, the righteous Judge,
 Are to receive their crowns at the last day.
 No crowns till then ;—that is the crowning day
 Of all the saints. Accordingly, we find,
 The representatives of saints in Heaven,
 Sitting on thrones, and wearing crowns ; but saints
 In Paradise, whose happy state was, we

Suppose, in vision shown to John, appeared
In robes of white, but wore no crowns, sat on
No thrones. The robes they wore, their purity,
The palms they held, their victory proclaimed ;
But crowns, as Scripture teaches,—crowns will not
Be given till Jesus come. Hence, we conclude,
That those, whom John, before the throne, beheld
Arrayed in white, were saints in Paradise.

“ Thus have I told you the objections, which
Were urged against this intermediate state,
From several passages of Holy Writ ;
But there was yet another argument,
Which some, against this state, adduced, founded
Upon the strong resemblance, which, they said,
There was, between this intermediate state,
And that imaginary place, which long
The name of Purgatory bore. There was,
At one time, as you know, a numerous class
Of men, who had, as John foretold, the mark
And image of the beast received. These poor
Deluded men, misled by cunning priests,
Believed, that after death, they, for a time,
Must in that place, called Purgatory, dwell ;
And there, by dreadful suffering, from their sins,
Be purified ; then, rescued by the prayers
Of saints, be, in their disembodied state,
Raised to the full enjoyment of the bliss
Of Heaven. Now some good men, who hated much
That Purgatorial dream, because it gave
False hopes of Heaven to those who died in sin,
Would say, to those who, in a separate state
Believed: ‘ Your doctrine, of a state, not Heaven
Nor Hell, which is to follow death, so much
Resembles,—so much favours, what we hear

Of Purgatory, in the Papal creed,
That we must think it quite erroneous,
And not, by any means, to be received.'
'Brethren,' it was replied, 'we must suppose,
That this objection has no weight, because
The similarity of any truth,
In God's own Word contained, to any thing
Found in the Papal creed, nor even its
Identity, with any doctrine we
There meet, an argument against that truth,
Can never be esteemed ; for otherwise,
The doctrine of our Lord's divinity,
And many other truths of import great,
Must be rejected too, because we find
Them in the Papal creed. First, let us ask,
Whether the point in question is a truth,
Found in the Word of God ; if there we find
It, we must it receive, though it may form
A part of many creeds, to which we can,
But partially, subscribe. And is there not
A difference great, between that state, which we
Term intermediate, and which, excuse
Us if we say, in God's most Holy Word
Is found ; and Purgatory, which, you know,
Is said to be a place, where men, who die
In sin, may, from their sins, be purified ;
And whence they may, their sufferings o'er, by prayers
And merits of the good, ascend to Heaven ?
We need not say, for you know well our views,
That we this doctrine hate as much as you.
But we suppose it possible to show,
Though we are sorry we have it to do,
That the sad charge of favouring the creed
Of Papal Rome, solely to you belongs ;

Nor can you plead, we think, that on the point,
In which you with the Papal church agree,
Your views do with the Word of God accord.
That church asserts, that disembodied souls,
Their Purgatorial sufferings o'er, ascend,
Before the resurrection day, to Heaven ;
You also say, that disembodied souls,
Before that final day, even at death,
Ascend to Heaven. We know full well, that you
Do not design to favour error ; but
We ask you to take up the Word of God,
And to one passage point, if one can there
Be found, which plainly teaches, or so much
As intimates, that disembodied saints
Ascend to Heaven. And if no sacred text,
The views you cherish, will support ; then we
Entreat you to reflect upon the large
And multifarious crop of error, which
This doctrine, by the Papal church and you,
In common held, has, in that church, produced.
Whence prayers and masses offered for the dead,
To liberate, from Purgatory's pains,
Their guilty souls, and raise them up to Heaven ?
Whence is this gainful trade, in souls of men,
Which avaricious priests drive on ? Whence, but
From the belief, that disembodied souls
Of holy men do all ascend to Heaven ?
And whence, we ask again, that practice most
Absurd the canonizing of the saints ?
Were not these saints supposed to be in Heaven,
They would not, you well know, be canonized.
Whence prayers to saints,—whence to their images
The worship paid, and whence the miracles
Said, by their relics, to have been performed ?

All these, and every other sinful rite,
Which to the demon worship of the church
Of Rome belongs, have this one origin,
The doctrine, that the disembodied souls
Of saints are now in Heaven. Prone as we see
The members of that anti-christian church
To superstitious rites ; yet never do
They pray to saints, or worship images
Of saints, whose souls, they think, have not escaped
From Purgatory's flames, and gone to Heaven.
Let then this error, which you have so long
A Scripture truth believed, be quite renounced ;
And all the demon worship of the church
Of Rome, must with it be abandoned too.
Yes ; let the members of that church but once
Believe, that, as the Scripture teaches, none,
While in a disembodied state, to Heaven
Ascend ; and they no more will pray, that men,
In Purgatory bound, may be set free,
And gain admittance into Heaven. This truth
Believed, all masses for the dead will cease.
No more will those, who trade in human souls,
Payment demand for transfer to be made
Of surplus merits, from the saints on earth,
To those, who bear the Purgatorial flames,
That they, by merits thus transferred, may speed
Their way to Heaven. Let but this Scripture truth,
That none, while they among the dead remain,
Can ever rise to Heaven, be firmly held,
And the whole fabric, of these Popish rites,
On error based, will tumble to the dust.

“ We do not, brethren, for a moment think,
That you approve, or, in the least degree,
Would palliate, the evil practices

Which have alas ! most plentifully sprung
From that unscriptural belief, as we
Must term it, that the disembodied souls
Of saints ascend to Heaven. We know, that you
Detest the errors of the Papal church
As much as we ; nay more ! we cannot doubt,
That you have entertained, and firmly held
Your present views, because you thought them right,
And that you ought to take the opposite
Of that destructive error of the church
Of Rome,—the Purgatorial fire ; but we
Must here remind you, that the opposite
Of error is not always truth. Because
Of Purgatory all that has been said
A fiction is, must it thence be inferred,
That there's no intermediate state at all ?
We hope you will the evidence contained
In Holy Writ, in favour of the state,
Of which we speak, examine well ; and then,
We think, you will no more give countenance
To Papal error, by preserving still,
That cherished relic of dark Popish times,
The doctrine that saints go to Heaven, at death
And not to Paradise, like Christ their Lord.

“ Here, for the present, our discourse must end ;
But when we meet again, I will relate
Something of lovely Paradise itself.”

“ Do so, my brother,” said the other saint ;

“ All you may tell, I shall most gladly hear.”*

* See Appendix, Note Q. to Book II.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.



BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

THE two saints meet again, and the saint, who had said so much of the intermediate state, offers, according to promise, to give the other some account of Paradise.—He gladly accepts the offer, and introduces another saint, whom he had known on earth, and who, like himself, had lived down to the last day, and never seen Paradise.—They all take their seats under a tree of life, when the speaker commences his description of Paradise.—He states, that the good and bad were both in Hades, but in separate compartments.—The desire, which the lost felt to pass the gulf, and enter Paradise.—Their prayers for aid to their former relatives and friends, whom they saw in Paradise.—Happy state of the saints in Paradise.—Brief enumeration of the inhabitants of Paradise.—All that died in infancy went to Paradise.—Arguments in favour of infant salvation.—A majority of the human race, including infants, found in Paradise.—Joy of parents at meeting their infants in Paradise.—Narrative of a pious woman, who lost four infants, and subsequently met them all in Paradise.—The arrival of her husband, and eventually of their orphan son, who, after the father's death, had become a preacher of the gospel.—Employments of saints in Paradise, devotional exercises, assemblies, &c. The sabbath of earth commemorated by saints in Paradise.—The Saviour's dwelling place in Paradise.—Mutual love of the saints in Paradise.

BOOK III.

BUT a short time elapsed ere these two saints,
To mutual intercourse inclined, because
It was a source of pleasure great, again
Each other met. Then he, who, of the state
Called intermediate, so much had said,
The other thus addressed : “ Brother,” said he,
For none in Heaven want prompting to perform
What they’ve engaged to do, or others wish,
“ Now I am ready to communicate,
As you, when last we parted, did desire,
Some information about Paradise.”

“ I much rejoice,” the other saint replied,
“ That we have met again so soon. All you
May tell, I shall with pleasure hear ; your the me,
In me, an interest deep excites. The state
Of human souls, and chiefly that of all
The spirits just, during the long, long course
Of time, while waiting for the final day,
Must be a subject of no small concern
To those, who wish to understand the whole
Of that economy, which God the wise,
The just, and merciful ordained for man.
This fellow saint, who now with me appears,
Is one, whom I well knew and loved on earth ;
He, like me, lived down to the end of time,

And like me too, ne'er saw that Paradise,
Which now we hope you will to us describe."

"Then let us," said the saint, who was about
To tell of that fair world, where he had long abode,
"Beneath this lovely tree of life remain ;
And while you both are pleased to hear, 'twill please
Me much of Paradise to tell." This said,
Beneath that tree of life, with beauteous flowers
And fruits adorned, delightful specimen
Of Heavenly botany, they all sat down ;
And thus the saint, to tell of Paradise,
Began. " I have already told to one
Of you, that all the disembodied souls
Of men resided in a place, which was,
In Holy Writ, Sheol or Hades termed.
This place two grand divisions had, one was
Called Tartarus, the other Paradise.
The wicked were in Tartarus confined ;
Where, in a state of hopeless misery,
They waited their most awful doom, which, well
They knew, the great, last day would with it bring.
The saints were all in Paradise ; they were,
At death, by angels thither brought ; and there,
Freed from the various toils and ills of life,
In rest, and peace, and joyful hope, abode,
Waiting the glorious resurrection day.

"The good and bad were thus asunder placed ;
But they could see and know each other well,
And sometimes they together did converse ;
But situations they could not exchange,
Nor could they, for a moment, intermix ;
Between the two a gulf impassable
Was placed. That gulf the wicked often wished
To pass, that they might from their misery

Escape, and taste the joys of Paradise ;
But vain was every wish ;—they could not pass.
Many could see their friends and relatives
Among the saints ; and as the rich man begged
That Lazarus might to his aid be sent,
So they besought those, who on earth their friends
And dearest relatives had been, to bring
Them some relief ; but always was their prayer
Refused. The answer was, “ We cannot go.”
Nor did I e’er observe, among the saints,
The least desire to go ; they knew that God
Was just in his awards of punishment,
And they were satisfied. There was not one
Among the saints, who would have thought it right,
Had he possessed the power, to alter that,
Which God the just, so righteously had done.
Fathers I’ve seen among the lost, whose sons
Were safe in Paradise ; and fathers I
Have seen among the saved, whose sons were lost.
Mothers and daughters, brothers, sisters too,
And relatives of every sort, I’ve seen
Divided by the gulf ; and many were
The cries and tears, and many the appeals
To sympathy, by which the lost did strive
To move the pity of their relatives.
Husbands would pray to wives, and wives would beg
Of husbands ;—parents, children did entreat,
And children, parents ;—brothers did implore
The aid of sisters ;—sisters earnestly
Besought their brothers’ help ;—each relative,
His relative, each friend, his friend invoked ;
But all in vain,—relief was not obtained.

But Paradise was a delightful place ;
It was not earth, it was not Heaven ; but was,

In point of happiness, between the two ;—
Between the fears, and griefs, and pains of earth,
And the unutterable bliss of Heaven.
The state of Adam, while in innocence,
In Eden's lovely garden placed, and bless'd
With frequent intercourse with God, did not
Surpass, nay ! did not equal, many thought,
The happy state of saints in Paradise.
There, after separations, which th' extreme
Of sorrow caused and absence long, with pain
Endured ; after each one had grappled with
His last and often dreaded enemy ;
Beloved Christian friends and relatives
Most dear, who loved the Lord on earth, all met
Again in safety, peace, and happiness ;
And great their mutual joy. Then those, who had
But just arrived, and those, who had their friends
Preceded to that better world, desired
To hear each other's history ;—all that
The Lord, during their separation long,
For each had done. Saints, just from earth arrived,
Would of the griefs and sorrows tell, which they,
Since the departure of their friends, had borne,
And how the Lord supported them, and how,
In mortal sickness, and in their last hour,
The Saviour added strength to faith, brightened
Their hope, and carried them with comfort through.
Then would their former friends, who had been long
In Paradise, their story tell ; and they
Had much to say of what they had enjoyed,
And seen, and learn'd since to that blessed place
They came. Often, in glowing colours, they,
The scenes of Paradise, would paint ; yet still
They no exaggeration used. Their dear

Old friends would subsequently say, when they
 Knew more of Paradise : “ All that you told
 Us of this blessed place, when first we came,
 Was true ; nay ! less than the reality.”

In Paradise all evils were unknown.
 There was no wily serpent to deceive ;
 There was no tree, which bore forbidden fruit,
 As in the spot on earth called Paradise ;
 There, our obedience had no trial more
 To place in doubt our future happiness ;
 There, no one had a wicked heart to mourn,
 Nor inward struggles between grace and sin ;
 There, we were never called to watch and pray ;—
 We had no enemy to watch against ;
 Sin was not there ; it could not enter there ;
 God had decreed, that all in Paradise
 Should never know the least pollution more.
 As from all moral evil we were free,
 So natural evil, there was never found.
 We had no burning heat, no scorching sun,
 Hunger nor thirst, sickness nor pain to bear.
 There, no one had to mourn the loss of friends,—
 Of parents, children, wife, or husband dear ;
 Nor death nor separation there was known.
 No griefs, no tears, no dread of future ill ;
 But comfort, confidence, and holy love,
 And sweet tranquillity, did ever reign.

The bless'd inhabitants of Paradise,
 Were all the saints, that e'er on earth had lived ;
 And that large class of human beings too,
 Which, in the infancy of life, expired ;
 For they were saved through the Redeemer's love.
 There, saints, of every age of time, were seen ;—
 Antediluvian, patriarchal saints ;

Those, who the law of Moses had observed,
And, in the types and sacrifices, read
Their need of pardon through atoning blood ;
And those, who saw that clearer day when life
And immortality were brought to light.
There, the first parents of the human race,
Adam and Eve, were seen ; they had relied
Upon the promise of the woman's seed ;
And, trusting in a future Saviour's blood,
Had found remission of their sins. There too,
Was righteous Abel, first of human kind,
That tasted death, and entered Paradise ;
And pious Seth, and no small number more,
Who lived before the earth became corrupt,
And was, by one vast deluge, all destroyed.
There, righteous Noah was ; no more was he,
As once he seemed, almost the only one,
Of numerous millions, who his God obeyed ;
There, all were righteous ; and his heart rejoiced
To see such multitudes of holy men.
There too, the faithful Abraham was seen ;
There, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, and all those,
That lived upon the promises of God,
And died in faith, believing still his word.
Moses was there, one of the brightest saints ;
All honoured him, and his acquaintance sought.
The holy prophet Samuel was there ;
David, the singer sweet of Israel,
The holy psalmist, and the type of Christ ;
Isaiah too, who of the Saviour wrote,
And of the future glory of the church.
There, Hezekiah was, and wondered much,
That he should e'er have wept, as he once did,
When, by the prophet, told, that he must die ;

That death was gain, he could not then believe,
But, safe in Paradise, he found it so.
There, Jeremiah was, Ezekiel too,
And pious Daniel, that man of prayer,
Whose visions bright, of future days, did run
Commensurate with the whole course of time.
Not only prophets, but apostles too,
Were all in Paradise. There, holy Paul
Did more than realize that glorious scene,
Which he, in vision when on earth, beheld.*
There, holy Stephen was ; the first, that died
For Christ, and who, at death, besought the Lord
Of Paradise his spirit to receive.
There too, were found all those, that, in the first
And purest ages of the church, laid down
Their lives for Jesus' sake ; a glorious host ;
Nor did they once regret, that they, through streams
Of their own blood, to Paradise, had come.
The converts of the day of Pentecost,
Who, of the Christian church, were the first fruits
And pledge of a rich harvest, there were seen.
There, the Corinthians were ; though once most vile,
They had been sanctified and justified,
In the dear name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
And by the blessed spirit of our God.
The Ephesians too were there ; who, though they had
In trespasses and sins been dead, and had,
According to the will of Satan, walked,
Children of disobedience and of wrath ;
Yet God, the rich in mercy, out of love,
Had quickened them, and saved them through his Son.
There too, the Thessalonians were, who had
From idols turned to serve the living God,

* 2 Cor. xii. 4.

And wait the coming of his Son from Heaven,
Who had them saved from wrath. They were all viewed
By Paul with feelings of delight ; for well
He knew, that they would be his joy and crown.

So, in the ages, following the times
Called primitive, to Paradise were brought
Great numbers of believers in the Lord.
And in the darkest times, when error spread
Over whole nations, darkening all around,
The moral atmosphere ; still some good men
On earth were found, who faithful witness bore
For God and truth, and went, at death, to augment
The bless'd society of Paradise.

When men awoke from superstitious dream,
Rejected popery, and its vile arts ;
Perused the Scriptures, and, by faith in Christ,
Sought to be justified ; then many gained,
When earth they left, a place in Paradise.
In that age too, were many found, who dared
To suffer in the cause of God and truth ;
Who death, in its most dreadful forms, endured,
Rather than part with Christ, their only hope.
Thus from the rack, the scaffold, and the stake,
And every other scene of cruel death,
Their happy spirits fled to Paradise,
Where every saint rejoiced to see them come.

In latter times, when heathen lands began,
By rays of Heavenly light, to be illumed ;
When men, called Missionaries, left their homes,
Their dearest friends, and native lands to bear,
To men of distant climes, and foreign tongues,
The news of mercy through a Saviour's blood ;
First, some believed, then many turned to God,
Were cleansed from sin, and, dying in the Lord,

Were placed among the spirits of the just.
The Missionaries too, worn out by age
And labour, or by sickness soon, in some
Unhealthy clime, cut off, in numbers came,
And there with some of their own converts met ;
Then both would bow before the Saviour's throne,
And gratefully extol his wonderous grace.
And what shall I say more ! for, from the time
The gospel was, in heathen lands proclaimed,
Great numbers, yea, increasing numbers, came
Into that happy place of peace and rest.
The ministers of Christ, that o'er his flock
Kept watch;—the saints, the people of their charge,
From myriads of churches ;—converts new,
From heathen lands, their pious teachers too,
In no small numbers came ; and still, as time
Rolled on, augmenting numbers every day
Arrived, until the saints, in Paradise,
Became a multitude, beyond the power
Of man to number ;—as you well may see,
For nearly all the blessed saints in Heaven
Were once inhabitants of Paradise.

But still the infant race demands a word ;
For some good men, on earth, could scarcely think,
That infant souls were all in safety placed,
Though Christ had said : “ Suffer the little ones
To come to me ; my kingdom is composed
Of such as these ;” thus teaching us to hope,
That infants, dying such, would all be saved.

On this important point some argued thus :
“ Wilful transgression cannot well belong
To infant souls ; for they, that which is good,
From that which evil is, cannot discern ;
Nor are they able to approve the one

Or disapprove the other, on the ground,
That one is right, the other wrong, because
Commanded or prohibited by God.
We own, that they from Adam have derived
A sinful nature ; and we mourn to see,
In very early life, a tendency
To sin, a love of evil ;—yet we think,
Children, that are too young to judge of right
And wrong, can scarcely be accountable.
'Tis said we know, that they are liable
To punishment, because of Adam's sin,
Or that pollution, which to them does cleave,
From being born of an apostate race.
We own it true, that God must hate all sin,
And show he hates it too ; but then we know,
That, in no part of Scripture he hath said,
That men shall suffer, in the world to come,
Because, with a polluted nature, they
Were born ; but only, that they stand exposed
To punishment for sins, which they themselves
Commit. Why then should we presume, that God
Will punish, when he has not said he will ?"

" Again, as Christ the second Adam is,
Taking the place, and acting in the stead
Of our first parent ; he, of course, becomes
The federal head of all the human race ;
It follows then, that, if in one we fell,
We in the other rose. So Pául, we think,
In his epistle to the Romans taught :
" By one man's disobedience," he affirms,
" Many were sinners made ; so by one man's
Obedience, many shall be righteous made."
The many, in both cases, we presume
Mean all ; hence, we infer, that Jesus Christ,

By his obedience, has removed, from all
The human race, the liability
To punishment for sin original.
And if no one will suffer punishment
For Adam's sin, infants will not. Then their
Salvation what prevents? But should a doubt
Arise, founded on the pollution, which
We must acknowledge, cleaves to every one
That lives, though, to the infant race, wilful
Transgression cannot be ascribed; then let,
Us bear in mind the mercy of our God
And efficacy of the Saviour's blood.
Will He, who loved the world so much, that he
Spared not his well beloved Son, but gave
Him freely up for *sinful* men;—for bold
And obstinate transgressors, whose vile deeds
Proclaimed them open enemies to God
And truth;—for those, who have his mercy oft
Despised and trifled with a Saviour's blood,—
To infants show no grace? Shall men so vile,
When they repent, and in the Saviour trust,
Be pardoned, and among the sons of God
Be numbered?—and shall infants, who,
Though they polluted are, through Adam's sin,
Have never knowingly and wilfully
Transgressed, be left to perish; when, because
Of infant imbecility, no fault
Of theirs, they cannot thus avail themselves
Of offered mercy through a Saviour's blood?
Will He, who is, to other men, so rich
In grace, towards infants so vindictive prove,
As them to punish, in the world to come,
Because they do not that, for which they have
No power,—repent and build their hopes of Heaven

On the great sacrifice of Jesus Christ ?
Impossible ! God is too merciful—
Too just, we rather might affirm, to make
Infants so helpless monuments of wrath.
It must be quite consistent with the Word
Of God, and with the attributes of Him,
Who is so rich in mercy, to believe,
That what of evil, in all infant souls,
He sees, he, through the Saviour's merits, will
Forgive ; and will at death, give them a place
Among his saints in Paradise ! Can it
Be said, that God is merciful ; that he
In mercy does delight ; that he is love ;
If he does not, through his beloved Son,
Save all the infants of the human race ?
We must then feel assured, that they are saved ;
And saved, as we too are, through Jesus Christ."

Infant salvation was a glorious truth,
At least in Paradise, where none could it
Deny. And from that truth another,—one
Of no small moment to the race of man,
Was unavoidably deduced ; it was
This pleasing truth, that the majority
Of disembodied human souls was found
In Paradise. 'Twas said, when I yet lived
On earth, that about half the human race,
In infancy and early childhood, died ;
Died then, as you perceive, before they were
Accountable, and so, through Christ, were saved.
Then, adding to that half, the souls of all
The good ; this blessed truth was manifest,
That the minority of human souls
Was found in Tartarus. This was the case
When I, in blessed Paradise, arrived ;

And afterwards, as the Redeemer's cause
 Advanced on earth, saints came in numbers great,
 Numbers increasing as the gospel spread ;
 While fewer, and still fewer spirits lost
 Where brought to the abodes of wo. At last
 The great millennium dawned ; then, happy souls
 In crowds arrived ; crowds almost numberless ;
 While, on the other side the parting gulf,
 We scarcely saw a single soul arrive.

To some good men, 'twas matter of surprise,
 When they arrived in Paradise, to find
 That it contained so many happy saints,
 And all the infants of the human race ;
 While many, who, on earth, their infants lost,
 And felt the loss a trial most severe,—
 The thoughts of which embittered after life,
 When they to Paradise were brought, and there
 Beheld again their former infant race,
 Felt that their losses had been all transformed
 To real gain,—their sorrow turned to joy ;
 For that bless'd world was more delightful made
 To them, by the endeared society
 Of their once lovely babes,—then happy saints.
 “ O blessed Saviour !” they would often say,
 “ 'Twas well and kindly done, thus to remove
 Our earthly comforts, that they might augment
 Our happiness in this sweet world of rest.”

I'll give you now a narrative of one,
 Who, when on earth, a pious mother was,
 And who, in infancy, her offspring lost.
 Her history I learn'd in Paradise ;
 Though int'resting, 'tis but a specimen
 Of that of many parents, who beheld,
 With bitter grief, their lovely babes expire,

And met them in a better world with joy.
Like many others, in her youthful days,
She thought not of her soul, she loved the world,
And sought its pleasures ; and in them she placed
Her whole delight. She married a young man,
Who was, to her, affectionate and kind ;
But he had not the love of God ; he felt
For her salvation no concern, nor thought
About his own. They both for pleasure lived ;
They made the world their all, and never sought
For happiness, beyond what earth could yield.
And, for a time, all things went smoothly on ;
It was as though the Lord would let them take
A copious draught of earthly bliss, that they
Might subsequently feel, that earthly bliss,
Though to the utmost wish of man enjoyed,
Could never satisfy the immortal mind.

A few months thus passed on, and she became
A mother ; and she felt for her sweet babe
A mother's fondness ; nay ! much more, she made
That babe her idol, and for that alone
She seemed to live. But now the time was come
When God, in mercy to her soul, a wound
Inflicted, painful, deep, and lasting too.
Her lovely babe was struck by death's fell dart,
She saw his altered looks ; she hoped, and feared,
And watched by his sick bed, with all the care
A mother could bestow. Soon she observed
Her child grow worse ; he suffered much ; she felt
His pains, and gladly would she have endured
Them in his stead, could that have been. One day,
While in her arms she held the babe, and gazed
On his pale face ; she wept and said, " He looks
So ill, I fear he cannot live." She had

But just pronounced the words, when he became
Convulsed ; then gasped, and in her arms expired.
Her grief was insupportable : she swooned,
And fell, and long insensible remained.
Now day by day she mourned with silent grief,
She sighed and wept, then sat and mused on her
Departed child, and often asked herself :
“ Where is he ? Is he happy ? Is my babe,
My lovely babe, with God ? ” Once, musing thus,
She said : “ My babe is in another world ;—
Another world, “ she said again, ” how strange
The thought ! And yet it is a fact ; my babe
Is in another world. About that other world
What do I know ? I am indeed surprised
That I, about that world, have never thought ;
Yet soon the time will come, when I, into
That other world, must go. Am I prepared ?
Alas ! I never thought of that till now !
My babe was innocent, but I am not ;
My conscience tells me, I have oft transgressed,
And, knowingly and wilfully done wrong.
My babe is safe ; but were I now to die,
Should I be safe ? I fear, that I should not.
Why have I not my Bible more perused ?
I’ve heard it said, the Bible gives sweet peace
And consolation to the mind distress’d,
And guides poor sinners in the way to Heaven.”
She paused a moment ; took her Bible up,
And opened at the place, where Paul had said :
“ Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord,
Nor faint when thou of him rebuked art ;
For whom the Lord does love, he does chastise,
And scourges every son, whom he receives.”
And now, she deeply thought,—then, she exclaimed :

“There’s something here, which interests me much ;
Something, which I would understand and feel.
Why should I faint under the Lord’s rebukes ?
But can I say he loves me ? I fear not ;
For I have sinned against him all my days.
I loved the world ; I made my babe my all ;
And justly I’m chastised ; and can I yet ?—
The thought overwhelms me, can I yet be saved ?
Will God be reconciled to me, and take
Me for his child ? O ! that I knew the way
His favor to obtain ! O ! that I had
A pious, faithful friend to tell me how
I can be saved, and speak a word of peace
And comfort to my wounded, guilty soul !
But I have no such friend. Those, whom I long
Have called my friends,—alas ! poor worldly friends,
Of these things nothing know. Well then ! I’ll pray ;
I’ll read God’s word ; and I’ll frequent his house ;
And who can tell, but he may guide my feet
Into the way of peace ! So she resolved,
And so she acted too ; but e’er she went
Up to the house of God, she prayed that he
Would make her understand the truth, and bless
It to her soul. The preacher’s subject was
Redemption through the precious blood of Christ,
And the forgiveness of our many sins,
According to the riches of his grace.
She heard and felt indeed ; and, from that day
She rested on atoning blood, and found
Sweet peace of mind, and holy joy in God.

Again, a mother she became ; and then
She watched and prayed against her former sin ;
Determined not to idolize her babe,
As she before had done. But God observed,

That, by degrees, her heart was drawn away
From spiritual and Heavenly things, and set
Too much upon her babe. He smote the child ;
It sickened, and it died. The mother wept,—
But was resigned ;—she mourned,—but justified
The ways of God. This painful stroke was sent
In mercy ; and it brought her back to God.
She now walked in the ways of holiness,
With undiverted feet ; she grew in grace ;
Produced the fruits of righteousness, and proved
Herself, by faith and love, a child of God.
Another, and another babe she had,
And both were spared unto her for a time ;
Nor did they e'er so twine about her heart,
As to withdraw her mind from Heavenly things.

But now the time drew near, when she must leave
Her all below ; and, to mature her grace,
And fit her fully for a better world,
The Lord was pleased her infants to remove.
A fatal, but a lingering disease
Did one of them assail ; and when she saw,
That she must part with him, she comfort took
In the reflection, that the Lord had spared
To her the other ; but she little knew
What a most bitter cup had been prepared
For her to drink. While she thus saw, that one
Poor child must be the prey of death, and thought
Each day would be his last, death's cruel dart
The other struck. A violent disease
Attacked him, and a few short hours revealed
His dangerous state. She soon perceived, that she
Must both resign ; and, on one fatal day,
They both expired. Her heart was wrung with grief ;
But still she murmured not. " It is the Lord,"

Said she ; “ he has a right thus to dispose
Of me and mine. It is a Father’s hand,
That thus afflicts ; he means to do me good.
Now earth is little in my view ; the time
I hope, is not far distant, when the Lord
Will call me too, from scenes of sin and grief,
And place me near him in the world of rest.”
A few months pass’d, and then another babe
Was born ; but soon she felt, that now her turn
Approached. “ I shall not lose another child,”
She said, “ but this poor infant will be left
Without a mother’s care ; yet I’m resigned ;—
He, that saves me, will be my infant’s God.”
Her strength decayed ; her hour arrived ; she sank
And died ; but rather seemed to fall asleep.
So easy was her passage made, that she
Herself knew not, that death had seized her frame,
Till she had safely pass’d his iron gate,
And saw her guardian angels standing near,
Sent to convey her soul to Paradise :
And what a scene there burst upon her view !

As soon as she had bowed before the throne,
The Saviour’s glorious throne, and offered there
Her warmest thanks for all his wonderful grace,
She looked intently on the saints around,
Hoping among them to behold her babes ;
But she could none observe, who, as she thought,
Resembled them. Of many she inquired ;
But still the information, which she sought,
None could impart, though every one affirmed
That they were there ; for, “ Every babe that dies,”
Said they, “ comes safely to this blessed place :”
Assurance this, that filled her with delight.
After a time, she saw four happy saints,

Who had been bowing at the Saviour's feet,
And pouring out their praises to his name,
And she accosted them : " My friends," said she,
For all in Paradise are friends ; you are,
I know, my friends, though I am newly come,
And am, at present, but a stranger here ;
Can you inform a happy mother, where
She may her infants find, she lost on earth ;—
Four lovely babes, whom she, in this fair world,
Now hopes to meet again ? Whence came your babes ?"
Said they. " They came," said she, " from such a place,
And such their mother's name." " Then we," said they,
" We are the babes you seek ; and now we see
Our mother dear in this sweet place of rest."
" O ! can it be, that you are my sweet babes !
I thought, that you would still as babes appear ;
But now your spirits are of manly growth."
" Yes, dearest mother, we're the babes, that once
Hung on your breast, whose death you once so much
Deplored. Yet we but little knew of death ;
While you were weeping o'er our lifeless clay,
Our spirits were, by holy angels, brought
To this delightful place ; and here, with powers
Enlarged, we, ever since, have joined in all
The high pursuits of Paradise ; have felt
The Saviour's love ; and have sweet intercourse
Enjoyed with all those blessed saints, whom you,
Around us now, in millions see. Thus was
Our early death, your grief, our highest gain."
" My children then, for I'm your mother still,
What joy ! what overwhelming joy is this
To see you here, and see you so matured !
You now can my instructors be ; can tell
Your mother, who has here but just arrived,

Ten thousand happy things of Paradise.”

“Yes, dearest mother, all we know, we will

To you, most joyfully, impart ; but first,

As we’re met here so happily, let us

All go and tell the blessed Saviour all

Our joy, and offer him our highest praise.”

They went ; the Saviour on them smiled ; full was

The mother’s heart ; her cup of bliss ran o’er ;

And, in the glowing speech of Paradise,

She all her overwhelming joys expressed.

A crowd of saints stood by, who heard the whole ;

And when she finished, every voice was raised

Loud in the Saviour’s praise. The joy of one

Was there, as here in Heaven, the joy of all.

But a few months had passed away, and she,

With all the glorious scenes of Paradise,

Was scarcely yet familiar grown, when she

An angel met, who thus accosted her :

“Hail, happy saint ! I am commissioned one

To bring from earth, who is most dear to you.

The death of your sweet babes, as well you know,

First weaned him from the world, caused him to feel,

His need of grace, and taught his soul to rise

To God, and seek by faith a better world.

Your death has since cut every cord that bound

Him to the earth. That bitter draught of wo,

As he then thought it, was a medicine

Of wonderful effect ; it purified

His soul, matured his grace, and fitted him

To be removed from earth to Paradise.”

“O blessed spirit !” said the happy saint,

“I know you well ; you waited by my bed

Of death, and then, to these fair seats, my soul

Conveyed. Go then, celestial messenger,

Your high commission execute, while I,
And all my happy children, near the gates
Of Paradise, wait your desired return.”
Now rapturous thoughts her happy soul possessed,
And from her tongue the Saviour’s praises flowed ;
She told her fellow-saints her cause of joy,
And many waited with her near the gates,
To see and to salute the expected saint,
And welcome him to their society.
After short waiting there appeared, from far,
A convoy of bless’d angels bringing on,
From earth to Paradise, a human soul.
Soon they arrived ; the well known angel then
Addressed the wife. “ Here happy saint,” said he,
“ Take charge of this redeemed soul, to you
So dear ; convey him to the Saviour’s feet,
And there together all adore his grace.”
This was performed with overflowing hearts ;
Then mutual congratulations pass’d,
And kind inquiries of a thousand things,
That seemed at once to rush into their minds.
But O ! the husband and the father’s joy,
When he, upon his wife and children, gazed !
The comprehensive language used by saints
In Paradise, could scarcely furnish words
To express the happiness he felt, when he
Beheld himself, his much beloved wife,
And four of their dear children, all arrived
In that bright world ; all placed beyond the reach
Of ill, and sure of Heaven’s eternal bliss.
But amidst all this joy, the mother had
A thought about her orphan child, still left
On earth ; and of her husband, she inquired,
“ How is our babe ?” “ Perfectly well,” said he,

“And let us trust our gracious God, who has,
So much for us performed, to bring him too,
Either in infancy, or as a saint,
Matured in grace, to this far better world.”

Thus happily, without a sigh or tear,
Or vexing care, the years of Paradise
Rolled on. At length, a saint arrived, who had
On earth, lived near this blessed family,
And known them well ; he brought them welcome news :
“Beloved friends,” said he, “your son is well ;
He has to manhood grown ; your prayers, which, while
On earth, you offered up for him, are heard ;
And he is now, through grace, a child of God.”
After a little time, another came,
Who both them and their son, on earth, had known ;
He said : “Dear friends, what grace is shown to you !
Your son now publishes the word of life ;
And he, I’ve heard, has very great success ;
You may expect, at last, to see him here
With many, who will be his joy and crown.
Some years passed on, and then they heard, that one,
Renowned on earth for holiness of life,
And for successful labours in the great
Redeemer’s cause, had recently arrived ;
And that around him many often stood,
And said, that, by his means, they had been saved.
They went to see this holy, blessed man,
And found, that he was their dear, orphan son.
And now their joy was greater than before ;
All went again, attended by a throng
Of happy saints, who shared in their delight,
To bow at Jesus’ feet, and offer him
Their warmest thanks, and highest praise, and all
Their joys to him declare ; for their were joys

Almost too great for saints in Paradise ;—
Joys, like the overwhelming joys of Heaven.

“ Though saints, in Paradise, had peace and rest,
Yet they could not endure to dream away
Their time in indolent repose. No ! they
Were active, full of mental energy,
And eager to perform what they designed.
Employments and pursuits were various ;
For all the saints their predilections had ;
But acts of warm devotion were esteemed,
By all, their best employ ; and all, in these,
Placed their supreme delight. Though secret prayer,
Consisting, as it often did on earth,
Of cries, and groans, and importunities,
From broken hearts and minds with anguish torn,
Was there unknown ; yet all the saints, with God
The Father, and with Jesus Christ, did oft
Communion hold. Often did they pour out
Their hearts to God, and give expression to
That gratitude and holy love, which burnt
Within, when they reflected on that grace,
That rich, and wondrous grace, which had been shown
To them, once lost and dead in sin. Such was,
If I may call it so, the prayer of saints
In Paradise ; and, in it, all did much
Abound. If saints, on earth, found pleasure great
In drawing near to God ; if they felt prayer
A privilege, because, in it they could
Sweet intercourse enjoy with Him they loved ;
Could saints in Paradise refrain ! Could they
In whom the Saviour lived, who always felt
His love, on whom the Father always smiled,
Could they refrain from constant intercourse
With Him, whose love had brought them to that place

Of rest, and who, they knew, would certainly
Bestow on them, at last, the bliss of Heaven ?

“The saints in Paradise, did often meet,
In parties small or congregations large,
To praise and worship Him, who had them loved,
And washed them from their sins in his own blood.
Sometimes, their holy songs of praise had been
Before composed, by saints whose hearts with love
To Christ enraptured were, and who did much,
In the blessed art of holy poetry,
Excel ; sometimes impromptu were produced ;
A burst of holy joy, and ardent love,
From hearts too full their feelings to contain.
Their forms of worship had variety ;
Sometimes, there little was but songs of praise ;
At other times, the Saviour they addressed
In lengthened forms of speech ; spoke of their state
On earth ; their ignorance and sin ; their love
Of error, and their great unwillingness
To turn to God. Then they would much extol
That grace, that wondrous, mighty grace, which bowed
Their stubborn wills, and sweetly drew their souls
To Christ, to rest on his atoning blood,
And yield obedience prompt to his commands.
Then they would speak of that rich grace and love,
Which led them through their earthly pilgrimage,
And brought them safely to the land of rest.
Then, in their own reflections, they would seem
Absorbed ; and then, unable to restrain
The flame of holy love that burnt within,
They would, in words astonishing to ears
In Paradise, express their rapturous thoughts.
Of themes like these no weariness was felt ;
When any one his grateful feelings spoke,

Expressing, to the Saviour, all his heart,
All heard, with interest deep, and sweet delight.

“ Sometimes, a saint in knowledge more advanced,
Or who had something to communicate
Not known to all, the assembly would address.
Perhaps he some intelligence, from earth,
Had heard, of many sinners turned to God,
Or of the blessed gospel introduced
Into some heathen land ; or some event
In Paradise, which much new light, upon
The purposes of God towards man, had thrown ;
Or he had to inform his fellow-saints
Of something new the Saviour had revealed,
Concerning future scenes ; the great, last day ;
The saints’ reward, and Heaven’s unfading bliss.
Or he perhaps would them remind of what
The Lord for them had done ; of love Divine,
Love from eternity, to them so vile
Would speak ; and then, in glowing terms, would tell
The glories of the resurrection day ;
And kindle thus, in hearts already warm,
New flames of love, and cause new songs to rise
To Him, who had redeemed them with his blood.

“ Often the speakers, at these seasons, were
The men, whom Jesus had, on earth, employed
To preach his holy word ; and they sometimes
Addressed the very saints, whom they had oft,
On earth, addressed and told of Jesu’s love.
For though the saints, in Paradise, did all
Each other love, yet I could well observe,
That some, who had, on earth, each other known,
Had fellow-pilgrims been, had walked in love,
And often at the holy table met,
A predilection for each other had ;

And loved to meet, as they had done on earth,
And listen to their former pastor's voice,
Addressing them again on the great themes
Of Jesus' love, and the bright joys of Heaven.
But how superior now the pastor's strain !
No hesitation ; no obscurity ;
No light or unimportant matter ; all
He said was certain, clear, and vivid truth,
Important as the eternal states of men ;
And there were too such pathos, and such strength,
And such expanse of thought, as none, on earth,
Not even Paul, could ever reach ; and great
And wonderful the effect on those, that heard ;
For they, each word both understood and felt,
And fully caught the speaker's Heavenly fire.

“ In Paradise, assemblies such as these
Were held, in any place, at any time.
There I saw realized a state of things,
Of which the saints, on earth did often speak ;
Which all desired, and which, 'twas well believed,
Would, at some future time, be seen on earth ;
It was, that the whole globe of earth would be
One universal temple to the Lord.
I did not live on earth to see that day ;
But, once arrived in Paradise, I found
It one large temple, in which all the saints
Were, every where, employed in serving God,
And offering praises to the Lamb. No place
Was thought improper ; inconvenient
No time ; each spot was holy ; all the saints
Were priests ; and every heart an altar, which
Sent up its flames of holy love. He, whom
They served, did all their services approve,
And into every heart poured joys divine.

“ One endless Sabbath reigned through Paradise ;
Yet was, the weekly Sabbath of the earth
By none forgotten, unobserved by none ;
It brought sweet recollections to the mind
Of strength renewed, of light and comfort gained,
And cheering hopes enjoyed of joys to come,
While humbly serving God. Nor, on that day
Did saints, in Paradise, their fellow-saints,
On earth forget ; but thought and spoke of those,
Who oft their fellow-worshippers had been.
‘ Now they are met,’ they would observe, ‘ where we
Once met with them ; now they are praising God
For that salvation, which they hope to obtain,
And which we here so happily enjoy.
Now they are offering up their humble prayers,
For grace and strength to persevere ; O may
Their prayers be heard ! And now they hear the word
Of life, and listen to the promises,
So gracious and so faithful, which, like light
In darkness, cheer the drooping heart, and give
An earnest of eternal day. Fear not,
Beloved friends, our course was once, like yours,
Rough, dark, and sorrowful ; but He, on whom
We trusted, He, who gave his life for us,
Forsook us not. His gracious promises
Oft cheered our hearts, just as they now cheer yours ;
We, by his grace obtained, in time of need,
Have all been brought to this delightful place ;
And you, in time, will also here arrive,
Soon, you will join our songs of praise ; soon, you
Will share our joys ; yes ! soon, your troubles o’er,
You, in these realms of peace, with us will wait
The bright, the glorious resurrection day,
Which, all our future glory, will reveal.’

Could saints in Paradise forget that day,
On which the Saviour broke the bands of death ?
Did they not know, his resurrection was
An earnest of their own ? Could they forget
A day, which forcibly reminded them
Of an event, which they most ardently
Desired ; on which they ever thought ;—that great
Event, which was to realize their hopes
Of immortality ? No ! always did
The Saviour's resurrection day fill them
With joy, and lead them to anticipate
That glorious day, when they, like him, should rise
And triumph over death ; receive their crowns
Of life, and enter on the inheritance,
Unfading, incorruptible, reserved
For them in Heaven. ‘ Now while God's holy word,’
Said they, ‘ in many places is proclaimed,
May multitudes of men, lost, far from God,
Exposed to endless wrath, as we once were,
Be to repentance brought ! O ! may we have
To welcome, into blessed Paradise,
Millions of happy souls rescued, this day,
From sin and Satan's chains ; brought to renounce
All their unfounded hopes ; to look to Him
For pardon, who for sinners died ; and walk,
With all the saints, in paths of holiness.
Yes ! blessed Saviour, show thy power and grace
In turning millions to thyself this day.’
And when the holy day, on earth, had closed ;
And the glad angels came to Paradise
To bring the welcome news, that such, that day,
Had been the triumphs of the cross ; that souls,
To such a number, had been turned to God ;
Eager to hear, the saints all crowded round,

And then one shout, one universal shout of joy,
Was heard, through all the realms of Paradise.

“ Though Paradise, as I have just observed,
One universal temple was, and all
Its bless'd inhabitants true worshippers ;
There was one place more sacred than the rest ;
The place, which all the saints did most revere
And love ; and where they most rejoiced to meet.
Holy of holies, it might well be termed,
For 'twas the holiest spot of Paradise.
This was the blessed Saviour's dwelling place,
Among his much beloved saints ; the spot,
The sacred spot, where always might be seen
The tokens of his presence ; where, there shone
A splendour wonderful ; surpassing far
The Shechinah, which in the temple was ;
And far excelling too that glory bright,
Which shone around the chosen vessel Paul,
When, near Damascus, Jesus Christ to him
Appeared. Here, the Redeemer always was ;
Here always he, his blessed saints, received ;
Heard their addresses, and kind answers gave,
Which always filled their hearts with new delight.
They sometimes saw a sweet majestic form ;
At other times, only his gracious voice
Was heard ; but then each accent was so kind,
So full of love, so Heavenly, so Divine,
That every word augmented still their bliss.
This sacred spot, unlike that, which, on earth,
Was the most holy called, was all unveiled,
And quite accessible to all the saints.
They all approached that glorious, holy place,
At any time they pleased ; and there they all,
Whenever they approached, received new proofs

Of the Redeemer's love. To this dear spot,
The saints were often called ; one or a few,
Many or all, just as the Saviour pleased,
When he would any thing to them make known.
That call was always gladly heard, for well
We knew, that what he would communicate,
Would cause new joy in all, whom it concerned.
'Twas to this sacred spot, that every saint
First went, when he arrived in Paradise ;
There, in the Saviour's presence, low he bowed,
Returned his warmest thanks for all the grace
He had received, and for his brightest hopes
Of Heaven, which then he knew, with certainty,
Would all, at last be more than realized.
The Saviour welcomed every one in terms,
Which gave the heart unutterable joy.
O ! it was something great indeed, for one,
Just come from earth, just saved from pain, and guilt,
And fear, to be thus introduced, at once,
Into the Saviour's presence, to behold
His glory, and to hear his blessed voice
Approve and own him, and assurance give
Of everlasting bliss ; and then receive
The warm congratulations of the saints.
Often, when souls, newly arrived from earth,
Were thus into the Saviour's presence brought,
Have I stood near, and witnessed all that pass'd ;
And always did I feel new love to Him,
Who died for us, when I observed what grace,
What rich, unbounded grace, had been displayed
In the salvation of those happy souls.
O ! what delight it gave to welcome them,
To say, ' Come happy souls, now you are safe,
For ever safe ; now enter on your rest ;

Come now, and join your fellow-saints, and see
All the vast blessedness of Paradise.'

" But though the Saviour here, to all his saints
Himself revealed ; for here, there always shone
That glory bright, which did his presence show ;
Yet he was seen in other places too.

Among his people, when they met to praise
And worship him, he often would appear,
And on them smile, and utter words of love,
Which kindled up new joys in every heart.
Indeed, with every saint, in every place,
The Saviour present was. Whether he chose
In solitude, for meditation sweet,
To roam, or preference gave to intercourse
With fellow-saints, he felt the Saviour near ;
For in each heart the blessed Saviour dwelt.
Thus it was true, as Paul, on earth, had taught,
And as the saints believed, that after death,
Each holy soul was present with the Lord.

" Thus brethren, Paradise, as you perceive,
Contained a large assembly formed of saints,
And none but saints ; among them all, there was
No sin, no fault, no spot, nor blemish found ;
They were all perfect, just as here in Heaven.
Hence, often did the saints, on earth, indulge
In ardent wishes to depart and join
The spirits of the just, thus perfect made.
On earth, we mourned, as you no doubt did too,
Over the power of sin ; we could not serve
And love the Saviour as we wished ; we felt,
Much as we strove, that sin sometimes prevailed,
And all our service marred ; and then, we groaned,
And wept, and longed from sin to be released.
But Paradise presented to the mind

A contrast great indeed ; there, no complaints
Were made of wicked hearts, and cold desires,
Or any failure, through the power of sin.
Each one, with all his heart, the Saviour loved ;
And there, each one possessed a fervent heart,
Strength of affection, and a power to love,
Superior far to what he had on earth.
There too, the saints all lived in mutual love ;
No pride, no arroganee, no selfish aims,
No elashing interests, to produce disgust,
Or raise suspicion in another's mind.
No one e'er took offence, or ever thought,
That he an injury or slight received.
Much was the intereourse of holy souls ;
Whole hours, whole days, they would remain engaged
In one unbroken conversation sweet,
And, often too, on topics of much weight,
When powerful minds put forth their utmost strength ;
And yet, nor word, nor look, nor thought was there,
By which another could receive a wound,
Or ever feel the least uneasiness.
This intercourse, this interchange of thought,
Had always this effect,—it knit the hearts
Of all in closest ties of holy love.
Exclusive parties there, were quite unknown ;
If few or many were collected seen,
For any purpose, or in any place,
Whoever felt a wish, the party joined,
Took part in their engagements, and received
A welcome from them all ; though none perhaps,
Of all the eircle, had him seen before.
Intrusion there was none ; a fellow-saint,
In any place, was no intruder thought.
No one had any secrets to conceal ;

No personal concerns he wished to hide ;
Each one was willing, that his inmost mind
Should all, to every one, be known ; for there,
Concerns of every kind, intelligenee,
Each one's biography, causes of joy,
Knowledge of every kind, and mental powers,
Even his thoughts, were common property.
Those, who had been most sweetly intimate,
Through a whole thousand years, and those who met,
For the first time, showed equal confidence.
Those, who had longest been in Paradise,
Whose stores of knowledge were beyond compute,
Received, on equal terms, the late arrived,
Who almost nothing knew ; and never once
Thought of their own superiority.
Those, who, on earth, some disagreement had ;
Soon as they met in Paradise, aspired
To show each other proof of warmest love.
Those, who of different seats had been, when once
In Paradise, all differences forgot,
And lived in love, and utmost harmony.
Thus Paradise was all one scene of love ;
And who loved others most, no one could tell."

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.



BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

THE narrator proposes to give his auditors some account of Tartarus.—They gladly accept the offer.—He commences, speaks of the parting gulf, then tells of the feelings of the lost towards each other.—A short description of Tartarus.—Its two classes of inhabitants, human souls and beings once angelic.—Arrival in Tartarus of the wicked men, who perished in the universal deluge.—Arrival of the inhabitants of Sodom.—Characters found in Tartarus, as liars, sabbath-breakers, adulterers, swearers, murderers, &c. Many idolaters in Tartarus.—Great multitudes of the followers of Muhammad there.—A meeting between him and some of his followers.—Many worshippers of the beast in Tartarus.—Men of intellect and knowledge there.—Their unhappy circumstances.—Authors of infidel and immoral books there.—Their deep regret for having published such books.—Great conquerors and warriors there.—Their bitter reflections.—Unfaithful ministers there.—Reviled by their former auditors.—Many there, who had on earth resolved to repent.—Lamentation of a lost soul.—Many backsliders there.—Narrative of a worldly man seen there.

BOOK IV.

THE speaker, having told his auditors
Of Paradise, and its inhabitants ;
Proposed, some information to impart,
Concerning Tartarus, that place of woe,
Where fallen angels, and ungodly men,
Till the great day of judgment, were reserved,
That they might then their punishment receive.*

“ We your proposal,” said the other saints,
“ Do much approve ; for when we heard you speak
About that awful place, we felt a wish
To be, concerning it, still more informed.
Not having seen, because we did not die,
The disembodied spirits of our race,
Either in happiness or misery ;
The state of neither is well known to us.
We saw indeed, among the newly raised,
At the last day, numbers of wicked men ;
And, in their looks of terror and despair,
We read the earnest of their awful doom.
We also saw that large assembly, which
Stood on the left, whose whole demeanour showed
The more than mortal anguish of their souls.
And we observed, that when the Judge pronounced
Those awful words, ‘ Depart from me, ye curs’d,
Into the everlasting fire of Hell,’—

* 2 Peter ii. 4 ; and ii. 9.

All seemed a moment stunned ; then showed, at once,
Such rage and fury, horror and despair,
As almost made us tremble, though we stood
Among the saved. We also saw them driven
Away into that horrid place, where dwell
The eternal fire, and never-dying worm ;
And this is all, that we have ever seen
Of those sad punishments, the wicked feel.
We therefore wish to hear, from you, what you
Observed among the spirits lost, that were
Confined, till the last day, in Tartarus ;
That hearing we may offer higher praise
To Him, who, by his blood, hath us redeemed
From that great misery, our sins deserved.”

On hearing this, the other saint, to tell
Of Tartarus, in manner thus, began.

“ There lay, my brethren, between Tartarus
And Paradise, as you, from Scripture, learn’d
A gulf or chasm,* o’er which no human soul,
Whether among the lost or saved, was e’er
Allowed to pass. None of the saints e’er wished
That gulf to pass. Why should they intercourse
Desire with spirits lost ? Could aught be found
In their society, where nothing was
But sin and misery, its sure reward,
Which had attractions to a happy saint ?
The wicked would have crossed, hoping, no doubt,
Their torments to escape, and taste the joys
Of Paradise ; but they were all restrained.
A power invincible, which each one felt,
Guarded that prison of departed souls,
And left to none the prospect of escape.

* Luke xvi. 26, where the word rendered gulf is, in the original *χασμα* (*chasma*)
a chasm.

“ O ! what a gloomy, dismal, wretched place
Was Tartarus ! A world of misery
It was, where the least comfort, in no shape,
Was found. For pain, there was no ease ; for grief,
No solace ; and for guilty consciences,
No peace. There, that atoning blood, which was,
On earth, the sovereign antidote to guilt
And fear, could, in no instance, be applied.
There, suffering met no sympathy ; no one
Bewailed another’s woes, or strove to dry
Another’s tears ; none for another cared.
A word of kindness, there, was never heard ;
A look of pity, there, was never seen.
Those of the tender sex, who, while on earth,
Claimed much condolence under fancied ills ;
There, under real ones, no pity found.
Those, of the other sex, who once had soothed,
And flattered, and almost adored them ; now
Were coarse, and cruel, and satirical,
And sought, by insults and reproaches keen,
To aggravate the sufferings they endured.
There, the seducers of their female friends,
When they, the objects of their passion, saw ;
Uttered not one endearing word, nor showed
The least compassion for the pains of those,
Whom they had helped to damn ; their tone was changed ;
Caresses now, were into curses turned ;
And horrid imprecations proved their hate
Of those, whom they, on earth, professed to love.
There, no one had a friend ; no one could find
Another worthy of his confidence.
Those who, on earth, had lived as dearest friends,
In Tartarus did oft each other spurn ;
And those, who had, in most endearing ties,

United been, when there, were enemies.
The wife her husband's sight could not endure,
Nor could he bear to look upon his wife.
Sometimes they met, but neither kindness showed ;
Neither expressed regret for having led,
As each had done, the other into sin ;
But they each other would revile ; and each
Would say, the other had the tempter been.
The wife, would to the husband say : ' You were
The cause of my damnation ; it was you,
Vile wretch, that led my feet astray from paths
Of holiness ; but for your influence,
And your persuasions, I, a pious life,
Had lived, and dying had, no doubt, been saved.'
The husband would retort and say : ' You must,
Of my damnation, all the blame sustain ;
For, by your follies, and your gaieties,
You banished from my mind all serious thoughts,
And led me into courses, which the bane
Of my salvation proved ; and, after death
Reduced me to this state of misery.'
Thus, in reeriminations mutual,
They would awhile indulge ; then, in disgust,
And eruel wrath, would from each other turn,
Wander alone, or new companions seek,
With whom new cause of contest soon arose.

" Parents and echildren, in that awful plaee,
Did often meet, but no affection showed.
Children reviled their parents as the cause
Of their perdition ; many times a son
Or daughter did, a wieked parent, thus
Address ; ' I'm lost through you ; for you taught me,
To walk in the broad road, and to deride
Both piety, and pious men. I learn'd

From you the Bible to neglect ; to live
A prayerless life ; to love the world ; to seek
For pleasure in the ways of sin ; to slight
The mercy offered me by God ; to abuse
His patience, and his dreadful wrath to dare.
Your sentiments, and your example too
Miled me ; hardened me in sin, and brought
Me to this world of torment. Had you been
A pious parent ; had you taught me right ;
Had I, in you, a good example seen ;
I might have had my lot among the saints.
My blood be on your head ; you've ruined me ;
May God his heaviest vengeance on you pour.'
Though many parents had, the real cause
Of ruin to their offspring, been ; yet they
Would curse them, and still heavier torments would
On them invoke. Yes ! mothers, who, on earth,
Were famed for tenderness, in Tartarus,
Did all maternal feeling lose ; and, lost
Themselves, cared nothing for their children's woes ;
Yea, often did their sufferings aggravate.
Brothers and sisters no concern expressed
To see each other suffer ; when they met,
Revilings, mixed with bitter curses, formed
The substance of their horrid intercourse.

" Nature, in that sad world, no beauties had ;
No charming prospects ; no delightful views ;
No sight nor sound, that pleasure could afford ;
In Tartarus there nothing was to please.
Creating power and wisdom, which appear
So glorious, in other worlds, in that
No such appearance had. Creation seemed
More horrible than chaos ; you'd have thought,
Could you that place have seen, that there, He, who

Had all things made, had his great power employed
To render all as bad as possible.

That awful place was well described by him,
Who said : 'The streams thereof shall into pitch
Be turned ; the dust thereof shall brimstone be,
And the whole land shall burning pitch become.'*

Earth was a sinful place ; and there, of pain
And misery, we saw and felt enough.

There, mortal poisons, savage beasts of prey,
And serpents venomous were found ; disease,
In various forms, attacked the human frame ;
The limbs, and precious sight were sometimes lost ;
The elements did human life destroy ;

Some, in the waters, found an early grave,
And some met death in flames of fire ; while storms
And hurricanes, volcanoes, earthquakes dread,
The beauteous face of nature, much deformed,
And numbers placed within the jaws of death :
Yet earth, with all her twice ten-thousand ills,
Was a fair place,—a world of happiness,
Compared to thee, most wretched Tartarus.

" In the abodes of spirits lost, there were
Two different classes of inhabitants ;
Beings angelic once, did one class form ;
The other was composed of human souls,—
The souls of all, that in their sins had died.
You may remember, that, in Holy Writ,
Peter and Jude did both of them assert,
That God, the fallen angels had reserved
In chains of darkness, till the judgment day.
Peter taught also that the place, in which
They were reserved, was this same Tartarus.†
The Scriptures too did sometimes designate

* Isaiah xxxiv. 9.

† 2 Peter ii. 4. Jude ver. 6.

The place of their confinement, the Abyss ;
 Thus, when our Saviour had, in Gadara,
 A legion of these demons dispossessed,
 They begged him not to order them to go
 Into the Abyss.* In the Apocalypse,
 We read, that once the pit of the Abyss
 Was opened, and that there arose from it
 A smoke, which darkened both the sun and air.†
 This showed, 'twas thought, that fallen angels spread
 Error and mental darkness through the world.
 Again, the apostle told us, that he saw
 An angel holding in his hand the key
 Of the Abyss ; and that he Satan caught ;
 And, having bound him in a chain, cast him
 Into the Abyss, and shut him up, and made
 That place his prison, for a thousand years.‡
 But though the fallen angels were confined
 In Tartarus, or the Abyss, 'tis clear,
 As Scripture taught, that some of them, at least,
 Permission had, but on what terms no one
 Could tell, to range the earth ; yet none could doubt,
 That this permission was most wisely given ;
 And well we knew, that He, who gave it could
 Their power restrain, or cause them to return
 To gloomy Tartarus, just when he pleased.

“ Great was the number of the human race,
 Found in that world of misery, which lay
 Beyond the parting gulf. There, might be seen
 Men of all nations ; men of every rank ;
 And men who lived in every age of time.
 Antediluvian sinners there appeared,
 In numbers great ; sinners of magnitude

* Luke viii. 31.

† Rev. ix. 1, 2.

‡ Rev. xx. 1—6. See also Appendix, Note R.

They were, who, through revolving centuries,
Had, by their crimes, our righteous God provoked.
They had gigantic deeds of wickedness
Performed, which gave them a pre-eminence
In sin ; a rank, which, e'en in Tartarus,
Among the spirits lost, they well sustained.
Of human kind, few equalled them in sin ;
None them surpassed ; e'en rebel angels found
Themselves almost outdone, by rebel men.
These were the men, to whom, as we once read,
Christ, by his spirit, preached in Noah's days.
But though that righteous man was thus, by Christ's
Own spirit taught to publish wrath divine
Against them for their crimes, and call
Them to repent ; yet they regarded not
The heavenly warning, but, as Peter said,
Were disobedient till the deluge came,
And from the earth, at once, them all removed.
Spirits in prison then they all became,
Unto the dreadful judgment day reserved ;
When every one received an awful doom.

“ An ancient saint with whom in Paradise
I oft conversed, and who, in that bless'd world,
Anterior to the deluge had arrived,
Told me of what occurred in Tartarus,
When those most wicked men were thither sent.
' I went,' said he, ' near to the parting gulf,
Where much of what, upon the other side,
Was done, I could observe. I soon perceived
A great commotion ; and I heard laments,
And blasphemies, and imprecations, which
No small excitement showed, and gave full proof
That some event of moment had occurred.
I quickly learn'd that the whole race of man,

On earth, one family excepted, had,
By a vast deluge, been destroyed ; and that
Their ruined souls, exclusively of those
Of infants, and of children young, had all,
And almost simultaneously, arrived
In those abodes of wo. This sad event,
So fatal to the human race, gave joy
To fallen angels there, who now supposed
Their object gained. ‘The God of Heaven,’ said they,
‘Has been so much provoked by human crimes,
As to resolve, no mercy more to show
To any of the race. See now ! what God
The merciful has done to those, whom he
Professed to pity and forgive. We have
At last succeeded in reducing them
To such a state of wickedness, that he
Will bear with them no more ; but treat them all
As he has treated us ;—confine them here
Until the day of wrath, and then consign
Them all, with us, to everlasting fire.’
Small cause for joy these fallen angels had ;
For soon they felt, that this accession great,
Of wicked men, to their society,
Was but an augmentation of their wo.
These hardened sinners such proficient were
In sin ; so reckless, daring ; so well skilled
In the vile practice of tormenting ; yes !
And so malicious, that the angels lost
Feared to approach them, lest they should receive
Some new addition to the agony
Of their already keenly-tortured minds.
These wicked angels too, were much chagrined
To learn, as soon they did, that God had sworn,
That, in that manner, he would never more,

Pour out his vengeance on the human race ;
But that he would, sinful as they might be,
Allow them to remain upon the earth,
And cause the earth to bless them with her fruits.

“ After this awful influx, for a time

No human souls arrived in Tartarus.

But after men began to multiply,

Upon the earth, again, and to transgress

The laws of God ; great numbers were, at death,

Sent to those dark abodes of misery.

At length the time arrived, when God no more,

The crimes of wicked Sodom, would endure ;

But did, by fire and brimstone, rained from Heaven,

It and the cities of the plain destroy.

And then, a number of the vilest men

The earth could furnish,—men by far too bad

To live on earth among their fellow-men,

Were sent, at once, to join the spirits lost.

In wrath to them, and mercy to the world,

God, by that dreadful judgment, cut them off,

That other men might fear to sin like them.

But what a horrid welcome did they meet

From those already lost ! chiefly from those,

Who lived before the flood ! They seemed rejoiced

To see their bold compeers in sin arrive ;

And felt consoled, a moment, when they found,

Others had been as wicked as themselves,

And so been doomed to share their punishment.

They thought perhaps, that mutual suffering would,

A mutual sympathy, produce ; but soon

They learn'd, there was no comfort for the lost.

Associates in sin, equals in crime,

Could there no common friendships have. One point

Indeed there was, on which they all agreed,

Hatred of God ; but they, in that, no bond
Of union found ; God had decreed, that all
Who hated him, should hate each other too.
All evil passions, in that world of wo,
Were unrestrained ; and all lost spirits were
Each other's torment, and each other's dread ;
And each accession to the numbers lost,
Augmented still the misery of the whole.

“ In Tartarus, as you well know, were found
All the bad men, that e'er had lived on earth.
There were the liars, who were doomed to have,
At last, their portion in the lake that burns
With brimstone and with fire. There too, were seen
Those, who, on earth, the sacred day of God,
By pleasure or by business, had profaned.
Many, who had their Sabbaths misimproved,
Lamented much their folly ; wished, but wished
In vain, to spend one Sabbath more on earth,
That they might once more hear the word of life,
Repent, believe in Jesus, and be saved.
The fornicator and the adulterer
Were there ; the drunkard and the covetous ;
The thief, and he who falsely swore, and he
Who others cursed ; damned his own eyes and limbs,
And often begged of God to damn his soul :
He felt that God had heard his awful prayer.
There, were the extortioner and the unjust ;
There too, the murderer and suicide.
Oft did the murderer meet the man he had
Of life deprived, and sent quite unprepared
Into another world. What dire revenge
Rose in the murdered, when he near him saw
His cruel murderer ! What vengeance did
He imprecate upon *his* guilty head,

Who had his soul and body both destroyed !
Nor could the murderer hear it all unmoved ;
But trembled much, at torments yet to come.
The suicide was one, whom all despised ;
They called him both a coward and a fool ;
Coward, because he could not bear the ills
Of life, which other men did bear ; and fool,
Because, to escape the evils found on earth,
He'd rashly plunged into the abyss of wo.
Some did address him thus ; ‘ You fool, to come
From choice into this awful place, when you
Might still, on earth, have lived. What were the ills,
The brief and unsubstantial ills, you felt
On earth, compared with what you suffer here ?
O execrable folly ! thus to leap
From that fair earth, which had a thousand sweets,
Into this place of torment ! We all came,
Because compelled to come ; for death, before
We had for mercy sought, arrested us ;
And most reluctantly, with fear and dread,
We hither came ; but you, mad fool, have forced
A passage to this horrid place. Accept
Then our congratulations ; may you have
A very ample share of all this place,
The object of your happy choice, can yield.’

“ The proud man there no deference received ;
The meanest wretch, that ever trod the earth,
Thought himself equal to the haughtiest man,
That ever lived ; nay, oft insulted him,
Reminding him, in plainest, grossest terms,
Of the wide contrast, which there was, between
His fancied elevation while on earth,
And state of real degradation there.
The ambitious man could there no rank obtain ;

Nothing was there, to which he could aspire ;
No honours, titles, no superior place,
To tempt his longings : no pre-eminence
Was there acknowledged, but the awful one
Of being chief in crimes and punishment.

“ No atheists nor infidels were there ;
Nor could a single sceptic there be found ;
For they, who had, on earth, been such, could not,
In Tartarus, or disbelieve or doubt.
But O ! what deep regret, what self-reproach,
What maddening anguish, they endured, when they
Their former sin and folly did review !
Now, they could see, as demonstration clear,
That all their unbelief and doubts, on earth,
Were but the offspring of their wickedness.
And there were many, who had been, by them,
Seduced, and who, in bitterness of soul,
And wrath implacable, addressed them thus :
‘ We owe it to your foolish arguments,
And your false reasoning, that we are here.
You taught us, all religion, to despise ;
The Bible to neglect ; to laugh at prayer ;
To indulge in every sin without restraint ;
And treat as fiction all that pious men
Affirmed, about another world and wrath
To come. Encouraged thus, we soon became
Monsters in sin, and feared not the result.
Death, and this world of torments have convinced
Us of our error ; now we see how much,
By your false statements, we have been deceived.
Prove to us now the Bible is untrue,
A mere invention of some crafty priest ;
Convince us now, that, from the wrath of God,
We nothing have to fear ; try all your strength

Of argument to show us, that we now
Are not in misery, that there will be
No judgment day, no everlasting fire ;
Prove these things now ;—we wish you could ; but no,
You cannot ; you too feel this misery ;
And may you feel it yet ten thousand fold.’

“ We saw, beyond the gulf, great multitudes
Of vile idolaters ; men, who on earth,
The creature, more than the Creator, served ;
Who worshipped sun, and moon, and stars ; who called
Mountains, and rivers, and the elements
Their gods ; regarded, as divinities,
Departed men, most infamous for vice,
And even bowed to images of wood
And stone, which their own wicked hands had made.
These men were deeply stained with every vice,
Of which depraved man was capable.
Crimes of the blackest dye were their delight ;
They were more like incarnate fiends than men.
To see their horrid rites, the christian’s blood
Ran cold ; but they no qualms of conscience felt ;
They feared not an hereafter ; for their gods,
Renowned for crimes, could never punish sin.
Awful their disappointment when, at death,
They found, that they had fallen into the hands
Of God the just and holy ; who will not
The guilty clear. Their consciences, which long
Had slumbered, then awoke ; they saw their guilt,
And felt their doom was just. Millions of souls,
In Tartarus, of this description were.

“ There too, we saw, in numbers great indeed,
The followers of him, who styled himself
God’s prophet ; in Arabia born ; a man,
Whom some, fanatic, some, impostor termed,

And some pronounced him both. You might, on earth,
Have heard of him, and of his followers too,
But none of them could you have ever seen ;
For happily they had, before the time
You lived on earth, quite disappeared. This man,
Down to the time when he a prophet's name
Assumed, in ignorance and vice had lived ;
Yet boldly he affirmed, that he, from God,
A revelation had received, designed
The gospel of our Lord to supersede,
As that had superseded Moses' law.
His first disciples were his countrymen ;
They were too ignorant of things divine,
On his pretensions justly to decide ;
And too enslaved to sin to care at all,
Whether the dogmas, he proposed to them,
Were right and true, or such as God abhorred.
These men, it was supposed, the locusts were,
Which, as John saw, did issue from the smoke
Of the Abyss ; and this vile man, whom they
Their prophet termed, 'twas thought, was he, whom John
Did designate their king,—the messenger
Of the Abyss, rightly Apollyon named.*
The traits of character, they showed, were these,—
Intolerance, ferocity, a thirst
For blood, and grossest sensuality.
The wretch had said, 'twas the divine command,
That he should kill, or tributary make,
All that would not confess, that he was God's
Apostle, sent by him to propagate
The anadulterated faith, which men,
From him, were all commanded to receive.
And, that to propagate his lying creed,

* Rev. ix. 1—11.

He might, his followers, induce to risk
Their lives in bloody wars, he promised them
A Paradise of sensual delights ;
And taught them to believe, that every one,
Who fell in fighting for the faith, as he
His falsehoods termed, would surely gain
A martyr's crown, and honours great, receive
From God himself. Immense the mischief, which
These locusts did ; rivers of human blood
Flowed in their course. At last, as was supposed,
More than a hundred millions of our race,
A seventh of human kind, became the dupes
Of this imposture, resting all their hopes,
Of future happiness, upon the word
Of this false man,—this slave to lust.
Thus, in the course of several centuries,
Were numerous millions, of our sinful race,
To their eternal ruin quite deceived,
And went at death, to Tartarus, to curse
The wicked man, who had their souls destroyed.
No one of human kind, it was believed,
Had so much evil done, so many souls
To endless ruin brought, as this vile man.*
His followers were men whom none, that loved
The Saviour, could endure, for they reviled
His holy name, and, of his sacred claims
To Deity, they spoke with haughty scorn.
Contemptuously they termed him, “ *Mary's son ;*”
And said, their prophet his Superior was.
Oft was I grieved, and pained at heart to hear
These worst of men revile that sacred name
Which I so much revered ; and pour contempt

* See Appendix, Note S.

On Him, by whose rich grace, and precious blood,
I hoped, at last, eternal life to gain.

“ I never could, when on the earth I dwelt,
Believe, that he, who had so many plunged
Into eternal ruin, had himself
Been saved ; and, when arrived in Paradise,
I soon obtained a knowledge of his fate.
Some told me, that, at many different times,
When their attention had directed been
To scenes beyond the gulf, they had observed
This wretched being ; and that he appeared
Most lost, most damned of all in Tartarus.
I wished myself to see him ; and I once,
While standing with some fellow-saints, to watch
The actions of the lost, saw one, who seemed
More wretched than they all. When I observed
Him first, he was alone, wandering along
The burning shore, and dreading to be seen.
His whole appearance differed much from that
Of others lost. I felt that he had been
Some bold transgressor ; some arch enemy,
Of God and man ; I was almost assured,
That he the boasted prophet was. And soon
A scene ensued, which left no room to doubt ;
But fully to describe, what then occurred,
Perhaps exceeds my power ; yet what I can,
I will ; and something of it you shall hear.

“ Not distant far, there was a concourse large
Of spirits lost, collected, as it seemed,
To wreak their vengeance on some guilty wretch,
Who had their ruin caused. He was by them
Observed : ‘ That’s he ; that’s he,’ they madly cried,
And towards him rushed with most unbounded rage.
He wanted to escape, but his attempts

Were vain ; God had decreed, that those, whom he
Had so deceived, should his tormentors be.
‘ Prophet of God and his apostle hail !’
They shouted all. ‘ Hail friend of God ! Is this
The glorious Paradise you promised us ?
We wish you a full portion of its joys.
O ! if you went to Heaven, in one short night,
And saw the throne of God, as you affirmed ;
Pray go again, and represent to God,
Whose friend you doubtless are, our awful case ;
And urge on him our claims to Paradise,
And all that bliss, which God, you said, would grant
To all, who on his prophet should believe.
Know prophet, some of us have fought and died
For the true faith, relying on the word
Of God’s apostle, that we should enjoy
All the delights of Paradise, and wear,
Among the faithful there, a martyr’s crown.
Does God allow his own apostle’s word
Thus to be falsified ? Look at the followers
Of Mary’s son ; they are in Paradise,
Just as he promised them ; while you, the last
And greatest of the prophets, you the Seal
Of all the prophets, you allow the men,
Who you believed, in this vile place, this world
Of torments to remain. Go, holy man,
God’s highly favoured one ; go instantly
To Heaven, and rectify this great mistake,
Who can a moment doubt of your success ?

“ Where is your servant Gabriel now, who came
So oft to visit you, on earth ; and all
Your mandates so obsequiously obeyed ?
Has he the honour of your service now
Declined ? Or if he still your servant is,

Why does he not, with angel's speed, now bring
A cup of water, from the living streams
In Paradise, to wet your parched lips ?
You told us, that should we to Hell be driven,
We had but to pronounce your holy creed,—
Had but to say : ' There is no god but God,
Muhammiad God's apostle is ;'—that said,
You did assure us, we should all escape
From Hell, and mount to Heaven. Then prophet, why,
If your disciples can, by saying but your creed,
From Hell's dread fire escape, why can we not,
By saying but your holy creed, escape
From this most gloomy prison, and pass o'er
The gulf to Paradise ? Now prophet, say
The creed yourself ; and when we see, that you,
By just repeating your most holy creed,
Have gained your liberty, we'll say it too ;
And, following you to Paradise, will there
Proclaim the holy prophet's praise.
You speak not. O ! perhaps, in your own creed,
Your faith is shaken now. You cannot speak ;
Your impudence is gone ; and shame, at last,
Has, in dumb silence, sealed your lying tongue.
But, greatest of the prophets, will you not,
According to your promise, intercede
For us at the last day ; when Mary's son,
Far your inferior, shall come to judge
The world ? Will you not tell him then, that it
Your sovereign pleasure is, that all who did
Your creed receive shall have a place in Heaven ?
Surely he will your high behest obey.

“ ‘ Prophet of God, and his apostle, hear ;
We're lost through you ;—you've brought us to this place
Of torment ; and we'll beg the Judge of all,

At the last day, to lay our guilt on you.
The curses of whole countries full of men,
All rest on you ; on you the curses rest
Of all the generations of mankind,
Which have, through many, many centuries,
In all those countries, lived ; and may they rest
On you ! These millions of our fellow-men,
Your creed and lies, have brought to endless wo.
O ! could we but inflict on you, vile wretch,
All the dread pains and torments that we feel ;
And those of all the poor deluded souls,
That have been lost, and will be lost, through you !
That would delight us much. O cursed wretch !
You do not suffer yet a millionth part
Of what you ought. O ! that the mighty God
Would all his dreadful power exert on you,
And make you feel the utmost vengeance that
He can inflict ! None do so much deserve
His hottest wrath as you. But let us wait
Awhile, and we shall see what the last day
And lake of fire will do. In the mean time,
We'll pour incessant curses on your head.
You have our souls to endless ruin brought ;
No Paradise for us ; we've been deceived ;
But holy man, prophet and friend of God,
You to torment, shall be our Paradise.'

“ Of that communion, which, though christian called,
Was yet idolatrous, great numbers went,
As you may well suppose, to Tartarus,
They were the adherents of the ‘ man of sin ;’
They worshipped the image of the beast ;
And in their foreheads, or their hands, his mark
Received. They prayed to angels, and to saints ;
Made them their mediators ; and believed,

That, by their aid, they pardon should obtain ;
But the great Saviour, and his precious blood,
They held, alas for them ! in light esteem.
Many of that community were men
Of most ungodly lives, yet they on works
Relied ; but fearing, as they justly might,
That they should not, at death, be found quite fit
For Heaven ; expected, for a time, the pains
Of Purgatory to endure. They hoped
Indeed, that, by their sufferings purified,
And aided by the merits and the prayers
Of saints, as they the poor, self-righteous men
Of their communion called, they should at last,
Their sins thus done away, be, from that state
Of suffering freed, and raised to bliss in Heaven.
Hence some of them, when first they saw the place
Of spirits lost, supposed, that they had come
To Purgatory ; and they hoped, that when
They, for a time, had suffered there, they should,
As their own creed had taught, ascend to Heaven.
A moment only were they thus deceived ;
Soon did they learn their real state ; soon know,
That they were placed beyond the reach of hope ;
And that the dreadful place, in which they were,
Was but their prison till the judgment day,
When they, with certainty, would all be doomed
To suffer endless punishment in Hell.
O ! how did this discovery excite
Their rage against their selfish, cunning priests,
Who had them so deceived ! How did they curse
The very men whom they, on earth, adored
Almost as gods ! These treacherous men, too late,
Perceived, that priestcraft was a wretched trade ;
They felt, that the pre-eminence which they,

On earth, enjoyed, was now exchanged for sad
Pre-eminence in wo. We could observe,
The higher rank, on earth, a wicked priest
Had held, the greater was his misery.
The holy fathers there, The wretched men
Were called ; for they, as the deceivers, had
More torments to endure than the deceived.
And on His Holiness, no flattery,
No compliment intended, but in great
Sincerity, by men who felt it quite
Appropriate, this title was conferred :
His Wickedness, His Greatest Misery.

“ Many, who had, for intellectual powers,
And stores of knowledge gained, in high repute,
On earth, been held, were found among the lost.
All men of science were not godly men ;
Some, though creation’s wonders to explore
They laboured much, yet scarcely owned a God.
Nature inanimate and animate,
Whether on earth or in the ocean deep ;—
The structure of the earth, its shape, and size,
And motions, were all studied with great care ;—
The planets, moon, and stars, and glorious sun,—
All the celestial phenomena,
Were objects of minute research, with zeal
And perseverance, which no languor knew.
Yet though they did the works of God so much
Investigate, and great discoveries make,
His power and wisdom they did not revere.
Of nature’s laws ; of her provisions wise,
They spoke ; it pleased them not to own and feel
The present Deity, in all his works.
The men of intellect and science did,
Too often, reason idolize ; the scheme,

The christian scheme, of pardon through the blood
Of God incarnate, seemed too mean for them.
Their love of science was commendable ;
For it was right, that man, with reason bless'd,
Should seek to be informed ; and knowledge was,
On earth, the food of mind, as here in Heaven.
Often indeed, did scientific men
By their discoveries give pleasure great
To christian minds ; for pious men rejoiced
To augment their knowledge of the works of God ;
But it was cause, to them, of deep regret,
That some, in science great, were destitute
Of holiness. These men, when they, from earth,
Removed, their scientific pleasures lost.
Pleasures refined they were ; but they were such
As men of carnal minds, estranged from God,
Could taste ; and in that awful place, to which
The ungodly went at death, pleasures, refined
Or gross, could, in no shape, be e'er enjoyed.
Too many there were found, who had, on earth,
Been literary friends ; but they did not
Attempt their former friendships to renew,
Nor to their former studies feel inclined.
The pains they suffered, and the fear of worse,
All love of knowledge banished from their minds.
Besides, in that sad world, nature was blank ;
Yea worse than blank ; it furnished nought to please,
But much produced that caused distress and pain.
There, men were into contact brought with God ;
They felt him near ; felt him their enemy
Because of sin ; and had his works possessed
Ten thousand beauties, quite unknown, on earth,
They never would, in any thing he made,
Have felt the least delight. O ! how they mourned

Their intellectual pleasures gone ; and wished,
That while on earth, they had been holy men,
As well as men of scientific minds.
Not so the saints in Paradise, who had,
On earth been men of science ; they pursued,
With zeal, their favourite studies, and acquired
Much higher knowledge of the works of God
Than they could e'er attain on earth ; while each
Discovery brought new pleasure to the mind,
And made them love the Great Creator more.

“ Some authors, popular on earth, a large
And overwhelming share of suffering had,
Because of the impieties their books
Contained. They roused the evil passions up,
And stimulated men to sinful deeds,
Or taught them to discredit sacred truth ;
Thus they removed each salutary check,
And left the mind to take its fill of vice.
Often those authors were reproached and cursed
By those, who had their books perused, and drunk
The deadly poison they contained. But O !
Too late did they, who had the poisonous draught
Prepared, and they who had it drunk, regret
The dreadful mischief done ; the souls of both
Were lost ; no remedy nor hope remained.
Those wicked authors had, on earth, the seeds
Of future misery most widely sown,
And an abundant harvest did they reap ;
Though they were dead, their writings lived,
And lived to ruin multitudes of souls.
Often they wished, they could revisit earth,
There to make known the dread realities
Of wo ; and offer men an antidote
Against the poison, they before had given.

Vain was the wish ; the evil done remained
 Unalterable ; and that solemn word,
 That, ‘ whatsoever any one doth sow,
 That shall he also reap,’ proved true indeed.
 The misery which these authors felt, increased
 As spirits lost arrived, and cast the blame
 Of their destruction on the impious books
 Which they had read. What anguish did it cause !
 What apprehension of still greater wo !
 When, to an author of this kind, ’twas told,
 That he had very popular become ;
 And that, a new edition had appeared,
 Of such a work of his. ‘ That cursed book !’
 He would exclaim, ‘ when will its course be stopped ?’
 Many, already here, make me the cause
 Of ruin to their souls ; they speak the truth ;
 And if that book is still, not only read,
 But widely circulated too ; lost souls
 Yet more, it may be thousands more, will here
 Arrive, and say, that my vile writings have
 Their ruin been ; and have them to this place
 Of torment brought. Most horrid ! I must bear
 The curses of ten thousand ruined souls !
 These, at the judgment, will against me rise ;
 Will tell the Judge, that, on my guilty head,
 Their blood is found. A charge too true indeed !
 What then awaits me, but the hottest Hell !
 I’ve ruined souls ! I’ve ruined many souls !
 And that will be my never-dying worm.’

“ Among the lost, were no small number found,
 Of earth’s great warriors, who had once supposed
 It honourable to destroy their fellow-men ;
 To plunder cities, lay whole countries waste,
 And, through the world, pillage and slaughter spread.

These wicked men oft met, in Tartarus,
Their recompense ; they were assailed by those,
Whom they, on earth, had plundered and destroyed.
Lost spirits ne'er forgot the wrongs they had,
On earth, received ; and never failed to take
Revenge on those, who had the injury done.
Oft have I seen thousands of spirits lost
Meet to insult, most bitterly to curse,
And, by all means they could devise, torment
Some warrior chief, who had been called on earth
A conqueror ; and dearly did he pay
For his great fame, by wrong and bloodshed gained.
'O ! had I been,' he would exclaim, 'a worm,
Or any reptile, rather than a chief
Of conquering armies ! How degraded now
Am I ! How hated and despised by all !
O ! had some hostile hand but slaughtered me,
It would have been a friendly act, ere I
That mad career of conquest had begun,
So fatal to myself and others too ;
How light my present torments would have been !'

“ Those mournful days, on which were fought, on earth,
Great bloody battles, were sad days indeed
For human souls. What awful scenes appeared !
Hundreds and thousands then were suddenly
Cut off ; hot with the rage of battle, slain ;
Cut off without one moment to reflect
On their most dangerous state, or offer up
One cry for mercy ; and were plunged, at once
Into the Abyss of wo,—for ever lost.
Oft rival chiefs, and rival combatants,
Fresh from the field, where they had just been slain,
Again each other met, and seemed inclined
The contest to renew ; roused to a pitch

Of awful fury, by the horrid fact,
That, when in battle they each other slew,
They did, into that world of torment send,
Prelude to Hell, each others precious souls.
Others, sat down in grief, and black despair ;
No heart had they for contest more. They thought
Of earth ; of crimes committed, and of friends
Who had them warned ; of mercy offered long,
And oft refused ; and of that awful doom,
Which, well they knew, they could not now escape.

“ On earth, men spoke of property destroyed ;
Of the most dreadful waste of human life
In war ; of widows and of orphans made,
And left to mourn, to suffer want, and die ;—
Distress and want ; widows’ and orphans’ tears ;
Rivers of human blood, in battle shed ;
Were trifles, when compared to what we saw.
We saw the spirits of the slain ; we saw
The wreck and ruin of ten thousand times
Ten thousand souls, by cruel war destroyed.
I once, in company with some dear saints,
Not fewer saw, than fifty thousand souls,
Lost ruined souls, come, from the battle field,
To the abodes of wo, in ten short hours.
I heard their groans of anguish, heard their loud
Laments, exclaiming wofully : ‘ We’re lost !
For ever lost ! for ever lost ! Victims
Of cursed war ! On those ambitious men,
Our ruin lies, who brought us, unprepared,
To this untimely end. But now, we’re lost !’
Oh horrid thought ! for ever lost ! Scarcely
Could eyes, in Paradise, refrain from tears,
Such cries to hear, such anguish to observe.
I never can, that mournful scene, forget ;

I sadden now, while I the tale rehearse.

“ Some men there were, who, though they never made
A single conquest on their own account ;
Yet loved the trade of war, because it brought
Them fame. That was the idol, at whose shrine
They bowed ; to that they sacrificed their ease,
And comfort, blood, and limbs, and lives and souls.
After an action, O ! how eagerly
They sought the public prints, to see what men
Had said of them ! And if they found that they
Had some distinction gained ; they fondly hoped,
That their exploits, in the historic page,
Would shine ; and, there recorded, would remain
For men of distant ages to admire,
And some, of daring minds, to imitate.
The field of battle, Satan’s pride and joy,
But earth’s disgrace ;—the spot, whence many souls
Were sent to endless wo, they did, The bed
Of glory, term ; on that they wished to die,
Might but a public monument preserve,
From dread oblivion, their heroic deeds,
And spread a lasting halo round their names.
A few their wish obtained. In mortal strife
Engaged, while killing others, they themselves
Were slain ; fine public monuments, for them,
Were raised ; and the historian’s pen, their fame,
Proclaimed, and others roused to emulate
Their deeds. But O ! when their survivors came
Into the world of wo, and there informed
Them of their fame on earth ; with great disgust
They heard the narrative. ‘ What is it now
To us,’ they would exclaim, ‘ that we, on earth,
A name, an empty worthless name, have gained ?
For fame we fought and died. The prize we sought,

We won ; but won it how ? At what expense ?
Ever to be deplored success ! we won
It by the loss of our immortal souls.
O ! that on earth we had been humble, meek,
And lowly men ; the followers of Him,
Who gave his life his enemies to save !
We then had lasting fame obtained ; such fame
As, at the final day, will be approved.
O ! could we but return to earth, to tear
Our odious names from the historian's page,
And level with the dust our monuments !
For much we fear, that many more, induced
By our example and success, may choose
Our course ; and then, like us, into this place
Of torment come, and cast on us the blame,
Too well deserved, of their eternal wo.'

“ But, in that awful place, were many found,
Who claimed, on earth, as ministers of Christ,
To be revered, whose work it was to warn
The wicked of their danger, and to show
The way by which they might escape the wrath
To come. That sacred office they assumed,
Not out of love to souls, nor love to Him
Who died the lost to save ; but from the love
Of ease, of filthy lucre, or of fame.
They were the hirelings, who about the flock
Felt no concern ; the fleece was all their care.
They called themselves the shepherds of the flock
Of Christ ; but, in reality, they were
The agents of the Wicked One, employed
By him to keep the flock to be his prey.
They nothing feared so much as some alarm,—
Some note of danger, sounded by a true
And faithful shepherd, which might rouse a few

Poor sheep to escape the great Destroyer's jaws ;
For which they were so carefully reserved.
Such pastors were, just as Isaiah taught,
Blind watchmen, and dumb dogs, that could not bark,
That loved to slumber, and no danger saw.
They never spoke the wicked man to warn,
And turn him from his way ; smooth things they said,
And prophesied deceits. ' Peace ! peace ! ' they cried
To those, for whom God had no peace designed.
Thus many, by their teachers, much deceived,
No fear nor apprehension entertained,
Till they the gate of death had pass'd. Then first,
They knew their real state ; but knew too late ;
They could not then escape eternal wo.
When one of these unfaithful teachers came
Into the world of spirits, awful was
The scene that burst upon his view. He saw
Himself, not safe among the saints, as he
Once vainly hoped to be, but in the world
Of ruin, where no hope could ever come ;
While many of the lost, his former flock,
Surrounded him, and, in no measured terms,
Upbraided him with his unfaithfulness,
Erroneous doctrines, and unholy life,
By which he had them to perdition brought.
' Had you but taught us rightly,' they exclaimed,
' Both you and we might now have had a place
In Paradise ; and we should then have bless'd
Your solemn warnings, your severe reproofs,
Which roused us to escape from endless wo.
Look on the other side the gulf ;—there you
May see the preachers you so much despised,
And termed fanatics ;—there they are, approved
By Jesus Christ. Oft have we, from this place,

Beheld scenes of delight, in Paradise,
Among the pastors and their former flocks ;
Such scenes as us, with bitter anguish filled,
And made us curse,—yes ! bitterly we cursed
The wicked hireling, who had us deceived.
The saints, in Paradise, acknowledge now
Their obligations to the men, who preached
And laboured for their good ; and show them proofs
Of warmest love. The pastors too, behold
The people of their former charge, with joy ;
And both, with pleasure, think of that great day,
When Jesus will their crowns of life bestow.
For you and us, there no such pleasure is.
We cannot love you ;—you have ruined us ;
You laboured not to save, but damn our souls.
You have succeeded, and you will receive
A full reward. Our blood is on your head ;
For our destruction you're accountable,
And so the Judge at last will show. That we
Must suffer for our wilful sins, we know,
And for our sin in listening to you,
When, from the Word of God, we might have known
Your character ; but sinful as we were,
We might have been among the saved, had you
Your duty but performed. Now then prepare,
O friend of Satan, enemy of souls,
Prepare the weightiest vengeance to endure
Of the Omnipotent ; to which we will
Reproach, and everlasting curses add.'

“ Many were found, among the spirits lost,
Who, while they lived on earth, had been convinced,
That they were sinners ; felt their dangerous state,
And many times resolved, that they would turn
From sin, and mercy, through the Saviour, seek.

But still the fatal love of sin prevailed,
And though, upon repentance, they resolved,
Yea, oft resolved, they still, from month to month,
And year to year, their purpose did postpone ;
Until, at last, the awful hour of death
Arrived, and found them, for another world,
Quite unprepared. So suddenly were some
Removed, that, on one Sabbath they appeared
Among the saints, hearing the word of God,
But, as before, neglecting offered grace ;
And, on the next, were found among the lost,
Bewailing that infatuation sad,
Which led them still repentance to defer,
Until, by death surprised, their day of grace
For ever gone, no hope to them remained.
Their self-reproaches, and their bitter groans,
I've often heard. One, in my hearing thus
His deep regret expressed. ' This is the day,
Which men on earth the holy Sabbath call.
Many such days I've seen ; but I shall not
Another see, for here no Sabbath shines.
Now, many preach the word of God, proclaim
Salvation through the Saviour's blood, and call
On sinners to accept the offered grace,
And so be saved. I too, full often, have
The message of salvation heard ; and then
'Twas in my power the offered grace to accept ;
But I, unutterable folly ! did,
That offered grace, as oft neglect. I said
Indeed, that I would turn, would come to Christ,
Would make full preparation for the hour
Of death ; but never did I turn ; and now,
My vile procrastination, that has wrought
My ruin, I for ever must deplore.

Last Sabbath, I was in the house of God ;
And then I might, oh cutting thought ! oh worse
Than madness, on my part ! I might, for there
No hind'rance was, I might then have been saved.
But still I said, as oft I had before,
Not now,—another time, I will repent.
Little did I think, that the last time was,—
The very last time, a long-suffering God
Would call me to repent, and offer me
His pardoning grace. I well remember now,
Though, at the time, it slight impression made,
How earnestly the preacher spoke ; how much
He strove to make me feel my dang'rous state.
He warned me to escape, without delay,
And go at once to Him, who came the lost
To seek and save. He seemed to know my heart ;
My perilous condition too he felt ;
And that I might no more procrastinate,
He said, most awfully prophetic words !
' Poor sinner, think ; O ! seriously reflect,
That this may your last Sabbath be on earth ;
This, the last sermon you may ever hear ;
The last kind offer of salvation you
May e'er receive ; and this my last attempt
To snatch you from eternal woe. I here
May preach next Sabbath, just as I do now,
And offer mercy, in the Saviour's name ;
But you may then in torments be ;—lost ! yes,
For ever lost ! deploring much, that this
Last offer of salvation you despised.'
And here I am indeed, just as he said ;
While he is preaching, as before, my place
Is empty ; my last Sabbath's gone ; I have
My last, last sermon heard ; now mercy's door

I prayed with him, and wept ; he felt concerned ;
But still I saw no melting heart ; no tears
Of pious grief ; no mind for earnest prayer ;
No humble faith in the Redeemer's blood.
I left him with intention to return,
On the next day, and make a new attempt
To do him good ; but not two hours had passed,
Ere he a messenger despatched to beg,
That I would instantly to him return ;
I hastened to his house, but was too late ;
He had expired. I stood by the pale corpse
And wept. That he was saved, but slender hope
I had, and much I feared the very worst.
A salutary lesson there I learn'd ;
I trembled for myself ; and, from that day
Became more jealous of my heart, watched more,
Prayed more, lest I too should the Lord forsake.
Arrived in Paradise, I found my fears,
For my poor friend, confirmed ; he was not there.
I saw him on the other side the gulf ;
He first accosted me ; with tortured mind,
He told his deep regret, and said, for well
He knew, ' There is no hope. But the least help,
Could you afford ; I would that help, with tears
Of blood implore. But no ! it cannot be.
Like the rich man, I am tormented now ;
And you, like Lazarus, are comforted.
Friend, pity me ! 'tis all that you can do.'
I made him no reply ; I did not wish,
By keen reproach, his anguish to augment ;
Nor could I yet condole with him. I knew
His doom was just. I left him, and my way
To the Redeemer's presence, sped ; and there,
In gratitude's strong language, uttered forth

The feelings of my heart towards Him, who had
Me, to the end, preserved. He on me smiled,
And I rejoiced, much wondering at his love.

“Many, whom I had known on earth, I saw
Among the spirits lost ; but there was one,
Whose history you may with interest hear.
He was not called a very wicked man,
For none could charge him with the grosser crimes.
He was reputed upright, kind, one who
His neighbour never wronged ; but ready stood
To help a fellow-creature in distress.
On the Lord’s-day, he often might be seen
Among the saints, who met to worship God.
Yet he was not a man of holy mind ;
He loved the intercourse of worldly men ;
Loved to stand well in their esteem ; and feared
To take a step, which might, to them appear
Proof of a firm resolve to serve the Lord.
He also loved the gaieties of life ;
And pleaded, that he might sometimes relax
A little ; do as others did, yet not
Deserve to be esteemed a wicked man.
Nor did he fail, among his worldly friends,
To push his worldly interest ; for he felt
More confidence, in human promises
Of help, than in the providence of God.
Yet there were times, when he, about his soul,
Appeared concerned ; times, when he heard the word
Of God with seriousness ; times, when the word
Alarmed him, made him feel himself condemned,—
A sinner lost,—exposed to future wrath ;
Times, when he bitterly wept o’er his sins ;
Conversed most seriously with pious men
About his wretched state ; begged them to pray

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Times, when he bitterly wept o’er his sins ;
Conversed most seriously with pious men
About his wretched state ; begged them to pray

For him, and made attempts to pray himself :
But soon alas ! this serious frame was changed
For one of thoughtlessness and unconcern.
If any worldly friend a thing proposed,
Which promised gain, or other earthly good ;
Though he well knew, the thing proposed would prove,
To his poor soul, a snare ; refuse consent
He durst not, for he feared, he might to some,
Who could his worldly prospects aid, or blast
His rising hopes, give great offence ;—nay more,
Should he one disapproving word express,
He might be stigmatized a pious man ;
Might be assailed by scoffs and ridicule ;
And the reproach of Christ he could not bear.
He soothed his conscience, hoping soon t' escape
The snare : ‘ That business done,’ said he, ‘ I will
To my religious duties more attend ;
Will mingle with good men, as formerly ;
And thus regain a better state of mind.’
Such was his course, for several years ; sometimes
To piety inclined ; sometimes to sin ;
But I could well observe, that he became,
As he advanced in years, more fixed in sin,
And less and less inclined to serious thought.
When admonitions, from his pious friends,
And sermons preached, no more impressed his mind,
The Lord, another course, with him pursued ;
A much beloved child fell sick and died.
He felt the stroke ; said, that it was the hand
Of God, which smote him ; and, that he deserved
The chastisement, he freely owned. And now,
For all his past ungodliness, he showed
Much deep regret ; and sought, with earnestness,
As it appeared, the pardon of his sins ;

But true it was, that, like the morning cloud,
And early dew, his goodness passed away.
His former intercourse, with worldly men,
He soon renewed ; and then, his seriousness
All disappeared. His christian friends, who wished
To see in him a saving change, were grieved
At this return to sin's destructive ways ;
And, with affectionate concern, besought
Him to give up his heart to God, and love
The world no more ; but all, that they could say,
Though kindly said, no good effect produced.
Another chastisement was quickly sent ;
One much severer than he had before ;
His eyes' desire, his greatest earthly good,
A pious, lovely wife was, by a stroke,
A sudden stroke, removed. The same short week
Beheld her well ; beheld her sick ; beheld
Her numbered with the dead. Her end was peace ;
But while she much rejoiced in hope, she felt,
And deeply too, her husband's dangerous state ;
She begged and warn'd him, with her dying breath,
No more to love the world, but turn to God,
And seek for mercy through the Saviour's blood.
This heavy trial was not sent alone ;
God laid upon him his afflicting hand ;
And, for a time, the issue, life or death,
Was dubious. He felt his awful state ;
And, in that sad extremity, he prayed
Most earnestly, that God would spare his life
A little longer, and allow him time,
By true repentance, to prepare for death.
God heard his prayer, and gave him a reprieve ;
But it was feared, that, with returning health,
He would his prayers and dangers both forget,

And to his sins, with hardened heart return.
These apprehensions were too just ; but God,
As though to save him from that fatal course,
Another heavy trial on him brought.
His worldly friends, on whom he much relied ;
Whose friendship he had laboured to secure,
At the dread risk of losing his poor soul,
Showed, that he nothing had to hope from them ;
One died ; another, in his business, failed,
And sank to poverty ; some left the place ;
And all the others cared for him no more.
And now, I hoped, he would from earth be weaned ;
That, having felt the instability
Of earthly things, he would seek those above.
Vain were my hopes ; the less there was on earth
His heart to attract, the more to earth he cleaved.
A second marriage proved almost the death
Of serious thought, and earthly comfort too.
A son, by his first wife, as he grew up,
Became a most ungodly youth ; yet he
His idol was ; and him, in every thing,
He sought to please. He lived for this vain youth ;
And conscience sacrificed to gratify
The wishes of his darling, wicked son.
This son had entered on his nineteenth year ;
His father's hope, but every good man's grief,
When, by the hand of death, he was cut down.
His evil courses had, as many thought,
Shortened his days. He lay a week or two
On a sick bed ; but not one christian friend
Was asked to visit him, and speak to him
About his soul. Father and son were both
Reluctant to believe, that death was near ;
Neither could bear a serious thought of death.

The youth had never shown the least concern
About his soul ; he nourished, to the last,
The hope, that he should be to health restored ;
And if, at any time, a thought of death
Did cross his mind, he would the unwelcome thought
At once discard. The father better knew
Than the poor youth himself, his dangerous state ;
But would not, could not speak, his son to warn.
Could he reprove him for those very sins,
Which he had once allowed him to commit ?
Could he say : ‘ Son, by my false lenity,—
By not restraining you from sin, I’ve brought
You to this awful state ; your soul
Is almost lost ; soon you must die ; repent ;
Seek mercy from the Saviour instantly,
Or it will be too late ?’ Could he say this ?
Ah no ! it was too much for one like him ;
Too much for one, whose consciousness of guilt
Had closed his mouth ; who trembled to admit
Death and another world into his thoughts.
He wished indeed, to warn his dying son ;
To urge him merely to implore, while yet
It might be found. The thought of seeing him,
Without repentance, yea, without one prayer
For mercy die ; of seeing him depart,
With the dread certainty that, dying thus,
He must be lost, quite harrowed up his soul ;
But still he felt, that he, on these great things,
Could not his son address. ‘ I will,’ said he,
‘ A godly minister invite to speak
And pray with him ; but no ! he’ll me reprove
For my neglect, and that I cannot bear.
My son may yet recover ; who can tell ?
And if he should, I will all means apply,

Within my power, to bring him to repent.'
While with these thoughts engaged, one came and said
'Your son is worse; to see you, ere he dies,
He wishes much.' He went, approach'd the bed;
The youth was speechless; one last look he cast
Upon his father's face, and then expired.
He then despatched a messenger to me,
To say, his son was dead. I was amazed;—
I had not even heard that he was ill.
On entering the room of death, I saw
The father sitting by the cold, pale corpse
Of his departed son. A mournful sight indeed!
Wretched he was; absorbed in silent grief;
And who could tell what self-accusing thoughts,
Passed through his pained and agitated mind!
Great as his sorrows were, I thought it right
Quite plainly to expostulate with him,
On his most criminal neglect, for such
It was, in thus allowing his poor son
To die, without requesting any friend,
To speak with him about his awful state.
Then, by the father's side, I knelt and prayed,
That God, that dreadful chastisement, to him
Would sanctify, and cause it to produce
The fruits of righteousness. But, of the youth,
I nothing said. How could I thank the Lord
For giving him a hope in death, when he,
For the salvation of his precious soul,
Had never shown the least concern? I wished
The father to observe, that of the youth
I had no hope; that he might deeply feel,
His own most shocking criminality.
When other Christian friends the tidings heard,
They to the house of mourning went, and found,

As I had done, the father by the corpse ;
But no one dared to say, ‘ Grieve not ; your son,
We hope is saved.’ All felt, that a young man,
A great adept in sin, quite unprepared,
Had been removed ; they could not see for him
A gleam of hope ; all feared that he was lost.

“ This heavy stroke no saving change produced ;
A slight return of serious thought, was all
We could perceive. But now the time approached,
When this ungodly man himself must die.
God would, with his neglect of offered grace,
No longer bear ; but took him from the earth.
His health declined ; his friends the change observed,
And earnestly besought him to prepare
For his last hour, which they approaching saw.
But he procrastinated still ; he talked
Of business, want of time, and said, he hoped,
That health would soon return, and that his life
Would be, for many years, prolonged. ‘ Fear not,
That I shall unprepared be snatched away,’
Said he ; ‘ I’ll very soon, from earthly things,
My mind withdraw, and turn my thoughts to death.’
Such was his answer, several times, to me,
When I admonished him to seek the Lord,
While yet he might be found. At last, disease,
In a most threatening form, upon him came ;
A fatal stupor shut his senses up ;
The power of thought was gone ; it was too late ;
No effort to be saved could he now make ;
And in that state he lay, till he expired.

“ A few months after his decease, I left
The earth, and took my flight to Paradise.
There I soon learn’d, what I had greatly feared,
That this ungodly man was lost.

We saw each other oncc, across the gulf,
When he, in tones of grief, addressd me thus :
' I've seen my wife and child in Paradisc,
And now I see you there ; but I am lost.
You were my friend ; you sought my real good ;
Had I but listened to your warning voice,
And to the dying words of her, whom I
Could once call my beloved wife, now minc,
Alas ! no more ; no gulf impassable
Would have me here confined, no more to enjoy
The bless'd society of those, who once
Did me sincerely love. What would I give
To cross this gulf, and meet, in mutual love,
You and that blessed saint, my former wife !
This separation cuts me to the heart !
O could I, but 'tis quite impossible ;
Could I but some slight proof of friendship now,
From you and her receive ; were it but words,
A few kind, sympathizing words,—they would,
My load of anguish, much alleviate.
Not one kind word, nor one kind look from those,
Who loved me most ;—this doubles all my wo.
I would, did I possess it, give a world
But to return to earth, to hear again
The sermons, which I heard before ; to feel
Again, all the chastisements, which I felt
Before, and be again, by you reprov'd.
How would I listen to the word of God !
Oh ! there should be no need to press on me
The offers of salvation. No ! I would,
At oncc, accept the boon ; and care for nought
That worldly men might say ; their love or hate
Should give me no concern. At no reproof,
Howe'er severe, would I e'er take offence.

Welcome to me reproof of sharpest kind !
Welcome the plainest, roughest warnings too !
Welcome all sufferings, which could be, on earth,
Endured ;—oh ! I would welcome every thing,
But God's dread curse and wrath, might it but tend
To save my soul,—my never-dying soul.
But oh ! it is too late ; my doom is sealed !
Fool that I was repentance to defer,
From month to month, and year to year ! I knew,
That I must turn to God or die in sin,
And be for ever lost. But oh ! by love
Of sin betrayed ; by Satan's wiles deceived ;
I still delayed and said : ' Another time,
Another time, I will repent,' when lo !
Quite unexpectedly, I felt the grasp
Of death. That on my dying bed, I could,
With ease, repent, I long believed ; and hence
Had little fear of being lost. But great
Was my mistake ; when my disease assumed
A serious form, all power of thought was gone.
I could not, on my state, my awful state,
Reflect, till death had done its work ; and then
I found myself in this most wretched place,
From life, and peace, and hope, and all I loved
On earth, cut off—tormented much, but doomed
To suffer greater torments still in Hell.
Oh that last day ! that last, most dreadful day !
How shall I bear to see the Judge's face !
His frown will penetrate my inmost soul !
I dread it more than Hell ! I tremble now,
To think, what that dread frown will then inflict.
My portion, in the lake of fire, I would
Almost consent to take, might I be spared
That much, much dreaded interview with Him,

Whom I must meet as my offended Judge.
There comes my son ; you well remember him,
And his most awful end ;—cut off in sin,
Through my neglect ; nay more ! by me misled ;
By me encouraged to pursue those ways,
Which brought him early to this horrid place.’

“ Father and son now met, and then a scene
Commenced, almost too horrid to behold.
I left the spot, and sought again the bless’d
Society of the beloved saints.

“ Thus have I told you something of that place
Of wo, called Tartarus. It was, you see,
A place, where no enjoyment could be found ;
Where comfort, in no shape, was ever known ;
Where not a ray of hope could penetrate ;
Where no one could, without unmixed regret,
The past review, nor on the future think,
Without the utmost dread. Of all the lost,
Not one, a single action of his life,
Could e’er commend ; each one beheld himself
In his true character ; each feature now
Of that depravity, which he, on earth,
Had oft denied, in bold relief to his
Mind’s eye stood out. That his depravity,
Had not been partial, as he once supposed,
But total, he could now most clearly see ;
And that of goodness, he had ne’er possessed
A single atom ;—these things now he saw
And knew,—and felt the justice of his doom.

“ None, among all the lost, could courage find,
Upon the future, calmly to reflect ;
Yet it was often forced upon their thoughts.
They were compelled, against their will, to think
Of the last day, the righteous Judge, the fire

Unquenchable, and never-dying worm.
They trembled while they thought ; but they could not
Those thoughts dismiss ; they could not once forget
That doom, which, well they knew, awaited them.
Men who, on earth, for danger never cared ;
Who, on the battle field, or ocean deep,
Faced, with unshrinking courage, foes and storms,
That threatened instant death, were quite unmanned ;
Not one, with mind composed, of the last day,
Could think ; a single thought of it produced
Fear, trembling, terror, consternation wild.
No one in courage grew, as time passed on ;
But all perceived increasing cause of dread.
They saw, that all ungodly men, at death,
Not one excepted, came to Tartarus ;
Hence they, as more and more lost souls arrived,
Became, still more and more, convinced, that God
His threatenings would, most fully, execute ;
And that, as he had said, each sinner would
His portion have in everlasting fire.
With grief they sometimes heard, from those who came,
That God's designs, concerning men on earth,
Did fast approach their full accomplishment.
Well I remember, what alarm prevailed
When, at a certain time, a few lost souls
Arrived in Tartarus, and there announced,
That the appearances of things on earth,
Too clearly showed, the great, last day at hand.
This sad intelligence, which proved too true
For them, seemed to augment their misery
A thousandfold. The dread, the terror then
Displayed, to be imagined, must be seen.
Here my description of that place must end."

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal to change the subject from Tartarus to Paradise.—The three human saints are joined by two saints from a far distant world, who give a short account of their own world.—The narrator resumes his theme, and proposes to give the history of Jesus Christ as connected with Paradise.—The Saviour's birth announced to the saints in Paradise.—It becomes known in Tartarus.—Simeon joins the saints in Paradise, and tells what he knew of the infant Saviour.—John the Baptist arrives in Paradise, and gives an account of the Saviour's life and miracles.—Visit of Moses and Elijah to the mount of transfiguration,—they return to Paradise, and tell the saints of their interview with the Saviour. An angel comes to Paradise with the information, that the Saviour is then on the cross, and that he will soon be in Paradise.—The Saviour arrives, calls the saints together and addresses them.—The Saviour's death announced in Tartarus by a fallen angel.—Conversations relative to the Saviour among the saints in Paradise.—His parting address to them.—He goes to earth to resume his body.—The saints in Paradise are permitted to see the Saviour enter Heaven.—He appears in Paradise, in his glorified body, and addresses them.

BOOK V.

“ My brethren, as I have,” the speaker said,
“ Some information given of Tartarus ;
Let us the subject change, from that sad place
Of wo, to Paradise, the sweet abode
Of rest, and peace, and love ; where happiness,
Without alloy of grief, was felt by all ;
And certainty of Heaven’s unfading bliss,
Shone, like a noon-day sun, on every soul.”

“ Brother, your change of theme,” the saints replied,
“ Does, with our wishes, well accord ; for we
Much more of lovely Paradise would hear.
But if anterior to the great day
Of final doom, the wicked did so much
Endure ; what must they feel in Hell !—the lake
Of everlasting fire, to which they all,
At the last day, were driven. O what is sin !
How dreadful ! and how great that grace,—that rich,
Almighty, sovereign grace, which was displayed
In saving us from everlasting fire,
And raising us to all the bliss of Heaven !
To Him that loved our guilty souls, and washed
Us in his blood, be everlasting praise.”

“ Yes, brethren, all, of Adam’s race, in Heaven
Must praise the Lamb,—the Lamb, for evermore,
For he it was, that saved us by his blood.

But yonder see ;—along the lovely vale,
Which bounds this flowery mount on which we sit,
Two saints, but not of human kind, their course
To this delightful spot direct, as though
They would, with us, some conversation hold.
Let us awhile our present theme suspend
Till we have welcomed them, and their address
Received. What joy unspeakable to be
In Heaven !—to hold delightful intercourse,
Not only with our numerous fellow saints,
Of Adam's race ; but also with the good
And wise,—with saints of highest intellect,
And brightest holiness, from other worlds !
Much have I learned of God, his wonderous ways,
And attributes, and often a large stream
Of pure delight has flowed into my soul,
While listening to that information grand,
Which numerous happy saints, from many worlds,
Scattered through space, at greatest distances,
Do to each other here, with pleasure great,
Communicate. O what a place is Heaven !
Here we can meet the best and holiest
From every world ; and hear them all describe
The wonders of the worlds from which they came.
Here the great bond, which binds each holy heart,
To every other, is the bond of love.
Whence each one came it nothing signifies ;
From neighbouring worlds, or worlds remote ;
From worlds of spotless purity ; or worlds
Where, as on earth, sin did abound ; from worlds,
Where intellect of loftier kind prevailed ;
Or worlds, where mind was of a lower range ;
These incidents, belonging to the once
Incipient state of Heaven's inhabitants,

When they, in their own worlds, for heavenly bliss
Were but probationers, though known to all,
No barrier prove to that sweet intercourse,
Which here prevails. Here all are saints ; here all
Are sons of God, perfect in holiness ;
Here all, with their whole hearts, love God ;
And, as they love themselves, each other love.
That holy law, which God gave us on earth,
Is here by all obeyed ; and forms the ground
Of all the happiness, we feel in Heaven.
Here difference of rank, and intellect,
And station too prevails ; for brighter crowns,
And higher bliss, than others have, belong
To some ; yet pride and bitter envy are
Unknown ; because, in every heavenly mind,
The love of God and of each other reigns.
How different this from earth, where the few saints
Of one small village, or one family,
Could scarcely live in holy love ! But here,
The saints of numerous worlds all live in love.
My brethren, what rich grace is this, that we,
Poor sinners of the human race, once dead
In sins, once enemies to God, and doomed
To endless wo, should here a place obtain,
And feel ourselves, by bonds of holy love,
United to the blessed sons of God,
And most exalted saints, from every world !
But now the two, we at a distance saw,
Are just at hand. See how they smile ! What love
Beams in each face, as they to us approach !”

Here paused the speaker, waiting to receive
The salutations of the unknown saints,
Who, him and his two brethren, thus addressed.

“ Hail, happy saints of Adam’s race, for such

We see you are ; much we rejoice to meet
And hold discourse with that much honoured race,
Whose earthly form the Son of God assumed,
And for whose sake he shed his precious blood.
We saw you from afar, and you appeared
To be engaged on some important theme ;
We therefore said : ‘ Come let us go and join
Those sons of Adam ; we perhaps shall hear
Something quite new to us, which may our sphere
Of knowledge much enlarge, afford delight,
And furnish worthy cause for a new song
Of praise to the great Author of our bliss.’ ”

To this address, so full of holy love,
The saints of Adam’s race did thus reply.

“ Hail, fellow-saints ! receive our welcome here.
From what fair world, in this vast universe,
You come, we cannot tell ; but you are saints,
And we rejoice in your society.
We were indeed engaged, as you supposed,
On an important theme ;—a subject, which,
To Adam’s sons, possesses interest deep,
And which, to some, is partially unknown.
Our human race were doomed to death for sin ;
And each one, after death, entered a state,
By us called intermediate ; in which
The disembodied soul, in misery
Or happiness, remained till the great day,
Which closed the residence of men on earth.
That great, last day we call the judgment day ;
Because then all the bodies of the dead
Were raised ; and, from the intermediate state,
Their spirits having come, the man complete,
They all, before the great tribunal, stood,
And there were judged. The judgment past, the good,

That is the saved through the Redeemer's blood,
For none on earth were absolutely good,
Were brought into this place of highest bliss ;
And all the bad, many of whom had spurned
The Saviour's grace, were cast into the lake
Of everlasting fire. But when that day
Arrived, millions and millions of our race
Were living on the earth ; they saw not death,
But, in the twinkling of an eye, were all
Transformed into immortal men ; and made,
In all respects, just like the risen dead :
Hence, they ne'er felt nor saw the happiness
Or misery of disembodied souls.
Such was the case with my two brethren here ;
They lived to hear the trumpet sound, which raised
The dead, and called, before the judgment seat
All Adam's sons ; but I, who speak to you,
Died very long before the earth's last day ;
And dying, entered on that state, which we
Called intermediate. To me it was
A state of happiness ; I had a place,
Among the spirits just, in Paradise,
Where we all waited, not impatiently,
But yet with strong desire, for that great day,
Which was to raise our bodies up, and bring
Us to the higher bliss enjoyed in Heaven.
These brethren had some information sought
About the state of disembodied souls ;
And I, of Paradise, the bless'd abode
Of happy souls, and Tartarus, the place
Of spirits lost, already had discoursed ;
And just as you appeared, I was about
Of blessed Paradise still more to say.
This was the theme, on which we were engaged ;

But when we saw, that it was your intent
To join our company, we much rejoiced ;
And did our theme suspend, hoping that you
Would deign to unfold to us some of the scenes
Of your past lives, or of the world from which
You came. We much desire to hear what God,
In other worlds has done ; what creatures he
Has formed ; and what their moral state ; and what
The moral government, which he o'er them
Has exercised ; and what displays of his
Creating power have, in the scenery,
And other objects, in those worlds been shown.
Now gratify, we beg, our strong desire,
By condescending to impart, to us
Of Adam's race, some knowledge of that world
From which you came, and of the things which you,
In that, or other worlds, have seen and known."

With this request, these saints at once complied,
For none, in Heaven, refuse what others ask ;
And of their world this narrative commenced.

" We wish not, brethren, long to interrupt
Your theme, for, on that subject we desire
Some information to obtain ; but we
Cannot refuse your just request ; it will
To us much pleasure give to gratify
Your laudable desire, of the great works
And ways of God your knowledge to extend ;
But, for the present, let a few short hints
Suffice, that you may soon your theme resume.
We came indeed from a far distant world,
Where all the planets of your system were
Invisible, and where your sun appeared
As a dim star of smallest magnitude ;
Yet we heard something of the earth ; and we

Believe the great and wondrous plan of man's
Redemption, by the Son of God, has been
To saints, in very many worlds, made known.

“ The moral government, which, in our world,
God exercised, was not just of that form
Which on your earth prevailed. It was the same
In principle, and tended to promote
As much the interests of holiness ;
But, in its adaptation to our state
It differed much, from what it was with you.
That holy law of God, which you received,
And which required you God, with the whole heart,
To love, and, as yourselves, your fellow men,
Was also given to us. God's holy law,
Though modified in its particulars,
According to the state of those to whom
'Tis given, is certainly the law of all
In their probationary state ; and all,
Who have, like us and you, arrived in Heaven.

“ With us, there was not, as there was with you,
A federal head, in whom all were to stand
Or fall ; but, from the first, each one was made
Of others independent, and was held
For none, but for himself, responsible.
All underwent a trial ; and our state
Was but probationary, while in our
Own world we staid. When the fidelity
Of any one to his Creator had,
By a long trial, been most fully proved ;
He gained the great reward, a place in Heaven.
This proof of approbation was, on both
Of us, bestowed ; yet sinless though we were,
We, like you men, all merit must disclaim ;
Our preservation we to God ascribe.

“ But, in our world, though many faultless were,
Passed through their whole probationary state
Without a stain, and then, like us, obtained
The bliss of heaven ; yet all were not thus pure.
Too many fell before temptation’s power :
Some in their youth, and some in riper age,
When they appeared to have quite steadfast grown.
You, that have felt the power of sin, and known
How easily it did o’er men prevail,
Will not be much surprised to hear, that some,
E’en in a world where perfect saints were found,
Did from the path of rectitude depart.
That men were not the only sinners, you,
While on the earth you dwelt, well knew ; you knew
Who Adam’s tempter was ; you all believed,
That long ere Adam sinned, and long indeed
Ere God the earth prepared for man’s abode,
Satan and his apostate angels fell.
In what part of the universe, they first
God’s laws transgressed, we do not now enquire.
If, as some men believed, they sinned in heaven ;
Or if, as others thought, some other world
Or worlds the scenes of their transgressions were ;
Whatever place was the locality,
You know, that sin was not to earth confined.
We have not heard of sin in many worlds ;
The races of immortal beings are,
We trust, but few that have against our God
Rebelled. In this, both you and we rejoice ;
Nay, all in heaven are prompt to wish, that sin
Had never in the universe appeared :
For why should creatures, their Creator’s laws
Transgress ? laws made their welfare to promote,
And raise them to this state of bliss in heaven ?

But though we creatures think and reason thus,
 The wisdom of our God we cannot doubt.
 If sin has entered some few worlds, we know
 There is a depth of wisdom in his ways,
 Which saints in heaven, with all their wondrous powers
 To fathom fully, are incompetent.
 If sin had not, in any world, been found,
 Its evil would have been to all unknown,
 But now, that sin a mighty evil is,
 All see ; and all the saints in heaven can feel
 More deeply, than if sin had not been known,
 Their obligations to the love of God ;—
 That love, which either kept them quite unstained,
 Or pardoned their transgressions, and brought them,
 Renewed in mind, to share the joys of heaven.

“ But you perhaps will ask : Was merey shown
 To the transgressors in your world, as God
 Showed merey to us men ? And if it was,
 How was that merey made to harmonize
 With justice, hatred to all sin, and God’s
 Unalterable love to holiness,
 As they, in man’s salvation, all appear ?
 God did, to the transgressors of our race,
 Great mercy show ; and showed it in a way,
 Which fully proved his hatred to all sin,
 And love of holiness ; and showed that he
 Had, in no way, his justice compromised.
 You men are right, when you assert, that God
 Does not his merey show at the expense
 Of awful justice and of holiness ;
 To do so would dishonour his great name,
 And show him quite indifferent to sin.
 You say, that, in the great and wondrous plan
 Of man’s salvation, justice has received

Full satisfaction through the sacrifice
Of Jesus Christ ; and you, of course, suppose,
That God, in every plan, which he may form,
For the salvation of transgressors vile,
Must an equivalent to this provide.
This we admit ; and though, to men on earth,
It was impossible e'en to conceive
Another plan, by which transgressors might,
Consistently with God's great attributes,
Be saved ; yet that, which was impossible
With men, was not impossible with God.
He could, for many worlds, did need require,
And he see fit, plans of salvation form,
Which while they should the riches of his grace
Reveal, should be, in harmony complete,
With both his justice, and his holiness.
To saints on earth, little of other worlds
Was known ; we were with larger knowledge bless'd.
We knew, of course, the glorious plan, by which
The sinners of our race were saved : and we
Of man's salvation, by the death of Christ
The Son of God, who bore the sins of men,
Some pleasing information did obtain.
Nor were we wholly ignorant of things,
Which had occurred in several other worlds ;
But on these points, I must not now enlarge.
All the particulars of God's great plan,
By which he saved the sinners of our race,
I would to you make known ; but I am pledged
To brevity, that you, with short delay,
May, with your theme of Paradise, proceed.
Suffice it, for the present then to say,
That the great plan, by which our gracious God
Did save the sinners of our race, was based

On the same principles as that, which he
For man's salvation did appoint. It showed,
That there must be such satisfaction made
For sin, as would, the holy character
Of God, from all aspersion free ; and proved,
To all the evil which there is in sin.
Thus while God's gracious plan adapted was
To the transgressor's wretched state, and hope
Of pardon gave ; it left his holiness,
And awful justice unimpeached ; and showed,
That he, who rich in mercy is, must still,
As God the just and holy, be adored.
Thus those who fell a second trial had ;
And many were from their lost state reclaimed ;
And, by the aid which God afforded them,
Adhered to truth and holiness, and gained
At last the Heavenly prize. Those, of our race
In Heaven, who sinners were, are quite prepared
To join with you in praising that rich grace,
Which snatched them from destruction's yawning gulf ;
Pardoned their sins ; their minds renewed ; and them,
Through many dangers, safely brought to Heaven.
And think not, brethren, that we boast because
We have not sinned ; as we all merit, so
All boasting we disclaim. If they, extol
The love of God, who have from sin been saved,
And suffering its sad fruit ; much more ought we,
Who have from sin and suffering both been kept,
His love and goodness highly to adore.
Both we and you to God's great love, for all
Our happiness indebted stand ; but which
Of us, you, who have sinned and been forgiv'n,
Or we, who have from every sin been kept,
Are most insolvent, it is hard to say.

It is the creed of Heaven, and we to it,
Most heartily, subscribe, that all the saints,
Those who have sinned, and those who ne'er have sinned,
Owe all their happiness to God's great love.

“ But though great numbers, in our world, who fell,
Did thus to God return, and, on his terms,
For mercy seek, and so were saved ; there were
Too many found who, having sinned, refused
The offered grace. Some, in their pride of heart,
Would not their crimes confess, or would not own
That they were wholly criminal. They thought,
The blame belonged in part, at least, to God ;
That while they faulty were, God's holy law
Too much of them required, and threatened them
With punishment, much too severe, for faults
So light as theirs. By views like these deceived,
And thinking that the terms too humbling were,
The offered mercy they declined to accept,
Yet hoped eternal ruin to escape.
They thought indeed, that God to meet their case,
Would modify his law, and would, where they
Had erred, each palliating circumstance
Take into the account ; and thus, their faults
Reduced almost to none, he never would,
They said, his anger on them pour ; but, full
Of mercy, to his favour, would them all
Restore, and bring them all at last to Heaven.
I need not tell you, that their hopes were vain ;
For well you know, that, mercy spurned, justice
Must doubly claim the rebel's punishment.

“ Others there were, who, on their awful state,
But little thought ; their minds were occupied
With other things. Some to amusement gave
Their precious time ; some laboured for a name ;

Some other things pursued ; but all agreed,
That what of good our world afforded was
The *only* good ; and that a future world,
Of bliss or wo, to which, at some time unknown,
And far remote, 'twas said, awaited them,
Was too uncertain to engage their thoughts.
And there were many, in our world, that saw
Their danger great, and oft resolved, that they
Would soon repent ; but such their love of sin,
They every resolution broke, and were,
Before they turned to God and sought his grace,
Removed into another world, where God
Would hear no prayers, and mercy grant to none.

“ But it is time to state explicitly,
That, with the sinners of our world, the plan
Of God was parallel to that, which he,
Adopted with you men. When they had pass'd
The time of their probation, whether they,
The terms of grace accepted had, or had,
Down to the last, those terms refused, they were
Removed into another world, where those,
Who had sought mercy, were in comfort placed ;
And those, who had the offered grace refused,
In misery. And there they all remained
Till God saw fit to close the scene, and say,
Our race should, in their native world, exist
No more ; but should, according to their works,
Be judged and fixed in their eternal state.
Then came that great event, our judgment day.
All we in Heaven, and all, yet in our world,
Who had not sinned, were summoned to attend ;
Not to be judged, for none of us had e'er
God's holy law transgressed ; but that we might,
The justice and the holiness of Him,

Attest, whom one, of your own race, has styled
‘The Judge of all.’ His summons we, in Heaven,
Most joyfully obeyed ; and at the place
Of judgment met, all those from our own world,
A happy, numerous host, who from the love
Of God and holiness, had never swerved.
And O ! what boundless joy filled every heart,
When, from our race, all, that had sinless been,
Did thus, in one vast multitude appear !
To mutual congratulations, we,
But a short time, had given, when, to that place,
Were brought, all those remaining in our world,
And all that had, when their probation closed,
Been from our world removed, and placed in that,
Which God had destined for their residence,
Until the judgment day ;—all these, whether
They had for mercy sought, or, to the last,
In sin had lived, were thither brought, and there,
In one vast multitude, collected stood,
Awaiting the award of Him, whose word
Quite irreversible, would raise them up
To everlasting bliss, or sink them down
To everlasting wo. There was no fear
In those, who had to God been reconciled ;
They waited the event with holy joy ;
For God had promised, all that should accept
His offered grace, a place in Heaven ; and well
They knew, his gracious promise could not fail.
The wicked trembled all ; and much did they
Regret their many sins, and most of all,
Their cold neglect of that free pardon, which
The grace of God so long had offered them.

“ Strong angels were commissioned to divide
The multitude, into two separate parts.

This done, an angel's tongue aloud proclaimed :
' He comes, He comes !' A joyful shout was heard,
From myriads of mighty angels bright,
And instantly the Majesty of Heaven
Appeared. In a large space, that intervened
Between the rebels and the reconciled,
The symbol of his awful presence stood.
On one side, towards the reconciled, there was
A dazzling glory, like that seen around
The throne in Heaven ; but on the other side,
Towards all the rebel throng, a dreadful cloud,
Blacker than tenfold night, was seen ; from which
Most awful thunders rolled, and lightnings flashed,
So terrible, that every rebel there
Was quite unnerved, and trembled every limb.
Then we, who had not sinned, were called to take
Our place among the angels, while a voice,
From the bright glory, loudly did express
The Almighty's approbation of our ways.
Next a majestic, yet a friendly voice,
More sweetly toned than all the harps of Heaven,
Was heard absolving those, who had, to God,
From sin's destructive ways, returned,—had sought
His grace, and had their purity and love
To Him, by subsequent obedience, shown.
They were then called our company to join,
Who with the angels stood ; and were assigned,
With us, a share in all the joys of Heaven.
O ! what delight we felt, to see restored,
To the full favour of our God, and raised
To an equality with us, in bliss
And holiness, our erring brethren, who,
We once, had feared would be for ever lost !
Then from the black and fiery cloud, which towards

The rebels was, a voice more terrible
Than all the thunders of the universe
Combined, was heard addressing them in words
Like these : ‘ Rebels accursed, who have my law
Transgressed, and spurned my offered grace, depart
From me, and take your portion in the lake
Of everlasting fire : there you will reap
The just reward of all your evil deeds.’
The sentence pass’d, by angel guards conveyed,
And thunders loud pursued, they were compelled
To enter that most dread abode of wo,
Where torment and despair for ever reign.
We then, in company with angels bright,
And all of our own race, who had been saved,
Returned to Heaven. Thus from our sinful world,
As from your earth, and many other parts
Of this vast universe, millions of saints
Partake in the eternal bliss of Heaven.

“ Our judgment-day is but of recent date ;
It came long after your great judgment-day ;
And all those of our race, that fell, but were,
Through God’s rich grace, restored, are found among
The junior inhabitants of Heaven.
Both in your world and ours, as I have heard,
The Great Creator has new races formed,
Beings, who firm in the allegiance stand ;
And O ! may sin no more, in any world,
His great and glorious works deform ; but all,
Whom he has made, return to him that love
And honour, which he does so justly claim.
Now brother, I desist, and wait to hear
What you, concerning Paradise, can tell.”

The speaker then, of Adam’s race, replied,
To these two saints from the far distant world,

In manner thus, and then his theme resumed.

“ Beloved saints, for this short narrative,
We sons of Adam, once defiled with sin,
Do thank you much ; and much we thank our God
For bringing us, once rebels, to this place
Of boundless happiness, and elevating us
To an equality with blessed saints,
Who have their pristine holiness preserved
Unsullied. O ! that men had done the same !
But O ! what depths of mercy, and of love
Are found in Him, who pardons rebels thus !
Men were all rebels ; none, in our lost world,
Were good ; not so in yours ; there many were,
Who had not been defiled by sin. That God,
In such a world as yours, should mercy show,
I wonder not ! but O ! I wonder much,
That to a world, so full of sin as ours,
He should rich mercy show ; and higher still
My wonder rises, when I view the way,
In which he has, to our apostate race,
That mercy shown. He he did his love to men,
By the rich gift of his beloved Son,
Commend, to die for us, and bear the load
Of all our sins, while we were enemies,
And had not once his gracious aid implored.
You told us of rich mercy shown to those,
Who, in your world, had sinned against their God ;
But told us not, that God had sent his Son
To die for them, that, by his precious blood,
They, from the wrath to come, might be redeemed.
Perhaps this highest favour was reserved
For men ; but why for men alone ? The thought
Astonishes ! Were men alone redeemed
At such a price ? O ! why this vast expense

For man ! Dear Saviour, now thy love appears
Greater and more exalted than before.

“ But now, as ’tis your wish, beloved saints,
And yours, my brethren of the human race,
I will my theme of Paradise resume.
The topic I propose to handle first
Is this, The History of Jesus Christ,
As it with Paradise connected stands.

“ As saints on earth an expectation had,
Founded upon the promises divine,
That a great Saviour would sometime appear,
To bear the sins of men, and the clear light
Of heavenly truth diffuse around ; so saints
In Paradise, as you may well suppose,
The same event did joyfully expect.
Were not the saints of ancient days all there ?
And had they not, on earth, in Him, who was
To come, believed ? Were *they* not also there,
Who, by the Holy Spirit moved, had, while
On earth, the blessed Saviour’s advent, death,
And wide-extended, glorious reign, foretold ?
Could they forget what they had been inspired
To tell ? Could prophets, or could any saints,
In Paradise, to an event so great,
Which was, they knew, a ruined world to save,
Indifferent be ? and an event, on which,
For they had sinned, they did themselves rely,
As the sure ground of all their brightest hopes ?
No ! this event did occupy the minds
Of all, in Paradise, thousands of years,
Before the Son of God the human form
Assumed. From Adam downwards, each one spoke
Of it with interest deep, and wondered much
At the great mystery, which, well they knew,

Human redemption would at length involve ;
For it had been made known by men inspired,
That the great Saviour would Immanuel,—
The Mighty God, be called ; and yet would be
The Son of Man,* and of a virgin born.
Often did Noah, Moses, Abraham,
Isaiah, Micah, David, Daniel,
And other saints and prophets, meet to hold
Discourse about the work, the Saviour would
On earth perform. They bent their powerful minds,
To penetrate the sense of Holy Writ ;
To understand the Holy Spirit's words,
Which, some of them, by his direction, had,
On earth, recorded. Ancient prophets saw
Much light, upon their own predictions, thrown,
By those of their successors, who, inspired,
The great Messiah had, like them, foretold.
Prophets and saints of every age, all found
It good this subject to investigate ;
For they perceived, the more research they made,
The more they understood ;—new light, which filled
The mind with joy, was always their reward.

“There was an ancient saint in Paradise,
Who showed, that, in the wonderful plan of man's
Redemption, he the deepest interest felt.
Of every prophet he would earnestly,
The meaning of his prophecies inquire ;
Would ask a thousand questions, as to time,
And place, and every other circumstance
Connected with the Saviour of our race,
And the salvation, which he would effect.

* Dan. vii. 13. And I saw, in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, &c.

This ancient saint, while he abode on earth,
Could little learn of that surprising way,
In which our God intended to reveal
His grace to man ; and less could he observe
To what extent that mercy would be shown.
Hence, he, from other saints, would learn as much
As possible, both of the plan itself,
And of its grand development, as shown
In the great numbers saved. You will not feel
Surprised, that this one saint should every saint
In Paradise excel, in deep concern
For man's salvation, when I say, he was
Our race's Ancestor,—Adam our head,
By whose transgression we had fallen, and lost
The image of our God. He ne'er forgot,
No ! not in Paradise, where he was safe
And happy too, the mischief he had done.
With what delight he saw each human soul
Arrive in Paradise, or heard the news,
That many, on the earth, had turned to God,
And sought forgiveness through the Saviour's blood,
No tongue can tell. So great the joy he felt,
At God's rich mercy to his fallen race,
He seemed the happiest saint in Paradise.
Oft have I seen him, and our mother Eve,
Listening, with utmost feeling, to the speech
Of one, who lately had from earth arrived ;
And who, of the Redeemer's widening reign
And the salvation of immortal souls,
Extensive information could impart.
From such a one, they could not separate,
Till, of intelligence he could no more
Communicate. And if, at any time,
Adam alone heard happy news from earth ;

Quickly he would our common mother seek,
And tell her all ; or bring her to the saint,
Who had to him the information given,
That, from his lips, she might the tidings hear.

“ At length, the time the Father had ordained,
For the appearance of his Son on earth,
Arrived. The Word was then made flesh, and dwelt
With men. His advent, by an angel bright,
To some poor shepherds was announced, who kept,
Near Bethlehem, watch o’er their flocks by night.
At the same time, the shepherds heard a host
Of angels sing : ‘ Glory to God who dwells
In Heaven ; peace now will reign on earth ; for God,
By this great gift, has shown good will to man.’
If then, to men on earth, who sinners were,
The Saviour’s advent was thus gloriously
Announced ; surely more glory would attend
Its full annunciation to the saints
In Paradise ! Their sinless state may us
Induce to think, that the angelic hosts,
In greater numbers, would be sent to them,
And with more ample information too.
Such was the case ; the Almighty gave command,
To one of highest rank, among the hosts
Of angels, that stood round his throne, to go
To his beloved saints in Paradise,
And there, with strong expressions of his love,
Announce the glorious news ; and take with him,
Many angelic bands to celebrate
That great event, in form and manner due.
This order gave most exquisite delight ;
The heavenly hosts were instantly on wing ;
They felt it a high privilege to be
Allowed to bear the messages of God

To Paradise, and hold sweet intercourse
With human saints. Arrived, the spirits just
Were all invited to attend and hear
A gracious message brought to them from Heaven.

“ ‘ Beloved saints,’ the Angel Chief began,
‘ We are commissioned, from the throne in Heaven,
To offer new assurance of the love
Of God to you, and to your race on earth ;
And lo ! we bring you proof, unknown before,
Of God’s rich mercy to the sons of men.
The Saviour, who has been so long foretold,
Of whom you much have thought, and much conversed,
And much inquired, has, on the earth, the form
Of man assumed, and been of woman born.
He, Satan’s kingdom, will destroy ; restore
Lost men to happiness and God ; and will,
Of sinful men, unnumbered millions bring
To share, with us, the eternal bliss of Heaven.
Adam, this Saviour is the woman’s seed,
Destined the Serpent’s head to bruise, as thou
In Eden heardst foretold. O Abraham !
This is thy promised seed, of which, to thee,
’Twas said, “ In Him all nations shall be bless’d,”
Whose day thou saw’st, and didst so much rejoice.
This, Jacob, is thy Shiloh, and to him
The gath’ring of the people soon shall be.
This, Moses, is the prophet, like to thee,
Whom all thy people are required to hear.
This, David, is the Branch from Jesse’s roots ;
Thy son, who, on thy throne, shall ever reign.
This, Micah, is the Prince of Bethlehem,
Who now shall rule his people Israel.
This, O Isaiah, is the virgin’s son,
The wondrous child, who is the Mighty God,

The everlasting Father, Prince of peace.
 Yes, Zechariah, this is he, whom thou
 Jehovah's Shepherd and his Equal too
 Didst name ; He, whom Jehovah's sword will smite.
 See, Daniel, thy weeks are now fulfilled ;
 The Prince Messiah has appeared ; and he,
 As thou didst say, will surely be cut off,
 Not for his own sins, but for those of men.
 As thou, Isaiah, didst predict, he will,
 The sins of men, upon him take ; will make
 His life a sacrifice, that, by his blood,
 Sinners of every kind may be redeemed.
 And when he shall that sacrifice have made ;
 His soul, just like the souls of all the saints,
 Will come to Paradise. Yes ! you at length
 Will see him here, and with him will discourse.
 This then, beloved saints, is the glad news
 We bring ; and now the progress of events
 To watch, and learn, as much as possible,
 What this great Saviour does on earth, will be
 Your constant care, your sweet employ ; and know,
 That we, though not by him to be redeemed,
 Shall, to these things, our close attention give.'

“ He ceased, and all the saints in Paradise
 Their voices raised in notes of highest praise.
 They sang the wondrous love of God to man,
 Shown in the gift of his beloved Son,—
 His only Son, to save a ruined world.
 In holy wonder lost, the Saviour's grace,
 They sang ;—how he, the Son of God, in form
 Divine, the human nature had assumed ;
 How he, beyond expression wonderful,
 Would give his life to ransom guilty men.
 Never before did ardent love to God,

And his beloved Son, so much, their minds
Inflame. The angels caught the holy fire ;
Ten thousand voices of angelic sound,
With a full myriad of heavenly harps,
Strung to their sweetest notes, did all at once
Join this delightful song. And now, the saints
In Paradise a foretaste had of joys,—
Celestial joys, they were to feel, when they,
In company with the angelic choirs,
Should sing around the Almighty's throne in Heaven.
The angels too, on this occasion learned,
What they before had not so fully known,
That the society of human saints,
With their sweet songs to the Redeemer's praise,
Would greatly swell the tide of bliss in Heaven.

“The spirits lost, beyond the gulf, observed,
That there was something new in Paradise ;
They caught a glimpse of the angelic hosts,
And heard some parts of that new song, in which
Angels, with all the spirits just, had joined ;
And as they knew a Saviour would on earth
Appear, they soon conjectured, that he had,
As was expected, his appearance made.
Conjecture soon to certainty gave place ;
For an apostate angel came from earth,
And loud proclaimed, to all in Tartarus,
That the expected Saviour had on earth,
In human shape, appeared, and that he bore
The name of God's own Son. Great was the effect
On all, which this intelligence produced.

“Some human spirits lost, with envy filled,
Wished that no Saviour had appeared. ‘ ’Twould give
Us joy,’ said they, ‘ to know, that none will e'er
Be saved. Why should not all, as well as we,

To this vile place of torment come? If we
Are doomed to suffer for our sins, why should
Not all, for all, as well as we, have sinned?
We cannot bear this partiality;
Our torments are increased by seeing those,
In Paradise, called saints; many of whom,
As we well know, were once as bad as we.
Why then this mighty difference now? Why should
Not they, who have, as much as we, the laws
Of God transgressed, suffer as much as we?
Or why are we not placed in Paradise,
As well as they? But we are well aware,
That if a Saviour has appeared, still more
And more will now be saved; while we, as much
Deserving of a Saviour's grace as they,
Are left without a single ray of hope;—
Left, but to suffer more by being placed
In this most cruel contact with the saved.
Others there were, who less of envy showed,
But uttered loud complaints, that they had passed
Their time on earth, before the Saviour's days.
'Had we but seen and known him,' they exclaimed,
'We would have been among the first to ask
His aid. Why did we not, on earth, enjoy
An opportunity of being saved,
Like what men now, on earth, enjoy? They can,
The Saviour's face behold; can daily hear
His gracious words, and ask his help; but we,
During our stay on earth; did never once
His face behold, nor did we ever know,
With certainty, that God would send to earth
One, who would be the Saviour of mankind.
We ought to be allowed to live on earth
Again, a second trial to receive;

For never have we had it in our power
Salvation to obtain. Could we avail
Ourselves of his assistance, who, to us,
Under the name of Saviour, was not known?
Let us be fairly tried, by being placed,
Where we can on this Saviour call and beg
Him to deliver us; if then not saved,
The blame most justly on ourselves will fall.
But soon, all these complaints, against the ways,
Of God, were silenced by a voice, well known.
On earth, the voice of conscience called. That voice,
The spirits lost, did thus address: 'Complain
Not of your lot; your punishment is just;
You, while on earth, disliked the light you had;
That light received and followed, you would now
Have been among the saved; but from that light,
You turned; you closed your eyes; you would not see.
That line of conduct, which, you knew, was wrong,
You did prefer to that, which you well knew,
Was right; and when I, as God's monitor,
Did strong remonstrance make, you would not hear.
Cease then to cast the blame on God; for you,
In the right path, refused to walk. I am
A witness here for God, that you are lost
Through love of sin, and hatred of the light.'

"Among the fallen angels too, the Saviour's birth,
No small excitement caused. 'O! why should man,'
Said some, 'a Saviour have? Is man, so vile,
In any way, more excellent than we?
Is not his rank far lower than is ours?
And can it then be just or wise in him,
Whom we must, our Creator, call, to leave,
In foul disgrace and hopeless misery,
His creatures of superior rank, while he,

His favour, lavishes, at vast expense,
Upon that despicable creature man?
Is man at all, in moral character,
Superior to us? Admit that we
Are rebels;—is not man a rebel too?
Can he deserve more favour than than we?
Strange! strange indeed! that God should pass us by,
Who once were angels great in power, and great
In ruin even now, and send his only Son
To save that puny, earth-born creature man?
Others exclaimed: ‘A Saviour given to men!’
‘’Tis all pretence; ’tis but a show of grace;
Few will be saved. Look at the numbers here
Already lost, and see how very few
There are in Paradise. If to save men
Is truly God’s design; why does he not
Then save, at least, the great majority,
And leave but few, and those the very worst,
His everlasting vengeance to endure?
Besides, if God will save, he must do more,
Than merely give a Saviour to mankind;
That gift alone, great as it seems, cannot,
Salvation to one human soul, ensure.
We know, that men, left to themselves, will not,
Though grace be offered them, that grace accept,
Be reconciled to God, and so be saved.
No! men are too depraved; we have rebelled,
And inclination leads them to take part
With us. We have o’er them so far prevailed,
That they prefer to live and die in sin:
O! fear not then, that many will be saved.
But granting, men should be inclined to turn
To God; who can, with certainty, affirm,
That this now boasted Saviour ne’er

Will from his purpose swerve ? If he as 'tis
Supposed, has solemnly engaged to bear
The sins of men, to suffer in their stead ;
May he not, in the trying hour, decline
The engagement he has made ? We know, alas !
By sad experience taught, 'tis no light thing
To bear the wrath of God ;—that punishment,
Which, we are told, justice requires, that all,
Who violate his laws should bear. Has then
This Saviour great, enough of fortitude,
And love to man, to bear the load of wrath,—
That overwhelming load, which is, as God
Affirms, the just desert of men ? Is it
Not likelier far, that, terrified at what
He must endure, He will, the Saviour's work,
Renounce ? And can you think, that our great Chief,
Who led the first of human kind astray,
And thus established his long reign on earth,
Of this attempt his kingdom to destroy,
Will be an unconcerned spectator ? No !
Prepare to hear, that, by well chosen wiles,
He has, this boasted Saviour, dared to assail ;
And who can tell but, as he did succeed
With the first head of men, the same success
May now attend his efforts to seduce
This second Head of the whole human race ?
A double victory, we shall then obtain.
Thus, in the minds of rebel angels, dawned
A gleam of hope ; but, blessed be our God,
Their hopes were vain. He laid our help on one,
Who mighty was to save ;—who, though assailed
By Satan's utmost skill and power, yet proved
Victorious ; whose love to sinful man
So great and ardent was, that, when the cup

Of wrath, the penalty for human guilt,
Into his hands was put, he did not swerve,
But, with unwavering purpose, drank the whole.
Thus he, by his great sacrifice, has brought
Millions of men to these fair realms of bliss,
To sing his power and grace for evermore.

“ But a short time had pass’d, ere there arrived
In Paradise, a very aged saint,
Called Simeon. He soon became of note
Among the saints : for he could say : ‘ I have,
On earth, the Saviour seen ; the Heavenly babe
I, in my arms, have held. ‘ The Holy Ghost,’
Said he, ‘ assured me, that I should not die,
Until I had the Lord’s anointed seen.
I waited long, until old age came on ;
And much I longed to enter on my rest,
But I could not contentedly submit
To death, before that long expected sight,
The Saviour’s face, had bless’d my mortal eyes.
One day, the Holy Spirit led me up
Into the temple ; and, while there I saw
Two persons bring a lovely babe, to do
For him according as the law required ;
When lo ! the Spirit to me said, ‘ This babe
Is He ; behold in him the virgin’s son,
And yet the mighty God. He shall atone
For human guilt, by suffering in the stead
Of sinful men ; for thus, by me inspired,
The holy prophets long have taught.’ I took
The holy child into my arms, and said,
‘ The God of Israel be for ever bless’d,
Who has to me his holy word fulfilled ;
My eyes, O Lord, have thy salvation seen ;
That glorious light, thou hast prepared to shine

Upon the nations of the earth, and which
Thine Israel's glory too shall be ; and now
'Thou dost permit me to depart in peace,
According to thy word.' I home returned ;
And there, in holy peace, and wondering much
At God's rich grace to man, soon yielded up
The ghost ; little expecting, I should bring
Such tidings as would give this holy joy
To you, beloved saints, in Paradise.'
This information, little as it was,
Not only gave delight, but in each mind
Produced an ardent wish for more. Henceforth,
Whoever came from earth, was questioned much
Respecting what he of the Saviour knew ;
And all he knew, he gladly did impart ;
But, at that time, few holy souls arrived
In Paradise. All nations, but the Jews,
Did then in darkness sit ; and they, though God's
Own people called, with few exceptions, were
Mere formalists ; they had the oracles
Of God, but did not understand their sense,
Nor worship him in spirit and in truth.
The moral state of earth was bad indeed,
And plainly showed how much a Saviour's aid
Was needed ; this, the saints, in Paradise,
Well knew ; and, for that very reason, felt
The deepest interest in the Saviour's work.
Angels, that came to Paradise, had told,
That he was growing up to man ; that he
Would, at a proper time, before the world
Appear ; assume a public character ;
Such doctrines teach, such miracles perform,
As would all people with amazement fill.
From that time all the saints desired to hear,

He had his public ministry commenced :
 And they, at length, in this were gratified :
 For there arrived a saint from earth, who said,
 ‘ The Saviour has commenced his great career,
 And thousands flock to hear his gracious words ;’
 But for particulars, they had to wait
 Till John the Baptist came. Few e’er arrived
 In Paradise, whose coming caused so much
 True joy as his ; for of the Saviour, much
 Had he to tell ; his narrative ran thus :

“ ‘ Dearly beloved saints, it great delight
 To me affords, to dwell upon a theme
 So full of interest to us sinful men.
 Without this blessed Saviour, and his love
 To us, where should we have now been ? Not here,
 In rest and peace ; but there, among the lost,
 In torments and despair. The Saviour bears,
 On earth, as you perhaps have heard, the name
 Of Jesus Christ. Soon after he was born,
 The wicked Herod, who, the sceptre held,
 In Israel’s land, a cruel effort made
 To take his life. Hearing, that in the town
 Of Bethlehem, as Micah had foretold,
 Christ had been born ; he sent his messengers
 With orders, all the tender babes, to slay,
 Which, in that town or near it, they could find.
 But who the purposes of God can thwart,
 Or his designs of mercy counteract ?
 Before those cruel messengers arrived,
 The infant Saviour thence had been removed.
 Warned by an angel, Joseph, who by some
 Was thought his father, had, by speedy flight
 With child and mother into Egypt, him
 In safety placed. There they, till Herod’s death,

Remained ; then, by an angel warned, again
Mother and child he took, and to the land
Of Israel returned, and in a town
Called Nazareth abode ; where Jesus long,
With Joseph and his mother Mary, lived.
This pious couple, to Jerusalem,
To worship God, their yearly visits paid.
At twelve years old, Jesus their son, as he
Was called, went with them to the solemn feast ;
And, in the temple, held discourse with men
Renowned for knowledge in the law of God ;
His understanding, and his answers such,
That all men heard with great astonishment.
With Joseph and his mother, he returned
To Nazareth ; and there, in poverty,
And great obscurity, with them remained ;
And by his labour earned his daily food.
Such was his mode of life, till he had reached,
Or nearly so, the age of thirty years.

“ But I must now a short digression make,
And tell you something of myself ; because
My history with that of Jesus Christ,
For a short period of his public life,
Connected is. I am the person, who,
Under Elijah’s name, by Malachi
Was once foretold ; and I am he, of whom
Isaiah, in this manner wrote ; ‘ The voice
Of one, who crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare Jehovah’s way ;—a straight highway
Make in the desert, for our God.’ I was,
Just as the prophet’s words import, before
Messiah sent, his coming to proclaim,
That so the hearts of men might be prepared
Him, and his holy doctrines, to receive.

To fit me for this great and arduous work,
I, from my birth, was with the Spirit filled.
And at the proper time, I was called forth,
From the lone deserts where I lived, and sent,
By God, to preach repentance, and baptize ;
And testify to all, the near approach
Of that great kingdom, which, as Daniel taught,*
The God of heaven would, on the earth, erect.
In many places, and to numbers great,
'The coming Saviour, I proclaimed. 'Repent,'
I said, 'for Heaven's great kingdom is at hand ;
Prepare that great Messiah to receive,
Whom you expect, and who will soon appear.'
Th' effect was great indeed ; for many, who,
Near Jordan lived, and in Jerusalem,
And numbers, from all parts of Judah's land,
Did to that ancient river come ; and there,
Their sins confessing, were by me baptized.

" Great was the pleasure, which I felt in this
Divine employ ; and while engaged, one day,
In preaching, and about to administer
To many candidates, then pressing round,
The ordinance divine. He whom I then
To all was preaching there, on Jordan's banks,
Before me stood. From distant Nazareth,
He had, to Jordan come, there to receive,
From my unworthy hands, that holy rite,
Which God required to be observed by all ;
And thus his Heavenly Father's will obey.
But when he made the mild request, that I
Would him baptize ; I did so conscious feel
Of my unfitness to administer
The holy rite to him, that I refused : ' I've need,'

* Daniel ii. 44.

Said I, 'to be baptized by thee ; why then
Dost thou, for baptism, thus to me apply ?'
The meek reply he gave, and reason strong,
Which he assigned, I never can forget ;
' Permit it now to be as I request,'
Said he, ' for it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness ; but if thou dost, to me,
This holy ordinance refuse, can I
Yield full obedience to the will of God ?'
I then consented, and, in Jordan's flood,
I did, the Saviour of the world, baptize.
The sacred rite performed, up from the flood,
He came, and, standing on the river's bank,
Offered a fervent prayer, which much surprised
Both me and all around. He prayed for me ;
For them ; and much he prayed with reference
To that great work he had, on earth, to do.
His prayer displayed the warmest love to God,
And the most pure benevolence to man ;
A prayer like that, in language so divine,
Had, not by mortal ears, been heard before.
He ceased ;—none moved ;—none spoke ;—but all appeared
Still to be listening to his Heavenly voice.
When all were sensible that he had done,
They still, both motionless and silent, stood,
As though expecting something wonderful.
While all stood thus, I lifted up my eyes,
And saw, descending from the parted sky,
A dove-like form, which did its course direct
Straight to the spot, where the great Saviour stood.
Soon, all this glorious sight beheld ; nor turned
From it their wondering eyes, until they saw
It rest upon his head ; then looks, with looks
Exchanged, astonishment, and holy fear

Expressed ; while each one said within himself,
‘ This something is from heaven.’ It something was
From heaven indeed ; it was the Holy Ghost ;
He thus himself to mortal eyes, displayed,
That, to the Saviour’s true divinity,
He might a powerful testimony bear.
While all in mute astonishment remained,
A voice from heaven was heard, as thunder loud,
Yet mild and in affection’s sweetest tone,
Which said : ‘ This is my well beloved Son,
In whom I much delight.’ Thus closed a scene,
To which no parallel on earth, is found.
On holy Sinai’s mount, as we all know,
The voice of God was once by thousands heard ;
But then it was a voice most terrible ;
While the whole mountain wrapped in clouds of smoke,
And trembling to its base,—the trumpet’s sound,
The thunders roar, and lightnings dreadful blaze,
His awful majesty displayed, and filled
Each heart with dread. That scene, though wonderful,
Did less of God, and of his love, reveal,
Than the mild, glorious scene on Jordan’s banks ;
For there, the Saviour stood, in human flesh,
Before our eyes ; there too, the Holy Ghost,
In a material shape, was seen ; and there,
The Father’s welcome voice, from Heaven, was heard.
Thus Father, Son and Holy Ghost were there,
At once, to mortal eyes and ears revealed.

“ Soon as the blessed Saviour was baptized,
Jordan he left ; and, by the Spirit led,
Into the wilderness retired ; where he,
Like Moses and Elijah, did a fast
Of forty days and forty nights maintain.
During that time, the tempter came to him,

Determined, as he had, with great success,
The first appointed head of men assailed ;
So he, the second constituted head
Of the whole human race, would sorely tempt :
Hoping, no doubt, to meet the same success.
The Saviour, though in human form, possess'd
The power, the approach of Satan, to forbid ;
But that he would not do ; he had resolved
To feel temptation's fiery darts, that he
To succour tempted men might be prepared.
Nor would he his almighty power exert,
Temptations to resist ; but, as a man,
He did the tempter meet ; the weapons, which
He used were such as men can use, and such
As our first parents should have used,—the words
Of God ; with only these, he the assault
Repelled, and gained a glorious victory.

“The Saviour then, to Jordan's banks returned ;
And, as I stood conversing with two men,
Whom I had just baptized, and telling them,
The sacrifices were but types of Him,
Who, by one sacrifice of greatest worth,
Would for the sins of men, atone, he there
Appeared ; and I, then pointing to him, said ;
'Behold the Lamb of God ! he will the sins,
Not only of the Jews, but of the world,
By his great sacrifice, remove.' These words,
They heard and followed him ; and, as I wished,
His true disciples, from that day, became.

“He now his public ministry commenced.
He preached repentance, just as I had done ;
And, like me too, the near approach of Heaven's
Great kingdom he announced. Men to him flocked ;
Professed his doctrine to receive, and were

By his disciples, at his word, baptized.
 Some, who the name of my disciples bore,
 And for my fame were far too much concerned,
 Were roused to jealousy; they came to me,
 And, in a tone of loud complaint, me thus
 Addressed: 'Master,' said they, 'he who with thee
 Beyond the Jordan was, concerning whom
 Thou bearest witness, doth himself baptize,
 And all forsaking thee, resort to him.'
 'Take no offence,' said I, 'nor be surprised
 At this; for know, this popularity
 Is given to him from Heaven. Oft have I said,
 As you can witness: I am not the Christ,
 But only his forerunner; it is right,
 For he's the Christ, that all should go to him.
 He is the bridegroom, for the bride is his;
 And I am nothing but the bridegroom's friend;
 But as the bridegroom's friend, his voice to hear,
 Doth much rejoice; so, this good news to hear,
 That all men come to him, my joy fulfils.
 He must increase until he great becomes;
 I must decrease until I nothing am.
 He did from Heaven descend, hence, he must be
 Superior far to me, a worm of earth.
 You much regret, that all men come to him,
 But I do not; I wish, that all would come
 To him; but much I fear, that but a few
 Come to him, and his words of life receive.'

"Soon after this, my public course was closed.
 I ventured to reprove a wicked prince,
 For an adulterous intercourse; and he,
 For the supposed offence, in prison shut
 Me up; where I for a few months remained,
 And then his paramour solicited my death.

With her request the prince complied ; and sent,
No previous warning given, an executioner
To take my head. Thus suddenly I was,
From all the ills of life, released, and came,
Among the saints in Paradise, to dwell.
While in the prison, my disciples, whom
I often saw, told me of all they heard
Of the great Saviour, and his rising fame.
I saw, that they still felt too much respect
For me ; and that they could not bear to see
The preference, which many gave to him.
That they might see their error, and might be,
Of his Messiahship, convinced, I said
To two of them ; ‘ To Jesus go, and ask
Him, whether he the person is, for whom
We all have waited long, or whether we,
The advent of another, must expect.’
To their inquiry, no direct reply
He gave ; their prejudices he well knew ;
But to their eyes and understandings spoke.
Around him, at the time, there many were,
Who had infirmities or plagues, were blind,
Or were with demons vexed. Many of these,
While my disciples there remained, he healed.
They saw the blind receive their sight ; they saw
The cripples rise and walk ; they saw the deaf
With hearing bless’d ; and wild demoniacs,
They saw, to perfect sanity restored.
That done, the Saviour thus my messengers
Addressed : ‘ Go and tell John what you have seen
And heard ; say, that the blind their sight receive ;
Lepers are cleansed ; the dead to life are raised ;
And to the poor the gospel is proclaimed.’
He added, what upon their minds a deep

Impression made : ‘ And blessed is the man,
 Who on account of me, takes no offence.’
 Returned to me, their minds, I soon observed,
 A most important change had undergone.
 The miracles performed, the gospel preached,
 They soon, as I directed them, compared
 With what Isaiah wrote ;* and then a truth,
 Of which they had not duly thought before,—
 That I no miracle e’er wrought, rushed in
 Upon their minds ; and they became convinced,
 To my great joy, that Jesus is the Christ,
 And, from that day, received him as their Lord.

“ The miracles of Christ were numerous,
 And of the most stupendous kind ; so that,
 In all men, they astonishment produced.
 The ancient prophets miracles performed,
 In confirmation of the truths they taught ;
 Yet could we take, of all their miracles
 The aggregate, they fewer would appear,
 Than those, which Jesus, in one day, performed.
 Among his greatest miracles were these,
 Bestowing precious sight on one born blind ;
 Forming new limbs for those who had been maimed ;
 Raising the dead to life ; and, with a word,
 Expelling demons from the long-possessed.
 As specimens of his great miracles,
 Three of them I will now to you relate.

“ Jairus, a ruler of a synagogue,
 Whose daughter, then about twelve years of age,
 Lay at the point of death, to Jesus came ;
 And falling at his feet, addressed him thus :
 ‘ My daughter is about to die ; but come
 And lay thy hand on her, and she shall live.’

* Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6 ; lxi. 1, 2.

Immediately, he to the ruler's house
His course directed ; but upon the way,
He was, to work another miracle,
A little time detained. During this short
Delay, the ruler's daughter died ; and some
Came to inform him of that sad event,
Who said : ' Thy daughter is now dead, cease then,
Nor to the Teacher farther trouble give ?
Too late alas ! thou dost his aid implore.'
But here, the gracious Saviour interposed ;
And, to the mourning parent, kindly said ;
' Be not afraid ; firmly in me confide.'
This said, with three select disciples, he
In haste proceeded to the ruler's house.
Arriving, he reproved the noisy grief
Of those, who wept and wailed, and said to them ;
' The maiden is not dead, but sleeps ;'—a hint,
That she would soon awake ; but his kind words,
By all, were treated with supreme contempt.
He then the parents of the maiden took,
And the disciples, who with him had come,
Debarring others, and th' apartment sought,
In which the corpse was laid ; the maiden's hand
He took and said to her : ' Damsel, arise.'
She instantly arose and walked about.

" Another day, he to a city went
Called Nain ; and, just as he approached the gate,
A funeral procession issued forth ;
A widowed mother, to the silent grave,
Attended by her friends, was following
Her only son. He had to manhood grown,
And had become, of her declining years,
The nourisher, and her sole earthly prop ;
But he was gone, and much the mother wept.

Compassion moved the blessed Saviour's heart !
He to the widowed mother said : ' Weep not ;'
Then he approached the corpse (the bearers stood),
And thus he spoke : ' Young man, I say to thee,
Arise.' The dead sat up, began to speak ;
And, to his mother, Jesus him restored.

" Another miracle, which he performed,
Appeared to some more wonderful, than these.
He once crossed o'er the sea of Galilee,
Into the country of the Gadarenes,
To liberate a man from demons, who,
By a whole legion of them, was possessed.
Great was the dread these demons had of him ;
Though they so numerous were, they yet addressed
Him in the humblest tone. At his command
They all came forth ; owned him the Son of God ;
And begged, that he would not, before the time,
Torment them, nor command them to depart
Into the abyss ; for much they feared, that he,
In wretched Tartarus, would them confine,
Where they would suffer more than on the earth.
This was a scene of interest deep to man ;
For it exhibited, in a new light,
The Saviour's power, and clearly showed, that he,
Whom wicked angels, powerful though lost,
Do humbly supplicate, and so much dread,
Has over them unlimited control ;
Can on them endless punishment inflict,
And all his people, from their malice, save.
Thus then, the Saviour, while but man he seems,
Shows, that he has the mighty power of God :
Who then can doubt, that he can men redeem ?

" Here ended the long narrative, which John,
Of Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour, gave.

The saints in Paradise felt much delight,
At hearing these particulars. New themes
For conversation now they had ; for all,
That Jesus did and said, on earth, they felt
Important ; hence his actions, and his words,
In all their bearings, were discussed, compared
With what the prophets wrote, and understood,
Much better, than by any saints on earth.
Some almost wished they might to earth return,
Upon the Saviour to attend ; express
Their love to him in strongest terms ; hear all
He said, and witness all he did ; and thus,
Of things divine, their knowledge much increase.

“The wishes, of the saints in Paradise,
Were kindly noticed by our gracious God.
An order, from the throne in Heaven, allowed
Both Moses and Elijah to repair
To earth, that they, upon the holy mount,
Might, with the Saviour, have an interview,
As we, of Adam’s race, from scripture learn’d.
In this permission to revisit earth,
These holy prophets much rejoiced ; and felt,
That this selection was a favour great
Conferred on them. Each saint, in Paradise
Would have rejoiced, if the Almighty’s choice
Had fallen on him ; yet no one envied those,
On whom that favour great had been conferred ;
All owned, a wise selection had been made.
Swift was the flight of these two saints to earth ;
And when they reached the appointed place, they found
The Saviour pouring out his heart to God
In fervent prayer. That prayer concluded, he
With them, on points of greatest moment, held
A long discourse ; from which, with great delight,

They much important information gained.
 When they returned to Paradise, the saints
 Expressed an ardent wish to be informed
 Of all that had occurred. With this request,
 These holy prophets readily complied,
 And gave their fellow-saints this narrative.

“ Permission given for us to go, we soon
 On earth arrived ; and, on the appointed mount,
 The blessed Saviour found. He was engaged
 In fervent prayer, with three disciples near.
 At the first sight, we did not feel assured,
 That he the blessed Saviour was, so mean
 Did he appear ; but listening to his prayer,
 We felt convinced, he was the Son of God ;
 For none but he could, in that manner, pray.
 Struck with his mean appearance, and his prayer,
 We to each other said : ‘ O ! why did we,
 When we, on earth, abode, so much complain
 Of sorrow and distress ? And why, sometimes,
 Was earnest, persevering prayer, to have
 Our griefs removed, or gain the blessings sought,
 Esteemed almost an irksome task ? How does
 The blessed Saviour pray ! What love to God !
 What deep concern ! what mental agony !
 Yet what humility his prayers display !
 How light, how worthless do our prayers appear,
 Compared with his ! Could you, beloved saints,
 But hear him pray, as we have heard him, you,
 Of all your prayers, would feel as much ashamed,
 As we did feel of ours. His mean attire,
 His destitution of all earthly good,
 Could you behold, you’d feel convinced, that none,
 At deepest poverty, should e’er repine.

“ While we were listening to his fervent cries,

In his appearance, we, a sudden change,
Observed ; his countenance a glory bright
Assumed ; his raiment white and glittering
Became. When, from the attitude of prayer
He rose, he thus addressed us : ‘ I know well,
My saints, the motive pure, which prompted you
To wish an interview with me on earth.
My Heavenly Father did your wish approve ;
Hence, the permission to attend me here ;
Where you may see and learn what will to you,
And all in Paradise, much pleasure give.’
While he thus spoke, his mighty power caused us,
In human bodies, to appear, arrayed
In robes of glittering white like his ; that we
To his disciples might be visible.
Then, in their hearing, he conversed with us
About the work, which he to do had come
On earth ; and gave encouragement to us
To question him about that sacrifice,
Which he, for sin, will offer up. He spoke
Of it in substance thus : ‘ I shall,’ said he,
‘ After a little time, be put to death ;
Jerusalem, where prophets have too oft
Been slain, will, of my sufferings, be the scene.
The rulers and the priests will me reject,
And, to the Romans, will deliver me,
That by their hands, I may be crucified.
Upon the cross, I shall the sins of men,
In my own body, bear ; my Father’s wrath,
So justly merited by guilty men,
Will be poured out on me. I, in their stead,
His righteous anger will endure ; will make
My soul an offering for sin, that men,
The objects of my love, may be redeemed.

Thus all my saints, in Paradise, and all
 That will be saved, will, to my sacrifice,
 For all their happiness, indebted stand.
 The mighty debt is man's ; that debt, my aid
 Withheld, would sink him down to endless wo ;
 But I will it discharge ; and paid by me,
 Justice will then no more demand : what I
 Shall do will endless happiness ensure
 To all, who on my sacrifice rely.
 Tell my beloved saints, in Paradise,
 That, after death, my soul will go to them ;
 And, for a time, in Paradise remain.
 There will I tell them more of these great things,
 And of the happiness for them reserved.'

" While this discourse we heard, an ardent love
 To him our minds inflamed ; and we expressed
 Our great astonishment at his rich grace
 To sinful men. A little more he said,
 About that very great event, his death,
 And then we were dismissed. A cloud soon veiled
 Us from the sight of the much favoured three,
 Then with him in the mount. From that bright cloud,
 A voice proceeded, which, to them, these words
 Addressed : ' This is my well beloved Son ;
 Hear him.' Thus they were taught, as we supposed,
 Above all ancient prophets, to regard
 The Son of God. And O ! that all on earth
 Would reverence God's well beloved Son.
 Thus with the Saviour closed our interview,
 And we with much delight to Paradise
 Returned, to tell you what we saw and heard,
 And learn'd, on this our visit to the earth."

This narrative gave satisfaction great,
 To all the saints in Paradise, because

It, much new light, threw on the Saviour's state
On earth, and on that wond'rous sacrifice,
Which, for lost men's redemption, he resolved
To offer up; for nothing did their thoughts
So much engage, as his great work on earth.
They more its vast importance felt, than saints
On earth could feel, and their attention bent,
All the particulars of that great work
To know, and any information gained
Not only joy produced, but kindled up
In every heart, a flame of love to him,
Who for their sins was soon to suffer death.
Greatly did they rejoice to learn, that they,
His sacrifice performed, his sufferings o'er,
Would shortly have the pleasure to receive
His disembodied soul in Paradise.

The time appointed for that great event,
The blessed Saviour's death, at length arrived.
While on the cross he hung, an angel came
To Paradise, the sad, but joyful news
To bear, that all the saints might be prepared
The Saviour to receive. The angel thus
The saints in Paradise, addressed: 'I come,
Beloved saints, to tell you all, that now
The Saviour dies; and that in a few hours
He will be here. Last night, I was despatched
To earth to meet him in an olive grove,
Near to Jerusalem, to which, for prayer,
He at the hour of midnight, had retired.
Often had I been sent to him on earth,
And often heard his long and fervent prayers;
But what I heard last night surprised me much;
His earnestness and agony of mind
Became so great, that he perspired large drops

Of blood, which chased each other to the ground.
His manhood could not long that agony
Endure ; to strengthen him was the command,
Which I received ; that done, his mind grew calm,
And he, to meet his sufferings, stood prepared.
But what that dreadful agony of mind,
Could have produced ? As he had never sinned,
Why should he fear to die ? It was the dread
Of wrath divine, that overwhelmed his soul.
To what extent he had that wrath to bear,
No tongue of man nor angel can express.
How great must be the load of human guilt !
How great the punishment, which sin deserves !
How great the love of Him, who undertook
To suffer in the stead of guilty men !

“ His mind had just grown calm, when lo ! a band,
A traitorous disciple led them on,
To apprehend him came. To angels’ eyes
Astonishing ! he them allowed to bind
And lead him off, just like a common thief.
‘ This is,’ said he to them, ‘ your hour, in which
The prince of darkness may his power exert.’
They brought him to the hall of Caiaphas,
The chief of all the priests, a wicked man ;
Where he, reproaches, insults, spitting, blows,
From all, until the morning light, endured.
He was then led to Pilate’s bar, where he,
Assailed by public clamour, was condemned.
A wicked populace, by wicked priests
Urged on, his death required ; his judge declared
Him innocent ; yet, to oblige the priests
And multitude, doomed him to suffer death.
The sentence past, they quickly tie him up,
And, with their cruel scourges, tear his flesh ;

Then, on his head, a crown of thorns they place,
And, for a sceptre, in his hand a reed ;
Then, in derision, bow the knee ; then take
The reed, and, striking him upon the head,
Into his temples drive the piercing thorns.
O ! wicked men, who could have thought, that you
Would, in this manner, treat the Son of God,
Who went to earth your guilty souls to save !
Him, whom you crucify, angels adore.
At last they lead him to mount Calvary,
Where they, his hands and feet, nail to a cross ;
Then, setting up the cross, leave him, on it
Suspended, in great tortures to expire.
This scene I viewed ; and, could an angel weep,
I should, on Calvary, a flood of tears
Have shed. But patient was the Lamb of God ;
While they, his hands and feet with nails transfixed,
He for his murderers prayed : ‘ Father,’ said he,
‘ Forgive them, for they know not what they do.’
“ Beloved saints, the scene on Calvary
Was wonderful. I heard the scribes and priests
Revile the Saviour even on the cross.
‘ O ! if he be,’ said they, ‘ the Son of God,
The king of Israel, let him descend
Now from the cross, and we will him believe.’
But some there were, who smote their breasts, for grief,
At what they saw. His mother, and a few
Of his devoted followers stood near ;
And, by their looks, the deepest sorrow showed.
There too, I saw spectators stand, unseen
By mortal eyes ; the fallen angels stood
In numbers round ; and many of them were
The very demons, he had once expelled.
Now they exulted : ‘ See,’ said they, ‘ he who,

With so much power once cast us out, whose word
Then made us tremble, whom in humble form,
We then petitioned, begging he would not
Us send into th' Abyss, now on a cross
In torture hangs, and, feeble mortal like,
Groans and expires. O! where is now his power?
'Tis gone; 'tis gone; we conquer, and he dies.'
There the arch-enemy of God and man,
Satan, I saw. Sometimes he seemed to exult;
And then he changed, and inward fear betrayed.
He much rejoiced at what he saw, and hoped,
The Saviour dead, mankind would not be saved;
Yet much he feared, that this success would prove
Not genuine, it was so great. 'There may,'
Thought he, 'in this, for God is great in power,
Be something, which my kingdom will destroy.'
Two malefactors, for their evil deeds,
Were, with the blessed Saviour, crucified;
And thus were verified Isaiah's words,
Who taught, that he, with wicked men, would die.
One of the two, though in death's agonies,
Joined with the wicked in reviling him;
The other, glorious to tell, to Him
An humble prayer, expressive of his faith,
Presented, and the Saviour thus replied:
'To-day, shalt thou meet me in Paradise.'
Thus, on the cross, he shows his power to save.

"Soon after he was fastened to the cross,
The sun withdrew its light; darkness o'erspread
The earth and skies; and, when I left the earth,
That darkness undiminished still remained.
No planet intercepts the solar rays;
It is a darkness supernatural;
God's testimony to the wondrous fact,

That his own Son now dies for sinful men.
Yes! the Redeemer of the world, now bears
The sins of men; sufferings unspeakable
He now endures. The tortures of the cross,
Form not his greatest sufferings;—no! he bears
The wrath of God, which sinful men deserved
To bear. The Father has from him withdrawn,
And on him seems to frown. Surety of men,—
All the vast debt, they owe, he pays;
From him the Father does the whole exact.
Thus, all the anger of a righteous God,
On him, is poured; the overwhelming load,
He now sustains; that bows his spirit down.
I heard him once, and much was I surprised,
In bitter anguish cry: ‘My God, my God,
O! why hast thou forsaken me.’ Think then,
How much the Saviour claims your love, since he
For you, sufferings unspeakable, endures.

“The angel ceased; the saints in Paradise,
All silent stood. The true desert of sin;—
The Saviour’s suff’rings so unspeakable;—
And his still more unutterable love,
Did for a time, their every thought engage;
Then they burst out into a song of praise
To Him, who, for their sins, was suffering death.
This done, it was agreed, that, to the gates
Of Paradise, some should, without delay,
Repair, the Saviour’s coming to await,
And do him honour on his first approach.
Moses, and Abraham, and other saints
Of highest rank, were for this purpose named;
But many others, of their own accord,
Moved by the love, they to the Saviour felt,
To the same place repaired. Among them was

The father of mankind ; could he be last,
The gracious Saviour to adore and thank,
For love so great to his posterity ?
Roused were his feelings to the highest pitch :
‘ I was,’ said he, ‘ alas ! the first to sin ;
O ! let me be the first to see, to thank,
To praise, to love, to worship Him, by whose
Great love, my sinful race has been redeemed.’

“ Thus, at the gates of Paradise, they stood ;
And soon they saw, not distant far, a host
Of angels bright. ‘ Never,’ said they, ‘ did we
Observe a human saint attended thus ;
This glorious host the Saviour hither brings.
Yes ! this indeed is he,’ they said again,
And bowed before him with adoring love.’
‘ Come my beloved saints,’ said he, ‘ you, whom
My sufferings have already saved, let us
Unto the midst of Paradise repair,
And there let all the happy saints collect,
That I may them, on some great themes, address.’
Soon as he spoke, the saints, to every part
Of Paradise dispersed, their fellow saints
To bring. Meantime, our father Adam, moved
By the strong power of holy gratitude,
Came to the Saviour, and addressed him thus :
‘ Blessed Redeemer, O ! what grace is this !
Those, whom my sin had ruined, thou hast saved.
I, by temptation fell, and all my race,
By me, were sinners made, and doomed to death ;
Thou hast temptation overcome ; thou hast
Upon the cross, for sin atoned ; thou hast
An everlasting righteousness brought in,
And opened up, for sinful men, a way
Of free access to God. I have destroyed

The human race, and lo ! thou hast them saved ;
Let me, the first transgressor, be the first
The great Redeemer to adore. Let me,
As father of the human race, and once
Their head, a moment in thy presence stand,
And, in their names, present their praise, their love,
And all the gratitude I can express.
But, of myself, what shall I say ? Sure I
The greatest wonder am in Paradise !
Thy love to me, dear Saviour, doth the power
Of thought exceed ; that I, of all the sin
On earth the cause, should be among the saved,
To all must seem thy greatest act of grace.'

“ ‘ Adam,’ the Saviour said, ‘ accepted are
Thy humble thanks ; thou hast great cause for joy ;
Thy race has been redeemed ; by thee they fell,
By me they rise again. Where thou didst fail,
I have succeeded ; and my righteousness
Has more than counterbalanced all thy sin.
But one offence, as federal head of all
Thy race, thou didst commit ; by that offence,
They fell ; but since they fell, the crimes of each,
From his own will proceeding, have been great
And numberless ; the work, which I have done,
Not only, for that one offence, pardon
Secures ; but, for the blotting out, provides
Of all those sins, which men have wilfully,
Each on his own responsibility,
Against the law committed. All the load
Of human guilt, my sacrifice removes ;
And he, who on that sacrifice relies,
Shall, by his faith in my atoning blood,
Be fully justified ; his sin to me
Imputed is, my righteousness to him ;

I have endured the punishment his sin
Deserves ; and he is free from every charge.
As, for thy sin, thy race were doomed to death ;
So through my righteousness, they all shall live ;
I'll raise them all to life at the last day ;
And all, that put their trust in me, shall gain
A glorious immortality in Heaven.'

" Now all the saints in Paradise, had come
To the appointed place ; and had around
The Saviour gathered, waiting to receive
That kind address, he was about to give.
He viewed them all with joy, and thus he spoke :
' Hear, my beloved saints, and I will speak
Of God the Father's love to sinful men ;
And of that great salvation, which, for them,
By suffering on the cross, I have obtained.
Long before man was formed, it was foreseen,
That he would sin ; would to the tempter yield.
And thus, upon himself and all his race,
Would guilt, and misery, and ruin bring.
Great was the love of God ; and he resolved,
That sinful men his mercy should partake ;
That numerous millions, wholly freed from sin,
And all its consequences, should, the bliss,
The unutterable bliss, of Heaven obtain.
This glorious purpose to effect, yet leave
The justice and the holiness of God
Unsullied, 'twas resolved, that I, the Son
And equal of the Father, should become
A man, and offer up a sacrifice,
Which should, for human guilt, atone ; and make
It quite consistent with the holiness
Of God, for him to give, to sinful men,
Pardon of sin, and everlasting life.

Hence, as you know, as soon as man had sinned,
There was an intimation given, that one,
Of woman born, should Satan's works destroy,
And ruined man to happiness restore.
But the appearance of the promised seed,
Was, for wise purposes, delayed ; meantime,
What was, at first, expressed in terms obscure,
More and more plainly was foretold. Thus God
To Abraham, a gracious promise made,
That, in his seed, all nations should be bless'd ;
And that, to his posterity, the land
Of Canaan should, for an inheritance,
Be given ; which he well understood to be
A type of Heaven, that world of happiness,
To which, at last, I all my saints will bring.
But clearer light, than that by Abraham
Enjoyed, to Moses was conveyed ; the priests,
The sacrifices, and the other types,
Which he, by the divine command, ordained,
Spoke to the eyes and understanding too ;
And plainly showed a Saviour was to come.
The prophets too, communications made
Concerning me, by which my advent was,
By many, both expected and desired.
At length, the appointed time for me to leave
My throne of glory, and become a man,
Arrived ; and, with delight, I undertook
The work allotted me. ' Father,' I said,
' In human nature, I will magnify
Thy holy law, and will, to men on earth,
A pattern of obedience give ; that done,
I'll offer up myself a sacrifice
For sinful men ; and thus, instead of them,
Endure the penalty, thy holy law

On them so justly does denounce ; then will
 Thy law, in its demands and penalties,
 To all appear, most holy, just, and good.
 When I have thus, thy holy law obeyed,
 And, by my sacrifice, the sinner's debt
 Discharged, thy justice will be satisfied ;
 Thou wilt, to guilty rebels, favour show,
 Own them for sons, and make them heirs of Heaven ;
 And this to see shall be my great reward.'
 ' Go, my beloved Son,' the Father said,
 ' Perform thy glorious work ; and of a world,
 By sin destroyed, do thou the Saviour be.'
 Joyful I went to earth, lost, ruined men,
 The objects of my Father's love, to save.

“ ‘ All things, the prophets of Messiah wrote,
 Have their accomplishment in me received.
 I was, as thou, Isaiah, didst predict,
 A man of sorrows, poor, despised, and shunned,
 And persecuted too, by wicked men.
 After a life of poverty and pain,
 I, to my foes, who thirsted for my blood,
 Myself resigned. To take away my life,
 They nailed me to a cross ; while there I hung,
 I did my Father's righteous anger bear ;
 Which guilty men deserved to feel. Not one
 Of all my saints can tell, or e'er conceive
 The weight of sufferings I, for them, endured.
 O ! Abraham, the offering of thy son
 Was but a type of what my Father did ;
 Thy son escaped from thy uplifted hand,
 But I did not escape ; my Father struck
 The blow ; his sword of justice pierced my soul,
 And I was made a real sacrifice.
 My Father's wrath,—O ! what a bitter cup !

Filled to the brim, into my hands was put,
And I have drunk it to the very dregs.
There nothing is for those, who trust in me
To fear; the suffering all was mine, and their's
Will be the everlasting happiness.'

"The Saviour paused and lo! a human soul,
Just then arrived from earth, before him bowed,
And said: 'Most Blessed Lord, thy gracious word
Is now fulfilled; I am with thee to-day,
In Paradise, just as thou didst affirm.
I was upon the verge of endless wo;
A few hours more, and I, among the lost,
Had been; but O! what mercy infinite,
I am redeemed;—redeemed, as clearly now
I understand, by thee, who on the cross
Didst suffer at my side, and bear my sins.
O! little did I think, my humble prayer,
That of a dying criminal, too vile
To live upon the earth, would this result
Obtain! O! little did I think, this day
Of sorrow, torture, and of death would me
In Paradise behold! Astonishment
And love to Him, who died for me so vile,
Led captive all my thoughts. Can I forget,
That, a few hours ago, I on the cross
Did hang, my body racked with pain, my mind
With terror filled at that most awful doom,
Which, in another world, awaited me?
Can I forget, how, in my sore distress,
Almost of hope bereft, I cried to thee,
My gracious Lord? And can I e'er forget?—
No! never! never through eternity!
Thy kind reply, surpassing all my hopes,
That I, to-day, should be in Paradise

With thee ; nor could I think thy promise made
To me so vile, did comprehend all this.
O ! all ye blessed saints, help me to praise
This great Redeemer's name. A miracle
Of grace, in my salvation, you behold.”
‘ Yes, happy soul,’ the Saviour said, ‘ thou art
Indeed in Paradise, among the saved,
Just as I told thee, thou to-day, wouldst be.
It is my joy lost souls to save ; the power
Of saving sinful men, is the reward
My dreadful sufferings bring. Thou art but one
Of millions, whom my death will snatch
From endless misery, and raise to Heaven.
Know, my beloved saints, this happy soul
Is one, who, but a few short hours ago,
Did offer up to me, while on the cross
I hung, the prayer of faith ;—that prayer I heard ;
And he is here an earnest and a proof
Of that amazing grace, which shall henceforth,
Through my great sacrifice, be shown to men.’

“ Now for a while, the saints dispersed, that they
Might ponder o’er what they had heard and seen ;
Or with each other, on these things converse.
While they were thus engaged, there was observed
A great commotion on the other side
The gulf ; a fallen angel had arrived
From earth, bringing such tidings as, he thought,
Would, to infernal spirits, cause delight.
‘ Rejoice ! rejoice ! my injured friends,’ said he,
Satan our Chief has a great victory gained ;
He with the priests and rulers, has so far
Prevailed, that they have crucified the Son
Of God, the boasted Saviour of the world.
I and some others by his cross kept watch,

Determined to observe the end ; for we
Could scarcely hope, much as we it desired,
That our great plan, mankind to instigate
Their Saviour to destroy, would this success
Obtain ; but true it is, success is ours ;
I saw him on the torturing cross expire.
O ! it was joy indeed to see him hang
In all the agonies of death ! And joy
To mark the consternation in the looks
Of those, who, on this Saviour, had believed.
They saw him die, as other mortals die ;
And all their hopes, of being saved by him,
Took rapid flight. Yes ! he is dead ; the man
Who once ejected us, and at whose word
We trembled, now is dead ; he casts us out
No more ; success so wonderful is ours.
Yet I observed in our great Chief, though he
Exulted much, as near the cross he stood,
A look of fear ; he seemed to apprehend,
That something bad, and ruinous to him,
Would from this wonderful success, result.'

“ ‘Yes!’ said a fallen spirit in reply,
‘ That this event proves our success complete,
I cannot think. God is, I fear, too wise
And powerful to permit his greatest plans,
To be deranged and nullified by us.
We must confess, though we that truth regret,
That He’s omniscient, and that we are not ;
Our machinations are all known to Him,
And he can easily them all defeat.
Appearances and shrewd conjectures are
Our guide ; at best, we only hints obtain,
Oft unconnected hints, of his designs ;
Can we then hope his plans to nullify ?

I should rejoice indeed, could I believe,
That his designs of mercy to mankind
Frustrated are, no more to be resumed ;
But such a consummation lies, alas !
Beyond the utmost bounds of hope ; never
Can we, against omnipotence, prevail.

“ This news among the lost of human kind,
No small degree of agitation caused.
Some, for a moment, were inclined to hope,
That the great plan of God, for saving men,
Had failed ; that all would be, just like themselves,
For ever lost. ‘ We cannot,’ others said,
‘ Believe, that any plan, which God has formed
Will fail ; besides what we of Scripture knew
On earth, leads us to think, that this event,
The Saviour’s death, was long ago foretold.
Some of Isaiah’s words his death import ;
And so do those of him, who said : “ They pierced
My hands and feet ;” hence we suppose, nay feel
Assured, that this event, which so delights
The fallen angels, is, of God’s great plan,
A part ; and that it will, the object, which
He has in view, essentially promote.’

“ And there was one, among the spirits lost,
The traitor and the suicide, who said :
‘ That the Redeemer’s death is but a part
Of God’s great plan, there cannot be a doubt.
I heard it from his lips, that he must die ;
For I was his disciple once. He said,
That he should, at Jerusalem, be scourged,
Be spit upon, and crucified ; yea more,
That he should rise again on the third day.
’Twas I betrayed him to his enemies ;
They long had sought his life ; but felt afraid,

By day, to apprehend him, lest, esteemed,
As he by many was, the multitude
Should rescue him. He was, I must affirm,
A very holy man ; no fault in him
Could e'er be found. But I, offended once,
Because he disapproved of a remark
Of mine, concerning an expenditure,
Which I improperly had termed profuse ;
Incited too, by the great enemy
Of God and man, vowed (it was wickedness
In the extreme), that I would be revenged.
To the chief priests I went ; and, for a sum,
Below the value of a slave, agreed,
That to the place of his retreat at night,
I would, a band of men, conduct, that there
They might him apprehend. A contract vile !
Abominable ! Crime of blackest hue !
Trembling with guilt, by Satan and revenge
Urged on, I did that awful crime commit.
'Tis that has damned me ; all my other sins
Are light and venial when compared to that.
Never can I forget the words he spoke,
When, on that fatal night, I him approached ;
'Friend, wherefore art thou come ?' said he. His words
Went deep into my soul ; and that word 'Friend.'
I hear it still. O ! had I been his friend,
I might then have been saved ! But I alas !
By my own wicked heart impelled, became
His enemy ; and that in the worst form ;
For I, the confidence, which he had placed
In me, betrayed. That cursed deed performed,
My misery was great ; yet, for a time,
I bore it ; for I hoped, knowing his power,
That, from the hands of those who sought his life,

He would himself deliver, as before
He several times had done ; but when I saw,
He was condemned, I could my misery
No more endure. I to the temple went,
And there, before the priests, the paltry sum,
For which I had him sold, threw down, and said,
In presence of them all : “ I’ve sinned ; I have
The innocent betrayed.” This done, I sought
A lonely spot, where overcome with guilt
And horror at my awful crime, my life
I ended, by an act of suicide.
Now I am lost beyond the reach of hope,
And few can tell the torments I endure.’

“ The saints, in Paradise, were much engaged
On those great truths, which, from the Saviour, they
Had lately heard. Some spoke of the great love,
Which God, before the world was made, had felt
For man ; and how he first, that love did show
By forming, before man had sinned, the plan
Of his redemption ; and how he, that love
To man had manifested, by the gift
Of his beloved Son, to bear the load
Of human guilt, and save a ruined world.
Others conversed on that amazing love,
Which the Redeemer had to man displayed ;
First, by his promptitude to undertake
The great and dreadful work allotted him ;
And then, by taking on himself the form
Of man, and in his body, on the cross,
Bearing the dreadful weight of all our sins.
Some were delighted to observe the way,
In which the incarnate Son had magnified
God’s holy law. ‘ That righteous law,’ said they,
‘ Has, to its full extent, been kept by one

Of human kind ; hence, it appears, that God
Requires no more than man, in a right state
Of mind, can well perform. Man innocent,
Man holy, can love God with all the heart,
Soul, mind, and strength. How can a holy God
Less, than this perfect love, demand ? Were less
Than this demanded, man would be allowed
To sin. The law is good ; God's in the right ;
Man's in the wrong ; just is that penalty,
Which is denounced against transgressing man.
In the great Saviour, we behold the friend
Of God, and friend of man. He has obeyed
God's holy law ; he has its penalties
Endured ; and thus he has most clearly shown,
That he considers it quite just, in what
It asks, and what it threatens too : thus he,
The sacred rights of God has well upheld
And as, the awful sentence of the law
He, in our stead, has suffered ; he appears
The friend of guilty, ruined, helpless man.'

" With pleasure, some observed how all the types
Had in the Saviour, the great antitype,
Been all fulfilled. 'The scape goat,' said a priest
Of Aaron's line, 'was an illustrious type
Of Him, who, by his death, the sins of men,
Has borne away. 'And clearly I perceive,'
Another said, 'why Aaron laid his hands
Upon the scape-goat's head, and there our sins
Confessed ; that action showed, that all our sins
Would, on the great Messiah's head, be placed.'
'I now,' remarked a third, 'the reason see
Why God required, that every sacrifice
Should be from blemish free ; it was to shew
The spotless purity of Him, who was

To offer up himself a sacrifice ;
 And thus, for sin, a true atonement make.'
 'Yes!' said a fourth, 'we, in the lamb, which morn
 And eve was offered up, can clearly see
 The meekness and the innocence of Him,
 Who is so fitly styled the Lamb of God.
 How mild and gentle He, who offered up
 His earnest prayers for those, who shed his blood !
 So innocent, so free from sin ; he is
 A sacrifice acceptable to God.'

'Now I can understand,' Aaron observed,
 'That I myself was but a type of Christ,
 And that my work an emblem was of His ;
 For He not only is a sacrifice ;
 He also is a priest. As I, the blood
 Of victims often shed to cover sin,
 And gain access to the most holy place ;
 So He, by his own blood, atonement makes
 And gains, for sinners, free access to God.'
 'I,' said Melchisedec, 'rejoice to see,
 That though I was, on earth, both king and priest,
 My highest honour lay, in that I was
 A type of the great Saviour of mankind.
 As David said, he must a priest be made,
 After the order of Melchisedec ;
 Or as another prophet taught, he is
 A priest upon his throne ; just so we see,
 That he, the offices of king and priest,
 Unites ; and he will live and intercede
 For men, as long as they, on earth, remain.'

"While such discourse, the saints in Paradise,
 Engaged, the Saviour's presence, to one spot,
 Was not confined ; in many places he,
 Among his saints, was found, sometimes with those,

Sometimes with these, he did appear and joined
In their discourse ; and by the views of truth
Which he imparted, much delight conveyed.
What was obscure before, when touched by him,
Became at once a most transparent truth ;
And truth from him, not only light, but love,
And joy communicated to the mind.

It was remarked, that our first parents, though
They much enjoyed the sweet society
Of fellow-saints, would not the Saviour leave.
With him, while he in Paradise remained,
They both were always seen. Of all he said,
They nothing lost ; but to a memory
Quite faithful to its charge, they every word
Committed, to be pondered o'er, or made,
In future time, the subject of discourse.
To them he often spoke, and all he said
Was most appropriate ; for well he knew
All that was passing in their thoughtful minds.
They could not Eden's scenes forget ; could not
Their sin and all its sad effects forget ;
And would have wept, had Paradise a tear
Allowed. Much did they on the promise think,
Obscure at first, about the woman's seed ;
And much they wondered, now they saw
Its meaning, and its full accomplishment.
They still, the common parents of mankind,
Themselves considered ; and, as parents, they
The deepest interest in the happiness
Of all their offspring felt ; hence, their delight
In Him, who had their sinful race redeemed.

“ The time had now arrived for Him, who had
For sinners died, the scenes of Paradise
To leave, rejoin his body, and appear

Among his mourning friends, on earth, again.
But ere he left, the bless'd inhabitants
Of Paradise were all, a second time,
Together called, a new address to hear ;
And thus to them the blessed Saviour spoke :
' Hear, my beloved saints, the time is come,
For me to leave this happy place, and you.
My spirit must to earth return ; and there
Re-animate my body, which now lies,
Deprived of life, within the silent tomb.
My Heavenly Father has decreed, that I,
On the third day shall rise again, and this
to my sorrowing disciples, told.
The priests and scribes, who did me crucify,
Have heard, that I said this ; and, o'er my tomb,
A constant watch they 've placed, that none by night
My lifeless body may remove, and then
Report, that I have risen from the dead.
They watch in vain ; my body none will take ;
But, at th' appointed time, I shall arise.
My resurrection as important is,
As the great sacrifice, I've offered up ;
For if I rise not, how will it appear,
That, with my sacrifice, God is well pleased ;
That he is now prepared, all those t' acquit,
Who may in me believe, because, the claims
Of justice, I have fully satisfied ?
Besides, if I rise not, I shall, by men,
Be an impostor called ; but if I rise,
Then will my claims to the Messiahship,
And to divinity, all stand confessed.
And how can I raise others from the dead,
If I myself rise not ? How can I be
The resurrection and the life, to them,

While myself, among the dead, remain?
Rising, I shall to my disciples go ;
Converse with them ; show them my wounded hands,
And feet, and side, and with them eat and drink ;
And thus convince them, that I've risen indeed.
I will their minds enlighten ; them instruct
In what to Heaven's great kingdom appertains ;—
That kingdom long foretold, which, shortly now,
I will, on earth, erect. Their minds prepared,
By my instructions, for the work, to which
I have appointed them ; I will to them
A great commission give, to go and preach,
In every country, and to every man,
Pardon of sin, and everlasting life,
Freely bestowed, through my atoning blood.
This done, I, in my body, shall ascend
To Heaven, and take my seat at God's right hand ;
There will I, for my people, intercede,
And there await the day, when all my foes,
Subdued, ashamed, shall at my footstool bow.
The word of life, by my disciples preached,
By many thousands, will be soon received ;
And, by the Holy Spirit's aid, the power
Of God to their salvation will become.
Lands, which have long, in grossest darkness, lain
Shall see the glorious light of truth divine.
And as the rising sun, the shades of night
Dispels ; so shall my gospel, all the clouds
And mists of moral ignorance, disperse,
And spread a heavenly lustre through the world.
Then will the promise made to Abraham,
That, in his seed, all nations shall be bless'd,
Be, in its largest sense, fulfilled ; for men
Shall, from the rising to the setting sun,

My name adore ; and, through my sacrifice,
Pardon of sin, and peace with God obtain.
Henceforth then, my beloved saints, expect
To see numbers of souls, by me redeemed,
And saved by faith in me, in Paradise
Arrive ; for they will come from east and west,
And north and south, the purchase of my blood,
To join your blessed company, and swell
The chorus of your songs. And towards the close,
Of time, when the millennial day shall shine,
And all on earth will know the Lord ; you will,
For earth will then be much more populous
Than now, see almost countless millions come,
To wait with you, in this fair world of rest,
That last and glorious day, which will reveal,
To all my saints, their great and sure reward.
At the last day, I'll raise your bodies up
Strong, incorruptible, and glorious,
Immortal as your spirits are ; then death,
In victory, shall be swallowed up, and you
Shall, over him, a song of triumph sing.
As I now leave this place of purity
And rest, my body to resume and live,
With my disciples, a few days, on earth,
Then re-ascend to Heaven ; so you, my saints,
At the last day, shall leave this Paradise,
Your present bless'd abode, return to earth,
Your bodies there resume, immortal made,
And fashioned like that glorious body, which
I shall, in Heaven, assume ;—obtain a place
At my right hand, when I, to judge the world,
In glory shall appear ; be owned by me,
Before the assembled world ; receive your crowns
Of life ; and finally, be introduced

To that inheritance reserved in Heaven
For all my saints. There shall you taste a bliss
Unknown to Paradise ;—a bliss, of which
You now can but a faint conception form ;
Yes ! there you'll have a tide of bliss ;—a tide
Of bliss that will through endless ages roll.
Meantime, my saints, I will be with you here.
The omnipresent God, as well as man,
I am ; and while I sit upon my throne,
In Heaven, my presence shall be with you all
In Paradise. It shall be manifest
To every one, that I am here ; each saint
Shall see and feel me here ; and every one,
At all times, shall have free access to me.
My saints on earth shall, from this time, be taught,
That, when they enter Paradise, they meet
Their Saviour, here will meet, and here
My presence will enjoy, filling their souls
With sweet delight, and joy, to them, on earth,
Unspeakable. Thus, they will ardently
Desire the earth to leave, that scene of sin
And grief, and dwell with me, and all my saints,
Amidst the lovely scenes of Paradise.'

“ The Saviour, having thus his saints addressed,
His course to earth directed ; angels him,
Through all the way, attending ; till arrived
At Joseph's tomb, where they the stone away
Did roll ; then, by his energy Divine,
His body quickened, issued from the tomb,
And, to his spirit, as before his death,
United was. His resurrection thus,
An earnest and a specimen became
Of the bless'd resurrection of his saints.

“ The saints, in Paradise, were now engaged

In converse, or in meditation sweet,
 On those great truths, so full of interest deep,
 Which, from the Saviour, they had lately heard.
 The triumphs of the gospel on the earth;
 The Saviour's bless'd and universal reign;
 Millions of sinners turned to God, and brought
 To Paradise; the resurrection day;
 Bodies immortal, incorruptible,
 And glorious; the judgment scene; the crowns
 Of life; the undefiled inheritance;
 The still augmenting tide of bliss in Heaven;
 Were pleasing and untiring themes, which all
 Their thoughts engaged. And great delight they felt,
 When they reflected on the Saviour's word
 Of promise; always to be with them there;—
 To manifest himself to them, and give
 Them always, to his presence, free access.

“ While on these themes they still conversed, there came
 An angel strong to Paradise, and said:
 ‘ Your Saviour, and our Lord and yours, ascends
 To Heaven; attention give, and you will now
 A glorious sight, behold. Immediately,
 They all beheld Heaven's portals opened wide;
 And the great Saviour of mankind, they saw
 About to enter, and resume his seat
 Upon his Father's throne; while round him were;
 Come forth to welcome him, whole myriads
 Of angels bright. With dazzling glory shone
 That body, which, so lately, on the cross,
 In pain and ignominy, had expired.
 Within the gates, were seen the cherubim
 And seraphim, and angels numberless
 Prepared, with highest honors, to receive
 Their Lord; and re-conduct him to his throne.

Then was revealed th' eternal throne ; and saints,
In Paradise, beheld the Saviour sit
At God's right hand, and heard the Father's voice
Congratulating his beloved Son,
On his return to Heaven, the glorious work,
He undertook to do on earth, performed.
They saw the hosts of Heaven before him bow,
And caught the sound of that loud song, with which
They welcomed him to his celestial throne.

“ Here did the Heavenly vision cease ; but soon
Another sight, in Paradise, appeared,
Which gave much joy to all the saints ; it was
The Saviour, with that glorious body clothed,
In which he had ascended up to Heaven.
' See my beloved saints,' said he, ' what you,
One day, will be ; this body, which you see,
Is that, which lately on the cross expired ;
It has been changed, and made thus glorious
For its abode in Heaven. So, when you rise,
At the last day, your bodies will be made
Thus glorious ; for all my saints shall be
Like me their head. The promise which I made,
When I was in a disembodied state,
As you now are, that you my presence here,
Should always have, I now fulfil. This spot
Shall my abode, in Paradise, become ;
Here you shall always see a glory bright,
Which shall my presence manifest ; and here,
With me, you always may communion hold.
Hither each happy soul, that comes from earth,
Shall first repair, my welcome to receive ;
And hither all my saints, just when they please,
May come, and me address ; and my replies
Shall always pour delight into their minds.

I will not to this chosen spot confine
My presence ; but, with all my saints, I will,
In every place, be found ; each saint shall feel,
That I am always near ; in every saint,
As in a temple, I will always dwell.'

“ He ceased ; the saints, in songs of praise, their love
Expressed ; while he, in human shape, to Heaven
Returned ; but, from that time, as he had said,
The tokens of his presence always did,
Among his saints in Paradise, remain.

“ Thus brethren, as I promised, I have done,
Given you the history of Jesus Christ,
As it with Paradise connected stands.”



THE INVISIBLE WORLD.



BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The two human saints, and the two saints from the far distant world, on hearing what Jesus Christ had done for sinful men, join in a song of praise to him.—They request the narrator to tell them more of Paradise—he complies—speaks in commendation of Paradise—tells of the views and feelings of Christians concerning death.—Musings of a Christian on another world—his expectation of meeting former Christian friends and pious relatives in Paradise.—Arrival of the narrator himself in Paradise—he meets with a former Christian friend, who tells him something about Paradise, and its inhabitants.—The narrator visits Adam—inquires what he knew of the shape, size, and motions of the earth, &c. Adam narrates a conversation, which he had with an angel, who informed him on these points.—The narrator tells of his visit to Moses, and other saints.—A narrative of a pious couple, husband and wife on earth—the wife's death—the husband is met, by his former wife, at the gate of Paradise—their conversation—the husband's narrative of what he suffered after the loss of his wife—the wife gives a concise history of herself, commencing from her death, to the time of the husband's arrival in Paradise.

BOOK VI.

WHEN the narrator had, the history
Of Jesus Christ, concluded, all exclaimed :
‘ Worthy the Lamb ; worthy the Lamb, that died
For sinful men, all honour to receive.’
They then united in this song of praise :
‘ Glory to Him, who on the cross expired ;
Who did his Father’s righteous anger bear,
And paid the debt incurred by sinful men.
Glory to Him, who, having suffered death,
Went to his ancient saints in Paradise
To tell what he had done ; and raise their hopes
Of everlasting life, to be, on them,
At the great resurrection day, bestowed.
Glory to Him, who broke the bands of death ;
And thus, to all his saints, assurance gave,
That they, like him, should rise to die no more.
Glory to Him, who took his seat on high
To pardon rebels, who his mercy sought.
Glory to Him, who died and rose again,
That He, both of the living and the dead,
Might be the Lord ;* and who, at death, received
The souls of all His saints, and gave them rest,
From all their toils, in happy Paradise.
Glory to Him, who, on the judgment day,
Opened the gates of Heaven to the redeemed,
And placed them here before the throne of God.’

* Rom. xiv. 9.

This song concluded, the two human saints,
And those from the far distant world, expressed
A strong desire yet more of Paradise
To hear; and the narrator, with their wish
Complying, thus, his narrative, resumed.

“Beloved saints, I have, with pleasure great,
Given you the history of Jesus Christ,
As it with Paradise connected stands;—
A subject too important to be pass’d
In silence by: for O! what Jesus Christ,
In any place, at any time, has done,
Must ever be to all the saints in Heaven,
Whatever world their native world they call,
A theme of interest deep. But how much more
Must we, my fellow-saints of Adam’s race,
Delight to hear of all, that he has done;
For he has us redeemed! ’Tis through his blood,
So freely shed, that we are here in Heaven.
And now I will, as you desire, yet more
Of Paradise, and its delightful scenes,
Reveal. It was a place of rest so sweet,
So well adapted to afford delight
To human spirits, just set free from earth,
And all its sins, and pains, and griefs; that we,
Who did its happiness enjoy, do, here in Heaven,
With utmost pleasure, on the past, reflect.
O earth! while I was thy inhabitant,
What keen distress, what overwhelming grief,
I sometimes felt! But O! sweet Paradise,
When thy abodes I entered, what a change!
That change so great, I never can forget!
No griefs, no tears, no sorrow, there I knew;
Peace and delight at once my soul possessed.
The prospect of that happiness, cheered us

Amidst our earthly pilgrimage, and raised
 In us a strong desire, all earthly scenes
 To leave, and be with Christ. But fear and hope
 Were often blended in the Christian's mind ;
 And his desires to go were, by the fear
 Of failure, often checked. The way, from earth
 To Paradise, was not an easy path ;
 Not one, which could perpetual sunshine boast ;
 Nor one, which the same feet had often trod.
 It was a valley dark ; no one alive
 Had through it passed ; and though the eye of faith
 Could sometimes see beyond the gloomy vale,
 And get a glimpse of lovely Paradise ;
 The vale itself was still a dark unknown,
 And fear produced in many holy minds.
 Yet many, when they entered that dark vale,
 Felt quite composed, and bade farewell to fear :
 A faithful Saviour did their minds support.

“ Death was by many feared, by none desired,*
 But as a passage to a better world.
 We knew it was the gate of Paradise,
 To saints ; but then we also knew, that it,
 To many of our fellow-men, would prove
 The gate of endless misery. Hence some,
 Though real saints, yet weak in faith, feared much
 To pass the vale of death. To die, they felt,
 Was to stake all on one result ; and O !
 ‘ Should that result unfavourable prove,
 What will,’ said they, ‘ become of us ; ’twill be
 Too late our errors to correct, and seek
 For saving faith in the Redeemer's blood.’
 Such fears were not commendable ; they showed,

* “ Not for that we would be unclothed,” says even Paul.

Sometimes at least, but a low state of grace ;
But saints of strongest faith, and highest grace,
Considered death a very serious thing.

“ It was not pleasant to humanity,
To undergo decay. Dimness of sight ;
A withered countenance ; infirmity
Of limb ; diminished mental energy ;
A weakened memory ; a consciousness
Of growing incapacity to taste
The sweets of life ; were harbingers of death,
And pleasure gave to none ; but much required
A strong and lively faith in things unseen,—
In all the future glories of the saints,
To keep the courage up. But O ! it was
When the last illness came, that death sometimes
Assumed, e’en to a saint, a dreadful form.
Then earthly comfort fled ; suffering increased,
And little respite gave ; and then the mind,
Almost incapable of proper thought,
Had to contend with dying agonies,
And to support a heavy load of grief.
The kind and faithful wife was to be left
A mourning widow ; and the children dear
Might suffer want ; and if deprived of her,
Their only earthly guardian, might grow up
In ignorance and sin. Such were the pangs,
Which rent a dying father’s heart ; unless
When faith, in God’s kind providence, suppressed
His gloomy, fears and calmed his troubled mind.
But often have I seen the dying saint
A conqueror over all, by strength divine
Upheld. He patiently, the pains of death,
Could bear ; beloved wife and children dear,
He could to God resign ; trusting, that He,

Who had *him* fed, and clothed, and kept through life,
 Would be *their* friend, and all *their* wants supply ;
 Nay more ! for their salvation would his prayers
 Accept, and be, till death, their God and guide.
 And, as the final hour approached, I've seen
 His faith and hope gain strength, until he seemed
 Assured of everlasting happiness ;
 And then he would, almost impatiently,
 Desire to go, that he might be with Christ.

“ It was a solemn, pleasing thing to see
 A Christian die. When by his bed, I've stood
 And seen him close his eyes, and breathe his last ;
 Thoughts, such as words could not express, have rushed
 Into my mind. Much did I wish to know
 What he did see and feel at life's last ebb ;
 And when he ceased to breathe : ‘ What now,’ said I,
 ‘ Does he behold ?’ ‘ While nothing new to us
 Appears, a scene quite new and wonderful,
 A glorious scene, appears to him. He sees
 The angels near ; they him congratulate
 On his most bless'd escape from pain and sin,
 And offer to conduct him to the place,
 Where he the Saviour's welcome will receive,
 And dwell among the spirits of the just.’

“ The spirit fled, by its late tenement
 Of clay I loved to stand, and muse on things
 Unseen ; and much I wished, that I could view
 The glorious scenes, which fancy, by the aid
 Of faith, assisted me to paint. 'Twas sweet
 To think, of the departed soul, as then
 Just entering Paradise ; as meeting there
 The blessed Saviour ; and as looking round,
 With glad surprise, upon the multitudes
 Of happy saints, now drawing near, their warm

Congratulations, to express. And when,
To the pale corpse I turned my eyes ; I saw,
What brought to mind the resurrection day,
And that most glorious immortality,
Which Jesus would bestow. In such an hour,
How little earth appeared ! Then could I wish
The time of my departure come, that I,
With Christ, might be, and meet in Paradise,
In rest and peace, my dear departed friends.

“ In life and health, another world sometimes
Obscure and distant seemed. The eye of faith,
When dimmed, as oft it was, by the thick films
Of sense, did little see ; but when old age
Or mortal sickness came, and breaches made
In the frail tenement of clay, the soul
Got clearer views ; then scenes and things to come,
Did more distinctly, to the mind, appear,
And furnish themes for meditation sweet.
And sometimes, when the Christian’s end approached,
The mists of time had nearly all dispersed,
And things unseen almost appeared in view.
These clearer views, a strong excitement gave ;
Death, once so terrible, he feared no more ;
He was prepared to go ; his heart had gone
Before ; his ardent mind, with the delights
Of Paradise familiar had become ;
Yet when, at death, his prison walls fell down,
And things invisible burst on his view,
They far surpassed all he had dared to hope.
Thus many passed, almost without a groan,
The gate of death ; transition bless’d indeed !
And felt a glad surprise to find, that death
Was over, and they were for ever safe.

“ And there were many, who, in life and health,

Loved much to muse upon the world to come.
Things visible, would often them remind
Of things unseen, and lead their minds to dwell
On scenes, before them, in another world.
Sometimes a funeral procession seen,
Or any symbols of mortality,
Or news of recent death, would bring a train
Of thoughts like these : ' Where is the soul ? What scenes
Have opened on its view ? What estimate
Does it now form of earthly things ? What now
Its views of those momentous truths, which are,
In holy Writ, with man's salvation joined ?
I may hereafter this same spirit see,
And hear its tale of happiness or wo.
O ! that the thoughtless living would reflect,
That they must soon converse with things unseen,
And witness all the great realities
Another world contains ! How light is earth !
How weighty things to come ! If I am saved,
I may behold, among the lost, I fear
I shall, many, with whom I now converse ;
May hear their doleful, unavailing groans,
And loud expressions of their deep regret
For sin indulged, for present apathy,
And offers of salvation thrown away.
O ! that the ministers of Christ would preach,
As though another world were visible
To them ! O that they, of the wondrous love
Of Christ, and sufferings of the lost, would tell,
Till all that hear, shall, by his love, be drawn,
Or by their fears compelled to seek his grace.'
Sometimes, the saints on earth would think of those,
They hoped to meet in Paradise ; and one,
Advanced in life, would thus his thoughts express :

‘ How many of my early christian friends
Are now in that fair world of rest! He’s there,
I hope, who, in my days of thoughtless youth,
Did oft admonish me; who, in my walks
For recreation, sought me out, and spoke
To me about my soul; or, to the house
Of God, when walking, joined me, and did then
Most serious thoughts into my mind convey.
I venerate the man;—I love him still,
Who laboured thus to save my ruined soul.
There too, I hope to meet the holy man,
Under whose ministry, I first was brought
To understand and love the truth. The church
Of God, he much encouraged me to join,
Then trained me up for future usefulness.
Much do I owe that servant of the Lord,
And great will be my joy, should I myself,
Arrive in Paradise, to meet him there.
There too, I hope my father is, my wife,
My child, and many other relatives
And friends, of whom, in my long pilgrimage,
I’ve been by death bereaved. How sweet the thought,
That I shall meet them all in peace at last!
There too, I hope, how dear that hope to me!
To meet those tried and holy men, with whom
I’ve borne the heat and burden of the day;
With whom I have, when bowed by trouble down,
Oft sympathized; and by whose sympathy
My drooping heart has many times been cheered.
There too, are many saints, whom I, on earth,
Have never seen; many, whose names the Book
Of God records, with whom I hope to hold
Sweet intercourse. O lovely Paradise!
When shall I join thy bless’d society!’

“ Such were the musings of a Christian’s mind ;
And such his longings for that place of rest ;
And he did well such thoughts to entertain ;
For thoughts like these detached his mind from earth,
Gave him support in trouble’s darkest hour,
And brought him near to future happiness.
’Tis true, and it was cause of just regret,
That some, who were true saints, had few clear thoughts
Of Paradise, or of a future state.
That Christ would make them happy, after death,
They hoped ; but clear and Scriptural views
Of what they were to be, they little sought.
Quite satisfied, this general truth, to know,
That happiness awaits the saints at death,
They were content, all the particulars,
To leave unascertained. This course was wrong ;
It kept their views obscure, and them deprived
Of many sweet anticipations, which,
Had they enjoyed, would much their minds have cheered,
And raised in them a strong and pure desire,
Like that of Paul, to gain a better world.

“ I had, on earth, a much respected friend,
A minister of Christ, who, while on earth,
Delighted much to think of Paradise,
And speak to others on the pleasing theme.
Oft when we met, our conversation turned
On what we hoped to be, and do, and see,
And hear, and know, when death should us release.
We could not tell, who would be first removed ;
But he, who should his friend precede, would not,
We felt quite sure, when in a better world,
That friend forget ; and so indeed it proved.
My friend preceded me, a few short years ;
And when we met again, he was prepared,

With vivid recollections of what we,
About these things had said, to tell me all,
That he had heard, and seen, and known, and done
In Paradise. At our first interview,
Which did occur as soon as I arrived,
For he, for my arrival kept a watch ;
He gave me this account. ‘ Never,’ said he,
‘ Have I forgotten you, though years have pass’d
Since we were separated by the hand
Of death ; but now, that last strong enemy,
Which once our separation caused, has here,
Beyond the reach of ill, united us.
To see you here, in this fair world of rest,
In Paradise, how much do I rejoice !
Thousands are ready to congratulate
Each happy soul, that here arrives ; for here,
All in each other’s happiness delight.
On earth, we did as brethren live, and much
Your kindness to me, on the bed of death,
I felt. You prayed by me, when speech had failed ;
Though speechless, I was not insensible ;
I heard each word ; my heart joined in your prayer,
And holy comfort came into my soul.
I would have thanked you, with my dying lips,
But could not. After prayer, I heard you say :
‘ No doubt, but all is well ; Jesus will soon
His happy soul receive.’ ‘ Happy indeed !’
Could I have spoken, I should have replied.
These were the last words which I heard on earth ;
For I began to sink, I felt as one
About to faint ; and, in a moment more,
I had my dying body left. Then rushed,
A full conviction of my happy state,
Into my mind ; and most delightful proof

Of this, did the attending angels give.
I saw you standing by my poor remains,
With look affectionate and serious,
And to an angel said: 'Behold my friend,
My fellow-traveller; he mourns my loss.
O! that he knew my present happiness!'
'His time,' the Heavenly messenger replied,
'Will come, when he, from earth and sin released,
Will follow thee to blessed Paradise.'
I left the earth; 'Farewell,' I said, 'dear friend,
Soon, soon I hope we both shall meet again.'
That hope we now see realized. On earth,
We much conversed of Paradise; and now
Let me assure you, that I here have found
All we, on earth, expected here to find.
We spoke of mental powers enlarged; of means,
We should enjoy, great knowledge to obtain;
Of intercourse with former Christian friends;
With ancient saints, and all the best of men,
The earth has e'er produced; and, 'What is it,'
Said we, 'to be with Christ? O who, that joy,
Can tell?' That joy, I know; and you will know
It too. Yes, brother! and another truth,
I have to tell, that Paradise affords
Ten thousand holy joys, of which, on earth,
We never thought. On my arrival here,
I was into the Saviour's presence brought,
His welcome to receive, as you have been,
And thank him for his wondrous love; that love
Is great to all the saints, but greater far
To me, than to great numbers, who are here.
This done, the saints around expressed their joy
To see me here; and soon began, impelled
By holy love, the only motive here,

To tell me of the happiness, which I
Should here enjoy. And just the same would they,
All introduction waved, for no such form
Is needed in these realms of love, with you
Have entered into sweet discourse, had they
Not seen, that you and I, old friends on earth,
Wished, for a time, some special intercourse
To have. See how in groups and multitudes
They all around us stand ; they wait to see
Our conversation o'er ; then will they come
And offer you congratulations warm.
In that group on the left, is one, with whom
I often have, with pleasure great, conversed ;
He comes from a far distant land, distant,
I mean, from that which gave us birth ; a land
Where heathenish darkness reigns ; and he is one
Of the first fruits of that dark land to Christ ;
Much he adores the Saviour's grace to him.
And in that company, which you observe,
There on the left, in warm discourse engaged,
There is a saint, of whom you often spoke
On earth, whom there I never saw ;—the man,
Who first did your attention draw to things
Divine, whom you, your father in the Lord,
Did call. Soon as he knew whence I had come,
He spoke of you, and begged to know your state
I told him all was well, and that I hoped
One day to see you here, at which he much
Rejoiced. You cannot recognize him yet ;
But he, as I perceive, knows you are here.
Those little groups in front, many contain,
Whom I well know, and whom you will rejoice
To see. In that, the martyr Stephen stands ;
In that, the much beloved disciple is ;

In that, are several ministers of Christ,
 Once pastors of his little flocks on earth ;
 And in that group, a little to the left,
 You may a band of missionaries see ;
 And some of those around them, are the souls,
 Which they, in heathen lands, have won to Christ.
 But yonder, far remote, you may perceive
 A large assembly stand ; and there is one,
 You see, most earnestly addressing them.
 Christians of many nations, there are found,
 And ancient prophets too ; and he, who thus
 Addresses them, is the apostle Paul.
 He is a highly favoured saint, and knows
 More of the mind of Christ, and more of things
 To come, than many do ; and all he knows,
 He much delights, his fellow-saints to tell,
 And to expatiate on joys to come.

“ ‘ But I must to my narrative return.
 Among the saints, who first to welcome me,
 On my arrival here, appeared, were some,
 Whom I had known on earth ; and who, on earth,
 Knew me. They others brought, and, who I was,
 Told them, and told me, who they were ; and soon
 Great numbers more, unknown, unIntroduced,
 Came and conversed with me, and freely told
 Me, who and what they were ; nor did I keep
 My history from them. Here, as I’ve said,
 No one an introduction needs ; to be
 In Paradise is quite enough ; for well
 We know, that here no cold deceitful hearts
 Are found ; but every one makes every one,
 With utmost confidence, his bosom friend.
 Thus in a few short hours, the sum of friends,
 Both old and new, with whom I intercourse

Had held, to several thousands did amount.
Some, who, on earth, had been my Christian friends,
And had, to this fair world, preceded me,
On my arrival, were in parts remote;
But here, intelligence has swiftest wings;
And, from a distance, soon those dear old friends,
And fellow-travellers, on earth, appeared,
O'erpowered with joy, to see me with them here.

“ ‘ The first surprises over, I began
To recollect and to enumerate,
And here, we have a perfect memory,
Those, whom, on earth, I knew, and who had died,
Before I left the earth, and to inquire,
Which of them could be found in Paradise.
I found a number, who, my auditors,
On earth, had been ; and who, to that small flock,
O'er which the Holy Ghost me overseer
Had made, belonged. Among them were a few,
Who caused me glad surprise ; because, on earth,
I, of their safety, doubts had entertained.
But others, who, on earth, in doubtful light
Appeared, had not been seen in Paradise ;
And some, of whom both you and I hoped well,
Had never here appeared. J—, an old man,
An auditor of mine, not known to you
On earth, I, as He had expected, found
Among the saved. He had, for several years,
Appeared to me a most self-righteous man ;
But on the bed of death, unvisited
By me, a change so great in him was wrought,
That, when I saw him, I was quite amazed
And humbled too ; for I, of that great change,
Had not, I knew, been made the instrument :
It was the Spirit's work, by me untouched.

He seemed at once, of his own sinful state,
Views most correct, to have obtained ; and views,
Enlarged and clear, of that great sacrifice,
Through which alone a sinner can be saved.
He suffered much, but he was calm in mind ;
And seemed, though young in grace, to have the faith
And resignation of a saint matured
For happiness ; and in that state he died.
But H—, another auditor of mine
In the same place, who seemed a zealous man ;
And at our social meetings often prayed ;
And, when I went to villages to preach,
Did oft go with me, is not here. No ! he,
Poor man ! after I left that place, as I,
On earth, had heard, declined, and, by degrees,
To his old sins returned, and so was lost.
Our old friends G—, and A—, and P—, I found
All here, and earnestly did they, for you,
Inquire. Their love to us remains the same,
Or rather is increased ; for holy love,
On earth, was but an opening bud, which just
Its tints discovered ; here, it is full blown ;
A blossom sweet, and of the fairest hue.
Our friends, though distant now, will soon be told
Of your arrival, and, with rapid flight,
Will seek the spot, where their old friend is found.

“ ‘ But our poor neighbour D—, who, as you know,
Did oft the house of God attend ; and seemed
Sometimes, about his soul, no small concern
To feel, is not found here. No ! he is lost ;
I saw him on the other side the gulph,
When he expressed his deep, but vain regret,
That he had offered grace so oft refused.
You must remember well his death-bed scene,

What great concern, what dread of being lost,
He then displayed. We prayed with him, you know,
And tried to point him to the Lamb of God,
Whose blood for sin was shed ; but all we said
Could bring no comfort to his mind. It seemed,
We then observed, that God, in anger just,
For the rejection of his offered grace,
Had left him to himself, and that he would
No aid afford. What we then feared proved true.
When I have viewed the spirits lost, for here
We can them see at any time, and have,
Among them, some observed, to whom, on earth,
I had the gospel preached ; much have I wished,
That I, to turn them from their evil ways,
Had laboured more ;—that of the world to come—
That world of misery, I had said more,
And had, with earnestness, a thousand-fold,
Beyond what I e'er felt, entreated them
To flee the wrath to come, and trust in Him,
Who gave his life, lost sinners, to redeem.

“ ‘ When I had sought all those, whom I, on earth
Had known, and had a holy intercourse
With them renewed ; of many I began
To think, of whom, on earth, I only read
Or heard, and more especially of those
Dear saints, whose names in Holy Writ appeared.
I have with Adam, Noah, Abraham,
Moses, and other ancient saints, conversed ;
And you will find it pleasure great, with them
To hold discourse. Of prophets I have oft
The meaning of their prophecies inquired ;
And told them, that some things, to saints, on earth,
Were still, in great obscurity, involved.
They can, upon their own predictions, throw

Much light ; but still they must, like other saints,
 Whether on earth or here in Paradise,
 The great fulfilment wait, ere they the whole
 Can understand. Angels, as we by Paul
 Were taught, much knowledge gain by the events,
 Which do, on earth, occur ; so all the saints
 In Paradise. Here we have clearer views
 Of future things, than we, on earth, enjoyed ;
 Yet only the events, to finite minds,
 Can throw, on future scenes, the blaze of day.
 With the apostle John, on that obscure,
 But most important book, the Apocalypse,
 I often have conversed ; and many here
 Have done the same, and with great profit too ;
 For he can much communicate, which we,
 On earth, could never know. Here we possess
 One great advantage over saints on earth ;
 For whereas they, concerning future things,
 Are oft misled, we are from error free ;
 The Holy Spirit's light, which all enjoy,
 Preserves us from the expectation vain,
 Of things that will not be ; although our God,
 For reasons wise and good, no doubt,
 The future doth in part from us conceal.

“ ‘ It would be endless to relate to you
 All I have seen and known in Paradise ;
 Let us this conversation close, and join
 Our fellow-saints, who wait to offer you
 Their warm congratulations, and to show
 Some proofs of holy, undissembled love.
 We need not part ; and if we do, again
 We soon can meet ; our locomotive powers
 Are great ; distance, to us in Paradise,
 A trifle is ; extensive space is pass'd,

Almost with the rapidity of thought.

I will, with others, be your guide, and will,
To you, the glories of this place make known.

Here we have time enough for long discourse ;

We can, at leisure, all the past review ;

Can here consider well the way, in which

The Lord hath led us ; and can understand

The reasons of that painful discipline,

To which, on earth, our God did us subject.

This is the land of rest ; no painful tasks

Await us here ; much of our time is pass'd

In holy intercourse with fellow-saints,

And learning truths, which fill the soul with joy.'

" Here ceased my friend ; the saints around perceived

Our conversation o'er, and instantly approached,

And their congratulations did express,

With so much warmth of holy love, I was

Quite overcome. To one just come from earth,

How new ! how wonderful the scene appeared !

Much as I loved my dear old christian friends,

Whom I had left behind, most sensibly

I felt the difference great, between the saints

On earth, and holy souls in Paradise.

On earth, with excellence, that did command

The love of every saint, there were defects,

Which did that love, in some degree, abate ;

But all defects apart, that excellence,

Which highest was, which brightest shone, on earth,

Was low and dim, when once compared with that,

Which every blessed saint in Paradise

Possessed. There, love was ardent and sincere ;

And each one seemed to love his neighbour best.

A very large acquaintance soon I had,

And every one was a most ardent friend.

I oft a predilection felt for those,
Who had, on earth, my fellow-travellers been ;
And oft, in their society, delight
Most pure enjoyed ; but then 'twas hard to say,
Which class of friends, my old tried friends on earth,
Or the new friends I found in Paradise,
Did most delight afford. When I beheld
Millions, who ardently the Saviour loved,
Of knowledge great, and highest excellence
Possessed ;—millions of perfect happy saints ;—
The sight would all my preference confound.

“ With Paradise familiar grown, I oft,
To visit different saints, excursions made.
I had a great desire for intercourse
With those, of whom I, in the Word of God,
Had read. More of the history, of some,
I wished to know ; of others I would learn
More of those subjects great, on which they had,
In Holy Writ, their pens employed. The first,
Whom I thus visited, were two, whom all
In Paradise revered ;—the parents they
Of the whole human race. When I approached,
They both were listening to a youthful saint,
Just come from earth. Thus early he, to them
Had been conveyed, because intelligence
Of joyful kind, about the gospel's spread
In heathen lands, he could communicate,
He had, with other labourers, the word
Of God to heathens preached ; and had beheld
Numbers from idols turn to serve the living God.
This blessed news, not only did the hearts
Of our first parents fill with holy joy,
But all who heard, and there were many round,
Did much rejoice ; and ere to other themes

We, our attention gave, we raised a song
Of praise to Him, who had the human race,
With his own blood, redeemed. The Sire of men
Then me addressed: 'Tell me, my son,' said he,
'Whence thou hast come, and what thy history;
I love to hear, so does thy mother Eve,
Once partner of my fall, and now, through grace,
The partner of my joy, what our great God,
In mercy rich, has for our children done.
And tell me all you know, of what the Lord
On earth, is doing now; I want to hear
Of sinners brought to God; and of the faith,
And love, and ardent zeal of all, who have,
The great Redeemer's name, professed. To me
'Tis my joy unspeakable to see my sons
And daughters here arrive; and learn from them,
That many, now on earth, once dead in sins,
Have, by the Saviour's grace, been made alive.'
I told him all, of these great things, I knew;
His joy was great; of gratitude to God
His heart was full; for, every sinner saved,
He thought a proof of God's rich grace to him.

"The object of my visit now I told,
'Father,' I said, 'I come to visit you,
Out of respect to the progenitor
Of the whole human race. Where'er the light
Of Scripture shines, your name, to every one,
Is quite familiar;—every infant speaks
Of you, and Eve the mother of mankind;
And thousands of your sons and daughters wish,
That, with you both, they could an interview
Obtain. Of many things, in Holy Writ
Not found, concerning your first state on earth,
And of the world's commencement, they

Desire to be informed. I often thought,
 On earth, that should I, by the grace of God,
 In blessed Paradise arrive, I would,
 If possible, have some discourse with you,
 My knowledge to increase of those great things,
 Of which but hints are, in the Book of God,
 Conveyed.' The father of mankind replied :

' Your pious curiosity, my son,
 I shall delight to gratify. I have,
 From many of my sons and daughters too,
 Visits like this received ; and every one
 Is welcome. Can the father of mankind
 Do less, than tell his happy children here,
 All that he knows, of that great work of God
 Creation, and the origin of man ?
 But tell me first, my son, what those points are,
 On which you chiefly wish to be informed ;
 That all the information you desire,
 I may, if possible, to you convey.'

" ' Father,' said I, ' the points, on which I wish
 For information most, are such as these :
 What of the motions of the earth, its shape,
 And size you knew ; what of the stars you knew ;
 And whether of the solar system you
 Some knowledge had, of which 'twas said, on earth,
 That it, to science, its discovery owes.
 And if you, on these points, were well informed,
 Pray tell me who that information gave.
 I also would of Eden's garden hear ;
 And of your state while innocent ; and if,
 To you agreeable, I wish to hear
 Of the sad fall ; and that event, to you
 So painful, your expulsion from that spot,
 So lovely, your primeval, happy seat,

Which the Creator had for you prepared.
And father, if I do not thus transgress,
Pray tell me something of what you and Eve,
Our common parents, felt, from that fair spot,
Driven out, to seek, upon the earth's wide face,
Uncultivated all, a new abode.
Often, on earth, I thought of your distress,
And wondered, by what means you could subsist.
These, father, are the points, on which I now
For information ask ; but any thing
You may communicate, will, to your son,
Your pupil now, prove most acceptable.'

“ ‘ My son,’ the father of our race replied,
‘ Creation’s works were not to me unknown.
When our Creator powerful, wise, and good,
Had formed me from the dust, and into me
Had breathed the breath of life ; he mental powers
On me conferred, superior far to those,
My children, born in sin, have e’er enjoyed.
He, first of all, made me to understand,
That he had made both me, and every thing,
Which round me, on the earth, I saw ; and all
Above me in the sky. He told me too
The duty, that I owed to him ; and said,
That by the study of his works, I should,
My knowledge of him, very much enlarge.
He placed me then in Eden’s lovely seat ;
And gave me such directions as you have,
From Scripture, learned. Bless’d with such faculties,
I soon, from observation, no small stores
Of knowledge gained. But knowledge to the soul
Was sweet, the more I knew, the more did I
Desire to know. Hence not content with what
I could observe, I wished to be informed

Of things beyond my observation's reach ;
Nor did I wish in vain. Angels were then
My frequent visitors, for I was innocent ;
They, of God's family, a younger son,
Considered me, and showed a brother's love ;
They were my kind instructors too ; and I,
Their humble pupil, gladly did become.

“ ‘ Once, when a number of them had to me
A visit paid, and had, on many things,
With me conversed ; much wishing, on some points
To be still more informed, I thus addressed
Them, and the information, I desired,
At once obtained. ‘ Around me, I behold,’
Said I, ‘ in our Creator's works, great proofs
Of wisdom, power, and goodness too. Of all,
That he has made, nothing imperfect is ;
He saw, that all was good, and good is all
That he has done. When, on his works, I gaze,
I both adore and love ; but I perceive
My knowledge is much limited. What is
This earth, on which both I, and all the tribes
Of animals reside ; and out of which
These stately trees, and lovely flowers all grow ?
If I, the highest mount ascend, where views,
The most extensive, I obtain ; still earth,
Before, behind, and on each side, appears ;
Far as the eye can reach, I nothing see
But earth,—one vast extent of earth. I once
At morning's dawn, went forth, with my fair Eve,
To reach by noon-day, some far distant spot,
And, in the evening, to return. But though
We travelled fast, and, at our journey's end,
A lofty elevation gained, where we,
A wide survey, could make ; yet, to the earth,

No bounds we saw. The great delight we felt
In all, that we had seen, amply repaid
Our journey's toil ; but still we had not learn'd
The earth's extent ; that is a point, on which
Your information will us much oblige.
I also have a great desire to know,
What shape the great Creator, to this earth,
Has given. I once supposed, a surface flat,
Its hills and vales excepted, was the earth's
True shape ; but I have since observed, that when
I stand upon a hill or rising ground,
I farther see, than when I take my stand
Upon a lower spot ; and this to me
An indication seems, that the earth's form
Is globular. I also have observed,
That, when I look at objects far remote ;
Not those, which are of greatest bulk, do I
Most clearly see, but those which highest are.
This ant, that walks on this large fruit can see
This piece of slender twig, which in the fruit
I now erect, better than it can see
This seed ; though this is nearer to its eye,
And thicker much, than the small twig ; because
The rising of the fruit, between the seed
And ant's low eye, quite intercepts the view.
But as this twig, though farther from the ant,
Than is the seed, is higher much than it ;
The ant can see it well. And if when I
To distant objects look, the highest are
Most clearly seen, is not the reason this :
Namely, because a rising of the earth,
There is, just like the rising of this fruit,
'Twixt me and distant objects, low but large,
Which intercepts the view ; while smaller things

Of greater height, merely because they're high,
Above the rising of the earth appear?
While I, one lovely day, the scenes around
Surveyed; I saw, upon a distant hill
Of steep ascent, four very lofty trees,
Which so much my attention drew, that I
Resolved to visit them; but near the foot
Of the ascent, I had to pass a spot
Richly adorned with many flow'ring shrubs,
Of stature equal to my own. Now why,
Said I, when at a distance, I the trees
Beheld, did not the shrubs appear? I thought,
And thought, and then to this conclusion came,—
The trees, because they're higher than the shrubs,
Could, at a distance great, by me be seen;
The shrubs, because they're low, did not appear
Till I approached the spot on which they stand.
Things really appear to me, thought I,
As to a little ant upon a fruit;
And are not these appearances a proof,
That this fair earth, just like this fruit, is round?

“ ‘ This little ant, and noble fruit, which is,
In its circumference, three spans, may yet
A farther illustration give, of thoughts,
Which, on this subject, have to me occurred.
The vision of the ant extends, perhaps,
A finger's joint; the fruit's rotundity
Does not, I think, a more extensive view
Permit; then what, just at the utmost bound
Of vision, to the ant appears but air—
The circumambient air? Thus then the sky,
At the short distance of a finger's joint,
Seems, to the ant, all round to touch the fruit;
But would the sky and fruit thus seem to meet,

Were the fruit flat instead of globular ?
I think, that they would not. Now I, upon
The surface of the earth, seem to myself
Just like an ant upon this fruit. I see,
'Tis true, much farther than this little ant ;
But then the line, which does my vision bound,
Where earth and sky to me appear to meet,
Is not remote ; for, at the boundary
Of vision, if a few tall trees appear,
I can, by walking in a course direct,
Soon reach the place ; the distance is so short,
That, several times a day, I could that space
Traverse. But when I come to those tall trees,
Which were the limits of my view before,
Where earth and sky appeared to meet, the point
Of contact has removed ; it now appears
As far beyond the trees, as did the trees
Appear, from the first spot, on which I stood.
On turning to that spot, discerned with ease,
By means of some fine tree, I then perceive,
That forms the termination of my view,
And there, now earth and sky appear to meet.
Thus, in whatever place I am, the sky,
As I've from observation learn'd, appears
To form a concave o'er my head ; while, at
A certain distance, all around, just where
My vision terminates, the sides of this
Same concave seem to touch the earth, just as
The ant might think the sky to touch the fruit ;
But then, this contact of the sky and earth,
Or sky and fruit, is no reality ;
They only thus appear to touch. But still,
Whence this appearance ? Now, to me it seems,
That, as the fruit's convexity, may well

Occasion this appearance to the ant ;
 So does the earth's convexity produce
 The appearance of a concave sky to me ;
 And if the earth a convex surface has
 In every part, must it not be a globe ?

“ ‘ There is another point, on which I would,
 Some information, gain ; and you, that know
 The great Creator's works so well, can give
 Me all the information I desire.

All things around me rest upon the earth,
 But I would know, on what the earth doth rest ;
 Here observation can avail me nought ;
 Much have I thought, but still I nothing know.

“ ‘ One question more, I beg to ask, and then,
 Your answer, full of information great,
 With pleasure I shall hear. The glorious sun,
 Each morning, I observe, does from the east
 Spring up ; then, at a measured pace, ascends
 Until it gains its full meridian height ;
 Then towards the west, at the same rate, descends ;
 And having sunk so low, that it appears
 To touch the earth, it soon becomes to me
 Invisible. The morning comes, and I
 Again see, in the east, the glorious sun
 Arise ; but how does it, during the hours
 Of darkness, pass from west to east ? This I
 Would understand. Its course, by day, I see ;
 Its course, by night, to me is quite unknown.

“ ‘ These things, I said, then waited the reply
 Of my celestial visitants ; when one,
 In tones of holy love, addressed me thus :
 ‘ O Adam, though of earth thy body is,
 We see in thee a powerful mind ; the gift
 Of thy Creator ; and this strong desire,

About his wonderous works to be informed,
We much rejoice to see ; for in his works,
Of every kind, his glory is displayed.
This earth, thy fair abode, is large indeed,
And is, as thou dost well suppose, a globe ;
But wouldst thou circumambulate this earth,
And did no sea nor ocean intercept
Thy course ; the labour of a thousand days,
Would scarcely bring thee to this spot again.
This globe, so vast, so ponderous, has nought,
On which to rest ; it nothing touches, is
By nothing touched ; but, by the power of Him,
Who made it, is suspended in the air,
And takes its motions from his sovereign will.
On these points then, no farther doubt admit ;
I tell thee what we heavenly messengers
Do fully know. When on our way, from Heaven,
To visit thee, we always see this earth,
A mighty globe, rolling through space, impelled
By power divine ; as we approach, we can,
From a great distance, see thy loved abode ;
And seeing, we to it our course direct,
And here alight. So, when we leave the earth,
Some distant world to visit ; we must pass
Through space, midst numerous revolving worlds,
All globes like this, but differing in size,
Until we reach the one, to which we go.

“ ‘ But thy last question must, a full reply,
Receive. This earth, as I have told thee, is
A globe ; and it revolves from west to east ;
And ’tis this motion of the earth, which makes
The sun appear to move from east to west,
And then become invisble. This fruit,
Which, as thou thinkest, represents the earth,

Shall now, an illustration give. We're now
Beneath a very shady tree, which has
So dense a foliage, that it excludes
The sun ;—but there a sunbeam penetrates ;
Hence, that bright spot we see upon the ground,
Two fingers' breadth in its diameter.
Now place the fruit upon that spot ; northwards,
Let one end point, the other to the south.
The sunbeam, perpendicularly now,
Falls on the upper surface of the fruit.
Now, at the south end of the fruit, stand thou,
But with thy face directed to the north ;—
The east is now upon thy right, the west
Upon thy left. Now, on the fruit's west side,
And at a distance from the centre point
Upon its upper surface, just about
A fourth of its circumference, imprint
A mark, and let that mark, the ant's abode,
Be thought ; and this thick shade, we will suppose,
The darkness of the night. The ant can now,
If it looks eastward, through the opening leaves,
Just where the sunbeam penetrates, behold
The glorious sun ; but how does it appear ?
Not high and over-head, as now to us,
But quite remote and low ; just as it seems
To thee, when rising from the point, where earth
And sky appear to meet. Now slowly turn
The fruit from west towards east, observing well,
That, as thou turn'st, the sun will, to the ant,
Higher and higher seem to rise ; just so,
As day advances, to thy view, the sun
Still higher rises towards its highest point
In this vast firmament. Now stop ;—the mark,
Which, on the west side of the fruit, thou mad'st,

Has now, thou seest, the upper surface gained,
Just where the sunbeam falls. Now, with the ant,
'Tis midday, for the sun is o'er its head.
So thou dost, from the west each morn, ascend,
Till thou a point, half way between the east
And west, hast reached ; and then the sun to thee
Appears to have its midday height attained.
Now slowly turn the fruit again, still towards
The east ;—the sun, as thou observest now,
Is westward of the ant ; and just as much
As to the eastward moves the ant, the sun
Appears descending towards the west. Just so,
When midday's past, the sun, to thee, appears
Declining towards the west. Turn on yet more,
The ant has reached the eastern side ; and now,
To it, the sun is setting in the west.
Just so at eve, the sun, low in the west,
Thou seest, where earth and sky appear to meet.
Turn on ;—now, to the ant, 'tis night,—the sun
Is gone ; so, as the earth rolls east, the sun
Quite disappears, and it is night to thee.
Now turn the fruit till, in the west, the mark,
As at the first, appears ;—now to the ant
'Tis day ; now it again can see the sun
Just rising in the east. The fruit has now
One revolution made ; 'tis thus the earth
Its daily revolution makes ; and hence,
The sun, which stationary is, appears
To thee to rise and set. And now I hope,
The cause of day and night to thee is clear.'

“ ‘ O Heavenly tutor ! I exclaimed, thou hast
Not only satisfied me, on the points,
On which I thy instruction sought ; but thou,
Such weighty information, hast conveyed,

As quite surprises and delights me too.
Are there then other worlds, besides this earth,
Inhabited by beings rational,
Who can, like me, their great Creator's works
Admire, and offer him the praises due ?
But where are all these worlds ? I see them not ;
Yet sure I am, thou speakest truth ; and I
Most earnestly entreat thee, on this point,
My very scanty knowledge to enlarge.'

“ ‘ Adam,’ the angel said, ‘ the worlds of which
I speak, are visible to thee, though thou
Perhaps hast never thought them worlds. What are
The heavenly bodies, which, at night, to thee
So numerous appear ? Dost thou suppose,
That they are merely lamps, hung in the sky,
To throw a little light on thine abode ?
Were that their only object, thou must know,
Another moon, would far more useful be,
Than all these stars, which stud the darkened sky.
And would a God of wisdom infinite,
So many stars create, that light to give,
Which, from another moon the size of this,
And which, large as it seems, is smaller much
Than any star, might amply be derived ?
Know then, that some of these celestial lights
Are globes, much like this earth, and, like it too,
Enlightened by thy sun ; while other stars
There are, which, from thy sun, no light receive ;
No, they themselves are suns, which brightly shine
On numerous worlds invisible to thee.
To many of these worlds, we have been sent
God's messages to bear, or to perform
Duties of other kinds enjoined by him ;
And sometimes too, by inclination led,

We visit different worlds, the works of God
To see, and with their pure inhabitants
Converse ; just as we visit earth, and here,
About the works of God, with thee discourse.'

“ ‘ When I, this heard, I did not fail to express
An ardent wish, that I, like them, could go
From world to world ; and, on the largest scale,
The Great Creator’s wondrous works behold.
‘ Adam,’ one of my Heavenly visitants
Replied, ‘ thy wishes, though commendable,
Agree not with thy present state ; thou art
On thy probation placed. If in this state,
Thou, thy allegiance, dost firmly keep
To God ; to a much higher state thou wilt,
At length, be raised, in which thy powers will far
Superior be to those which now thou hast ;
Thy means of knowledge too be much enlarged,
And, as a consequence, thy happiness
Will a surprising augmentation know.
One plan, the great Creator, does observe
Towards all intelligences, whom he does,
In his great wisdom, into being call ;—
He, at the first, creates them pure, as he
Did thee ; and doth them all with power endue
To love and serve him, and, in his great works,
To feel delight. Like thee too, all, at first,
In a probationary state are placed ;
And their fidelity well proved, they are,
As thou wilt be, if faithful found, removed
To a new state of most exalted bliss,
In which, beyond the possibility
Of fall, they are, by God’s decree, confirmed.
But this observe, that God, a certainty
Of endless happiness, confers on none,

Until, in their probationary state,
They have his approbation well secured.
We seven bright messengers of God, who now
Before thee stand, have safely through our state
Of trial pass'd ; and now, in holiness
And happiness, beyond the reach of ill,
We are confirmed. Though now alike, to thee
We seem ; in our probationary state,
We were inhabitants of different worlds.
I who address thee now, and these two saints
Upon my right and left, are from one world ;
We all were relatives ; free from all sin,
We through our time of trial pass'd, and lived
In holy intercourse, and mutual love.
The other four are from three different worlds ;
Two of them from one world ; the other two,
Each from a different world, and ne'er did they
Each other see, until they met in Heaven.
But know there many beings are, who, just
Like us and thee, were formed in holiness,
And placed in a probationary state,
That have disloyal proved, and wickedly,
Against our Great Creator, have rebelled.
On them, his dreadful wrath, is shown ; they are,
From their primeval state of happiness,
Cast down, and doomed to endless punishment.
But not content with ruining themselves,
They labour other beings to destroy,
By tempting them, the just commands of God
To violate, as they themselves have done.
Some of these evil beings may to thee
Approach, and ere thou knowest who they are,
Or what their object is ; yea, ere thou dost
The least suspicion feel, thy Maker's laws,

Thou mayst transgress, and thus, upon thyself,
And all thy future race, bring misery.
Be therefore on thy guard ; and do not dare,
To swerve the least, from what thy God has said.*

“ ‘ The angel ceased ; and speedily all took
Their flight to visit other worlds, while I,
With earnest wish to follow them, looked on.
From this discourse, my son, thou well canst know,
That, on the points, of which thou hast inquired,
I was not ignorant ; thou also seest
The source, whence I my information gained.
But, that this knowledge was, by me, possessed,
Thou mightst, from Holy Writ, have well supposed ;
The ancient book of Job* this truth affirms
That God, on nothing, does the earth suspend.
But how was this made known to Job ? He lived
Before your scientific age in which,
By skill in mathematics, men have made
Discoveries great. Did he possess the skill
To mete the heavens by trigonometry ?
Or could he circumnavigate the globe
To learn its size and shape ? No means had he
Of proving, that the earth doth hang in space,
Without support, except by power divine.
No ! Job that truth from old tradition learn’d ;
Tradition old as the primeval state
Of man. All knew it well at first ; but men,
Sunk into ignorance and vice, at length,
This branch of knowledge lost ; nor it regained,
Till, by proficiency in science, they,
In after times, the great discovery made.

* Job xxvi. 7. He stretcheth out the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing.

“ ‘ The lovely garden, which, in Eden’s land,
Was given for my abode, of which you wish
To hear, was then, the fairest spot on earth ;
Though earth was fairer then, than in your days.
But earth, though fair and beautiful, had ne’er
Of cultivation had the benefit ;
While Eden’s garden, by its Maker’s hand,
Had been prepared ; and every beauty had,
Which highest cultivation could produce.
While I, and my fair spouse did there remain,
We did all things in order keep ; and thus
Some knowledge of the art of tillage gained.
No summer heat, no winter cold, did us,
In that abode, annoy ; nor was there found
On earth, in those bless’d days, excessive heat.
Or cold severe ; a temperature, which gave
To man both vigour and delight, and was
Most favourable to the choicest fruits
And flowers, did everywhere, as I observed,
Prevail. Delicious fruits of every kind,
And nourishing to man, on Eden’s trees,
In great abundance, grew ; blossoms and fruit,
On the same tree, always appeared ; and fruit
Succeeded fruit, in one incessant round.
But Eden’s fair abode one pleasure had,
Which I esteemed supreme ; and which, expelled
From that fair spot, I did no more enjoy ;—
That was my Maker’s presence ;—oft he came,
And, sometimes by a gentle, friendly voice,
Sometimes in human form, converse with me.
Knowing how uninformed I was, he oft,
Without my asking, much instruction gave ;
And oft, concerning things unknown to me,
Allowed me to inquire ; when his replies,

Most ample information, would impart.
But short alas ! this blessed intercourse !
How soon by sin debarred ! You of my sin
Have read ; the painful tale I need not tell.
Eve was, you know, deceived, but I was not ;*
Yet fearing, that her ruin was complete,
I wilfully, from desperate love to her,
Partook the fruit, that I with her might die ;
For O ! I could not part with one so dear.
Guilt, shame, and fear did now our souls possess ;
We knew the punishment denounced was death,
And when we heard the voice of God, we thought,
He would at once the sentence execute ;
Yet he forebore, as you well know, and hope
Of favour gave us in the promised seed.
Obscure as was the hint, we could perceive
Some good intended for the human race.

“ ‘ Expelled from Eden, we with groans and tears,
And loud laments, began the pilgrimage
Allotted us. The change was great ; and we,
Of mental suffering, had an ample share.
But do not think, that earth, to meet our wants,
No food produced ; for many fruits we found,
Such as in Eden’s garden grew, and there,
Our food, had been. God wisdom gave, and we
Soon learn’d, the milk of animals, to use
As food ; and finding some nutritious plants,
We cultivated them with care ; thus soon
Our pressing wants received a large supply.
’Twas gradually, that the earth became
Less fertile, and that thorns and thistles grew ;
And as its great fertility decreased,
So we in tillage more expert became.’ ”

* 1 Tim. ii. 14.

“ Here Adam ceased ; and I my thanks returned,
For all the information he had given.
I then to Noah went, and gained, from him,
Much information on the state of things
On earth before the flood. A narrative
Of his abode, in that strange dwelling place,
The ark, he gave, which many things contained,
Not in the history by Moses given.
To Moses also I a visit paid,
And much with him, about his history,
And scenes of his eventful life, conversed.
But on the subject of his death, I sought
For information most ; for that event,
So interesting, was, in Holy Writ,
So briefly told, that each reflecting mind
Sighed to obtain still more particulars.
All I desired to know, with pleasure great,
He did communicate ; and many things
He told, of which I had not even thought.
He spoke of the emotions of his mind,
While climbing up to Pisgah’s top ;—how calm
He felt, though quite assured, that death was near ;
How glad he was to end his earthly course,
Though not allowed to tread the promised land.
‘ And when,’ said he, ‘ a distant view of it
I gained, I felt quite satisfied ; and longed
The earth to leave, and enter on my rest.
Our gracious God presented to my mind
A prospect brighter far, than Canaan’s land
Could boast ; it was a clear and glorious view
Of this delightful place ;—a view like that,
Which subsequently Paul enjoyed. O Lord !
Said I, thy chastisement, so much by me
Deserved, thou hast into a blessing turned ;

'Tis better far to die, and have a place
In Paradise, than call the fairest spot
In Canaan's land my own. My spirit now,
I do most cheerfully resign ; let me,
I pray, at once depart. 'Twas done ;—my soul,
Released from clay, among the angels stood ;
Then joined them in their flight to Paradise.'

“On one occasion, I to Paul repaired
To question him, and learn from him some truths,
On earth unknown, about the great, last day,
And blessed resurrection of the just.
With him I many saw, who, like myself,
For farther information sought ; while he,
Delighted much with his employ, to all
Did most unsparingly communicate
The various information, which they sought.
Knowledge gave joy in Paradise ;—great joy
Was mine, important truths to learn, which were,
Not even hinted at, in Holy Writ, and which,
On earth, had never to my mind occurred.
Thus you perceive, the saints in Paradise,
As here in Heaven, sweet intercourse enjoyed ;
An intercourse, which, while it gave delight,
Imparted boundless profit to the mind.

“Here I must close my present narrative,
And to another turn, of two dear friends,
Husband and wife, on earth, who, while they lived
In sweet affection's strongest ties, were not
Unmindful of the world to come. They hoped,
Their earthly union but a prelude was
To sweeter and more lasting intercourse
In Paradise ; where they believed, when death
Had done its work, they both, through Jesus' grace,
Should meet in happiness. They could not hope,

That both, on the same day, would be removed ;
But, that their separation might be short,
They greatly wished ; and that the death of one
Might only a few months, the other's death
Precede, and the re-union, they desired,
Be soon complete in blessed Paradise.
But on this point, an all-wise Providence
Did not their wishes grant. After the wife
Had been removed, the husband years did wait,
And many heavy griefs endure, ere he,
Permission could obtain, the earth to leave,
And follow her he loved to Paradise.

“ As they lived on, in love and cheerful hope,
The husband left, for one short day, his home,
Intending, on the morrow, to return ;—
He did return ;—but only time enough
To see his much beloved wife expire.
Short was the warning she received ; disease
Assailed ;—a few hours' pain, and she was gone.
But she was quite prepared ; her faith in Christ
Was strong, and death had all its terrors lost.
With calmness she, of her departure, spoke,
And charged her mourning friends around, to meet
Her in a better world. Her husband came ;
She saw and knew him, but the power of speech
Was almost gone. Affection reigned in death ;
One kind expression did her lips pronounce,
And then she sank and died. Children, and friends,
And husband weeping stood. No common tears,
Her loss produced ; her mourning husband felt
The bitterest grief, that heart could feel, and wished,
That he, with her, might instantly take flight.

“ The happy spirit, now released from clay,
Affectionately viewed the mourners round

The bed of death, then took its rapid flight
To Paradise ; where many happy saints,
Who had, on earth, this pious woman known,
And greatly loved, did her arrival greet.
Now great her joy ; but ne'er did she forget
The partner of her earthly pilgrimage ;
Affection strong did still her mind possess ;
And much she wished, but not impatiently,
For his arrival in the world of rest.
Oft would she speak of him, to this effect :
' How many things of Paradise, of which
I had not thought, my husband would me tell !
But now I see, that all I learn'd from him,—
All his imagination e'er could paint,
Fell greatly short of the reality.
O ! were he here, I now could him instruct,
And tell him of ten thousand holy joys,
Of which, on earth, he never can conceive !
O blessed hour ! when his society,
So dear to me, I shall again enjoy ;
For happy as I am, to see him here,
And tell him all I know of Paradise,
Would much my happiness augment.'

" At length, an intimation she received,
That her dear earthly partner was at hand.
No time she lost in hastening to the gate
Of Paradise, to watch his first approach,
And welcome, after separation long,
But now no more to part, with great delight,
And purest love, her dearest earthly friend.
She was the first to speak, for she knew him,
Ere he was able her to recognize.
' Thrice welcome ! my beloved,' she exclaimed ;
' Part of myself on earth ; at last I see

You here ; this is the happiest day, that I
In Paradise have known. Fresh in my mind
Is that to you, most painful day, when death,
So suddenly, asunder cut those ties,
The sweetest ties of earth, which us for years
Together bound, and left you to deplore
My loss ;—but now that loss you mourn no more ;
Your sorrows now are turned to joy ; for we
Have met beyond the reach of death or ill.’
The husband, hearing this, replied : ‘ Are you,
O happy spirit, she who was, on earth,
My much beloved wife ? Yes ! you are she ;
And still, in sweet affection, quite unchanged ;
Of this you now afford most ample proof,
By coming thus to welcome me. This is
What I expected ;—yes ! I felt assured,
That in your heart the old affection lived,
And that, just in this way, you would it show.’

“ The wife replied. ‘ Beloved, come with me ;
I will conduct you to the Saviour’s feet,
That, first of all, you may your gratitude
To him express ; that done, we will in sweet
Discourse, on former times, and former scenes,
Indulge.’ The husband, who, a minister
Of Christ had been, was graciously received,
The Saviour smiled ; assured him of his love ;
Said, that his humble efforts souls to win,
And edify the saints, had been approved ;
And promise gave, that, at the great, last day,
He should, a great reward, obtain, and see,
Among the saved, those who would be his joy
And crown. ‘ Until that day arrive,’ said he,
Dwell here, with all my saints, and taste, with them,
And thy best earthly friend, the sweet delights

Of Paradise.' To a secluded spot,
They now retired, each other's history
To hear, since that sad day, when, by the hand
Of death, they, from each other, had been torn.
The husband, feeling much the Saviour's love
To him, spoke thus : ' Now, greatly I rejoice
In that, which once, to me much sorrow, gave.
When you had been removed, it was my wish,
At once, to follow you ; for naught on earth
Could pleasure give. Life was a bitter cup,
Which, from my hands, I wished to drop ; but still
I felt, that I must live, and pass through years
Of toil and labour more, before I could
Permission gain, earth to forsake, and join
You in this world of rest. I sinned, I fear,
In being so reluctant to remain
And do the work of God ; but now I see,
That my long stay on earth is cause of joy ;
For, after your decease, our gracious God,
My humble labours, bless'd ; and now I feel,
'Twas gain to live, even in grief to live,
That I might win immortal souls to Christ,—
Souls, that at last will be my joy and crown.'

" ' The views, which you now entertain,' replied
The wife, ' are perfectly correct. You now,
The reason, of your long continuance
On earth, can clearly understand ; and you
Now feel assured, that all was done in love,—
Done to augment your happiness at last.
On my arrival here, I wished, that you,
At once, might follow me ; for well I knew
What heavy grief would press you down, deprived
Of that sweet intercourse, which we on earth
Enjoyed ; but soon our blessed Saviour me

Informed, that 'twas his will, that you should yet
On earth remain, and there his truth proclaim ;
But that you would at last, your labours o'er,
Most certainly in this bless'd world arrive.
This was enough ; for though I knew, that, while
On earth, grief, more or less, would be your lot,
I also knew the joys of Paradise ;
And certain, that the Lord would give you strength
Your heavy trials to endure, I felt
Quite satisfied, yea ! I rejoiced, in what
Our gracious Saviour had for you ordain'd.
And now you feel, in what he has just said,
An ample recompence for a long life
Of toil and grief on earth ; for you're assured,
A weight of glory will be yours at last.
But now as we, through the great Saviour's love
To us, have, after absence long, thus met
In peace, quite sure of endless rest, I hope
You will, your earthly history, or parts
Of it, to me narrate, since that sad day,
To you, when I, before your eyes, expired.
I often have, some information gained,
From friends, who knew you on the earth, and who,
On their arrival here, most willingly
Communicated all, concerning you,
They knew. It gave me pleasure great to hear,
That you did not live comfortless, though I
Could no more be your help meet on the earth.
But friends could only your external state
Make known ; the feelings of your mind, which were
Perhaps from all on earth concealed, or known,
In measure only, to a few, I wish
You now to tell ; yes ! let me hear, what you,
To few on earth, did e'er communicate.'

“ ‘ My once beloved wife,’ the husband said,
‘ And now, my dear companion in this world
Of rest, nothing will I conceal ; to tell
You all that, after your removal, me
Befel, is what I’ve always wished to do.
Often, on earth, did I this happy hour
Anticipate, when, seated with you here
In Paradise, I should, into your ear,
The tale of all my sorrows pour.
But, as you know in part, my history,
And yours to me, since our sad parting day,
Is quite unknown ; let me, at present, give
Only an outline brief ; and when I’ve heard
That int’esting account, which, I am sure,
You have to give ; I will, soon as you please,
All the particulars, about my state
On earth, to you narrate. The griefs of earth
Now light appear ; just as when health returned,
The pains of sickness were almost forgot ;
Yet I your wish will meet, for well I know,
It is the dictate of your love to me.
’Tis also right, our troubles o’er, we should,
With grateful hearts, the past review, and give
To God the praise of our deliverance.

“ ‘ That dreadful blow, your death, left me quite stunned ;
All calm reflection was, for many days,
A stranger to my deeply troubled mind.
So sudden the event,—no time allowed
The mind to discipline, for such a loss,
I scarcely could believe what had occurred.
Transition dreadful !—from the pinnacle
Of earthly comfort, thus at once cast down,
Into a state of deepest earthly wo !
I was a wreck ;—not made so by the roar

Of long continued storms ; one sudden gust
Did all. O'erwhelmed with grief, I could not feel ;
I knew you dead,—but could not feel you were.
Not one short hour after your soul had fled,
While I was sitting in my usual place,
A female friend, in person much like you,
Pass'd me, as she was moving to the couch,
On which your body lay ; and I, absorbed
In grief, but still my loss forgetting, caught
Just a side glimpse of her, and thought her you.
A few days after, while I, near the house
Of God, in conversation was engaged,
Another female friend pass'd near, who much
Resembled you ; I was again deceived,
And thought her you. But oh ! the grief I felt
When memory said, “ Ah no ! she's gone.”

“ ‘ For many days, my secret prayers were short,
But frequent ;—short, because my thoughts were all
Concentrated upon my recent loss,
And on no other subject could I pray ;—
Frequent, because, without incessant prayer,
And looking up to God, that load of grief
I could not bear. The little strength obtained,
By one short prayer, was, under such a load,
Exhausted soon ; and then I was compelled
To pray again, or I could not my grief
Endure. Yet sometimes, though these broken prayers
Were but the dictates of my sore distress ;
I did so far the loss I had sustained
Forget, as still to pray for you. So slow
Was I my loss to realize ;—to bear
In mind the thing, I did so much deplore.
The thought, that, by my humble prayers, I could,
No further help, to you afford, gave pain ;

And, had it lawful been, to pray for you,
I should, in that sweet exercise, have found
A pleasure great ; but in the thought, that you
No more my prayers did need, that you were safe
Beyond the reach of sin and ill, I found
Much comfort too. As short my prayers, so short
The portions of the Word of God, I read,
For I, no train of thought, could then endure ;
A verse or two, containing some great truth,
Or promise sweet, appropriate to my case,
Was all I could, at once, receive. That read
And thought of, for a time ; I was again
Compelled to take my Bible up, and seek
Another portion, which might comfort give.

“ ‘ I often sat and mused, and to myself
This question put : ‘ Why has the Lord on me
This very sore affliction brought ? ’ That I
Had gone so far astray, as such a stroke
To need, I could not see ; and if I had,
Still why so sudden was the stroke ? It was
A mystery inscrutable. But dark,
As were the ways of God, and great as was
The loss I had sustained, I soon perceived,
That your removal was but one sad stroke
Of many, which I soon should be compelled
To bear ; but the commencement of a train
Of ills ; all which in quick succession came,
Each treading on its predecessor’s heels.
My case, I thought, almost a parallel
To that of Job ; so sudden and so great
The change ; so rapidly did one sore ill
Upon another come. And as, with him,
His friends mistook his case, and censured where
They should have pity shown ; just so with me.

Little did you suspect, little did I,
What dreadful evils I was doomed to bear.
Your death, to me, a tree of sorrow was,
Whose branches num'rous, and of great extent,
Did in abundance their sad fruit produce.

“ ‘ Thus, for a time, I in deep waters sank ;
Over my head, the waves of sorrow rolled ;
Sleep left my eyes at night ; tears were my food,
And comfort I had none. I had not come
To a right state of mind. The turbulence
Of grief, at length, to calmer thoughts gave place ;
And I began, first to suspect, and then
To see, that God had not, without just cause,
Those awful chastisements upon me brought.
I saw, that I had cleaved too much to earth ;
That I had made you, my beloved wife,
The fountain of all good. I had supposed,
That you would prove a never-failing source
Of happiness, when other sources fail'd ;
And as I had, before my union
With you, some very heavy trials borne,
I fondly hoped, the Lord had made a grant
Of you, to me, in perpetuity ;
That he would not inflict on me the pain
Of losing you, or that he would, at least,
Permit you to remain until the time
Of my departure, from the earth, approached.
Thus firmly holding, as I vainly thought,
The greatest blessing earth could yield, my heart,
I saw, had been from God withdrawn. This first
Discovery made, I soon perceived, that I,
In other things, had also sinned ; and that,
For many reasons, I did well deserve
The painful chastisements the Lord had sent.

I now began, under the mighty hand
Of God, myself to humble, and my sins,
Before Him, to confess. Some of my sins
Lay heavy on my mind ; much did I pray,
That he would those great sins forgive, and grant
Me greater holiness of heart and life.

“ ‘ These views of things lightened, in some degree,
My load of grief for you. My thoughts were now
To other subjects turned ; I saw the need
Of keeping my own heart, and labouring
To reach a state of grace, superior far,
To any, I had ever yet attained.
And now, amidst the gloom, a ray of light
Upon me fell ; I saw it possible,
That this most heavy stroke might be for good ;
And felt, that as I had it well deserved,
I ought it patiently to bear ; and seek,
In things divine, and intercourse with God,
The solace of my grief. This course pursued,
Thanks be to God for his assisting grace,
I soon obtained a better frame of mind.
Now I could view you as an earthly good,
Of which the Lord had wisely me deprived ;
And now, instead of pining, as before,
For your society ; I tried to wait
With patience for the happy day, now come,
When I should meet you in this world of rest.
The wish, so long indulged, to follow you
Without delay, abated now ; and I,
To live and labour a few years for God,
Became content. At length, I found, what once
I could not well believe,—that, without you,
’Twas possible to live, and to enjoy
Some little comfort too. Yet earthly things

Had lost their power to charm ; I felt, and wished,
That the same feeling ever might remain,
Indifferent to them all. This feeling, much
As I it cherished, lost, in course of time,
A portion of its strength ; but still, your loss,
A lesson taught me, which I ne'er forgot.
No more did I consider earth my home,
But as a lodging place, which I must leave ;
And though I feared impatiently to long
For my removal, yet the hope, that I,
Ere long, should leave the earth, rejoin you here,
And take my place among the spirits just,
Was pleasing to my mind. Life wore away ;
And, near its close, anticipations sweet,
I often had, of this bright, happy day ;
And now it's come ; now I am with you here ;
How wonderful ! and how delightful too !
Here let me pause ; for I now wish to hear
Your history, commencing from the time
Of your short mortal illness, to the hour,
When you, so full of sweet affection, came
To meet me at the gate of Paradise.'

" ' Yes ! ' said the wife, ' 'twill give me pleasure great
To do as you desire. In this request,
I see a proof of that affection, which
You always bore for me on earth. Then did
My welfare fill your thoughts ; and now, as then,
You will in all my happiness rejoice.
A little time before my death, as you
Well recollect, dark clouds of Providence
Did gather thick around our heads ; and gave
Too certain presage of a coming storm.
I feared,—but oft the thought occurred to me,
That, I before the bursting of the storm,

Might be removed ; and, to communicate
My thoughts to you, I often wished, that you,
For that event, might be prepared ; yet as
I had no certainty, that death was near,
It seemed the part of prudence to refrain,
Lest I should your distress too much augment.
But when that fatal sickness me assailed,
Which, in a few short hours, destroyed my life,
I wished you near ; for much did I desire,
Before I left, to tell you all my heart ;
And as we had, in sweet affection lived,
So, in the painful hour, when called to part,
We might, a most affectionate farewell,
Then of each other take. I felt for you,
For well I knew, what a most painful blow
My death, so sudden, would on you inflict.
Oft I inquired for you ; but the disease
Advanced so rapidly, that soon my thoughts
Were drawn from you, and turned to that great change,
Which was so near at hand ; and which, at first,
Not without hope and fear commixed, I viewed.
' O could I now but feel, that all is well !'
Said I ; ' that Christ is mine, and that, my soul,
He will receive !' My cries for help were short ;
My pains severe forbad a lengthened prayer ;
But Jesus heard, and gave a cheering view
Of his great sacrifice, as offering me
A solid ground of hope, e'en in the hour
Of death ; and, resting on that solid rock,
I peace and comfort found. I saw myself
A sinner great, and feared ; but when I looked
To Christ, I saw, in his atoning blood,
And faithful promises, enough my fears
To quell. At length, in dying Stephen's word's,

I did my soul to the great Saviour's hands
Commit; and then a steady hope subdued
My every fear. Such was my state of mind,
When you at my bedside appeared. I saw
You were intent on remedies; for you,
As I perceived, thought there was room for hope.
Could I have spoken then, I would have said :
' There is no hope of life; but pray with me
For the last time.' But speech had almost fled;
And I could only say, or rather try
To say: ' My dear!' but these last words, as I perceived,
You did not hear. I then, my utmost strength
Applied, to raise my dying hands to touch
Your face, to give you proof, that e'en in death,
My love to you had no abatement known.
In that, I also failed; my hands could not
My wish perform; and you, this last attempt,
I thought, did not observe. I could no more:—
I loved you much, but had no power to show
Another proof of love;—I was compelled
To leave you thus. Now my last hour was come.
You may remember, that I wished to turn,
And you assisted me. When turned, my speech
Was gone; my sense of all surrounding things
I gradually lost. My sight went first;
A mist, and then a total darkness seemed
To close my eyes. You, and my friends around,
I could no more behold. But though my eyes
Were dark, I still your several voices heard,
And knew the mournful tones, in which you spoke.
But soon my hearing too began to fail;
A few short moments more, and I became,
To all the sounds of earth, insensible.
The power of thought alone remained. I knew,

That I was dying, that my soul just then
Would take its flight ; yet I was calm ; all sense
Of pain was gone ; all fear of death had fled.
Fainter and fainter I became ;—I felt
Like one about to swoon ; then suddenly,
There came a mighty change ; my powers of mind,
So low before, were instantly, it seemed
To me, to a full state of vigour raised ;—
I had become a disembodied soul.

“ ‘ Thus easily I passed the iron gate
Of death ; and I had scarcely time to give
One thought to the great question, am I safe ?
Ere, at my side, an angel bright appeared,
Who offered me congratulations warm,
On my escape from pain and sin, and said,
That the great Saviour had him sent, to watch
Beside my bed of death, and then convey
My soul to Paradise. This gave me joy
Unspeakable ; and much I wished, that you,
And all my christian friends around, could know
The happiness I then enjoyed. I gazed
Upon you all, and on my own pale corpse,
With feelings I could not express. I longed
For Paradise ; yet strong affection’s ties
Bound me to earthly friends, and most of all
To you ; and when I saw your bitter grief,
Too great for utterance,—children and friends
Dissolved in tears,—some bending o’er my corpse,
And, with those drops of grief, my pale, cold face
Bedewing ;—tears,—could happy spirits weep,
Would from me too have fallen. I felt a wish,—
A momentary wish, that I had yet
To you been spared, or that I could to you
Return. The angel, seeing this, urged me,

Without delay, to take my flight with him
To this abode of joy. ‘O happy soul!’
Said he, ‘redeemed by Jesus’ blood, why thus
Allow the griefs of earth to trouble thee?
Thou hast enough of grief endured; come now
With me to that fair world, where tears, and grief,
And sin are all unknown.’ ‘Celestial friend,’
Said I, ‘consider now the ties of earth;
What strong affection binds those, whom the Lord
One flesh has made; whose souls, by the strong cords
Of christian love, are also bound; can they
Without each other live? Much do I feel
Now for my other self; and wish, that he
Had but the gracious Saviour’s leave to take
His flight with me.’ ‘Leave him,’ the angel said,
‘And all thy earthly friends to the kind care
Of him, who gave his life their souls to save.
He will them all protect, and comfort to;
And thou wilt doubtless see thy husband dear,
And christian friends again, in that bless’d world,
To which we go. The griefs of earth are short;
This thou well know’st; and as the Lord sustains
His people by his strength divine, may well
With ease, be borne. Think of the happy day,
When thou wilt welcome him, thou so much lov’st
To Paradise; that joy awaits thee there.’
He spoke; my joy returned; committing you,
And all to God, I bade the earth farewell;
And sped my way, with my angelic guide,
To this delightful place, to dwell with saints,
And feel the Saviour’s overpowering love.

“ ‘While on my way, I thought of the great love
Of Christ;—how he had given himself for me;
And much I longed to see him, and pour forth

The flood of gratitude, my heart contained.
As I approached the gates of Paradise,
I several other happy spirits saw
Approaching too, who had, just like myself,
A sweet release, from all the pains and sins
Of earth, obtained. We met, and cordial
Indeed were the congratulations, which
Each gave to each. We entered all at once,
And, welcome! welcome! was the joyful sound
With which ten thousand saints saluted us.
Straight to the Saviour's throne, we did our course
Direct; and he each one with smiles received;
Spoke words of love to each, and filled each heart
With joy. He knew what I, concerning you,
Had felt and wished; and he addressed me thus:
'Beloved saint, be quite assured, that he,
Whom thou hast left behind, shall, of my care,
The object be. My will, concerning him,
Is, that he, for the present, should on earth
Remain to labour; and, by trials great,
To be in grace matured; but, in due time,
He will arrive, and, at the last great day,
Will, from my hands, a crown of life receive.'
'Lord, 'tis enough,' said I, 'thou hast brought me
To this abode of rest, to see thy face
In peace; and I can trust thy promises
And grace, hither, in thy good time, to bring
The partner of my earthly pilgrimage.'
" 'Soon as I had these words expressed, I turned
To join a company of saints, who stood
Just by, and seemed to wish with me to hold
Discourse. And O! the joy I felt to see,
Among the foremost, those two christian friends,
Who had, like me, and by the same disease,

Been very suddenly from earth removed,
A few days previously to my decease.
They saw me with surprise ; and with a joy
Too great for earthly language to express,
Congratulated me ; and seemed to feel,
That Paradise was sweeter than before,
Because they now had the society
Of one, who had so lately been, on earth,
Their fellow-traveller. They spoke of you
With pleasure great, as having, under God,
Been the chief instrument of bringing them
To trust in Jesus, and of helping them
To grow in grace, till they had reached the end
Of their short christian pilgrimage. Much they,
Concerning their poor widows, did inquire,
And much concerning you ; and much they asked
Concerning all their former christian friends.
Could you their happiness have seen, and heard
Them say, your humble efforts had saved,
With what delight, and ardent zeal would you
Have laboured to bring other souls to Christ !
In that same company were many, who,
At different periods, had to our small church
Belonged. Some of them knew me ; they had been
Our friends, on earth ; they told the others who
I was, and all rejoiced to see me there.
Great was my joy, among them, to behold
Some of the members of our church, who had
From idols turned to serve the Lord. Deeply
They felt the Saviour's love to them ; and though,
On earth, they weak and feeble were, and such
As often gave you pain, lest they, at last,
Should prove unsound, yet here they shine in grace.

“ ‘ I now inquired for those good zealous men,
Once intimate with us, who took the lead
In the great missionary cause ; and soon
I heard, that they, at some short distance were,
In an assembly large engaged, in which
I might, thousands of happy saints, behold,
And ministers of Christ, many of whom
The word of God, in heathen lands, had preached.
‘ Conduct me to the spot,’ I said, ‘ for they
Will much rejoice, among them, to behold
Another proof, for such indeed I am,
Of their success. I greatly long to see
The much beloved man, from whom I first
The truth received ; who pointed out to me,
The path, which leads to endless happiness.’
Conducted by some old beloved friends,
I quickly reached the spot, and there I saw
A scene both new and wonderful to me ;—
A vast assembly all composed of saints,
Of real saints. Yes ! several myriads,
Of happy saints around me stood ; while I,
Quite overcome with joy, at such a sight,
Exclaimed : ‘ How different this from earth ! There we,
In our assemblies, though not large, beheld
A number of ungodly men, who were
But formal worshippers ; or if, as was
We hoped, sometimes the case, the pious did
The whole assembly form, how few were there
Together found ! But what a concourse here !
And yet, all in this numerous throng are saints.
I was soon recognized by those good men,
Whom I desired to see ; and great their joy
To see me there. Many, who had you known,

Of whom some had your fellow-labourers been,
Surrounded me, and, with great warmth of love,
Many inquiries made concerning you.

“ ‘ The cause of this assembly, now I learned ;
A missionary had, from earth arrived,
With such intelligence as much rejoiced
Those blessed saints ; and, more especially,
Gave joy to those, who had themselves engaged
In the great work of winning souls to Christ.
Many on that occasion, spoke on themes
Connected with the kingdom of our God
On earth. Some on the promises enlarged,
Observed their vast extent, and then, in strains
Of rapture, never reached by saints on earth,
Called our attention to the certainty
Of their accomplishment. Some spoke of what
Already had been done ;—said the success
Already gained, a blessed earnest was
And pledge of a great harvest yet to come.
Others, in terms of warmest gratitude
To God, dilated on the great supports
And consolations given to those, who preach
The word in heathen lands ;—how, by the grace
Of God, midst labours and afflictions great,
And disappointments of most painful kind,
They persevere, and end their course with joy.
Others upon the value of the soul,
That great assembly, did address ; and showed
The cause there was for boundless joy, that souls
Of worth so great,—of value infinite,
Had, in such numbers, as did then appear
In Paradise, already found the path
Of life. Could you have heard what on this point
Was said ; it would have roused you to a pitch

Of zeal most ardent, most enduring too
To save the souls of all within your reach.

“ ‘ But now stood up that venerable man,
So much by us on earth beloved, who oft,
Of modern missions, was the father called.
All listened while he spoke, and even Paul
His warmest approbation showed. He thus
Addressed us all : ‘ Dearly beloved saints,
Your presence here, to praise the Saviour’s name,
For his rich mercy to our sinful race
Shows what his grace has done for you. That grace
Withheld, we all had been beyond the gulf,
Among the lost ; but O ! delightful thought,
We all are saved,—saved by redeeming blood.
But what is this assembly here, though large
To the vast crowds, that people Paradise !
And what are all now found in Paradise,
To the great aggregate of those, who will
Down to the end of time, be saved. Are there
Not now whole myriads on earth, who tread
The path we trod ; and who, to this fair world,
Will soon be brought to share the happiness,
Which we enjoy ? And will not myriads more
Be turned to God, who will not only fill
Their places in the church on earth, but much
That church augment ? Can we admit the thought,
That the vast population, which we here
Behold, will ever stationary be ?
No more increase—no more redeemed souls
Allowed to enter Paradise ? Never
Will this be said ;—just the reverse is true.
The church on earth will, most incessantly—
Till time shall end, her sons to Paradise
Transmit ; while, from the world around, the church

Will new supplies, more and more numerous,
Of men renewed by grace divine receive.
That great increase already is begun;
For since the time when I, beloved saints,
Was led, great was the favour shown to me,
To consecrate my service to the Lord
In heathen lands, the hand of God has wrought
A mighty change. Then, where one pious man
Was found, are now found two, or three, or more;
And since that time, but fifty years ago,
Doubled and trebled shall I say, have been
The churches of the Lord on earth?—yea more!
They have, in many parts, quadrupled been.
Full proof of this in Paradise we have;
For lo! the happy souls, that here arrive,
Have, in the same proportion great, increased.
A few years more, and holy men on earth,
And happy souls that come to Paradise,
Again will doubled, yea quadrupled be.
I lately have the records searched, in which
The names of all, who come to Paradise
Appear; and in them this delightful truth
I found, that, during many years now past,
The number of arrivals has each year
Increased; and the increase, of every year,
Greater than that, of the preceding one
Has been. That glorious work, which God on earth
Is carrying on, to use an earthly phrase,
In geometrical proportion now
Proceeds; and soon we shall, in one short year,
Behold millions of souls in Paradise arrive.
Where now, beloved Missionary friends,
And Ministers of Christ, where now are all
Our unbelieving fears, and sad complaints?

We mourned the want of more success ; and thought,
For we had narrow views, that, through the earth,
But little had been done ; but now, the fruit,
Of our poor labours, we behold. In hope
We ploughed ; in hope we sowed ; but oft in tears ;
And now, from our incipient labours, see
What an amount of good. Where we a grain
Let fall, a handful now is reaped ; and where
We dropped a few poor seeds, in, as we thought,
A barren soil, whole sheaves will soon appear.
From a small grain of mustard seed, once sown
By us, a tree of vast extent will grow ;
The little leaven, which in the mass we placed,
Quite through that mighty mass will operate.

“ In the low vale of earth, we walked by faith ;
We little saw, but little knew, and hoped
But little too ; but from the glorious heights
Of Paradise, a most extensive view
We now enjoy. All the success which earth
Affords, we do at once survey, and find
It great indeed. But when to future times
We look, as we in Paradise so well
Can do ; a glorious scene bursts on our view.
A prophet's tongue, on earth, could not describe,
It could but darkly hint, the things, which we,
As by a sunbeam guided, can behold.
I see, my friends, nor is your sight less clear,
That earth will soon a glorious harvest yield ;—
Earth, as it stately rolls from west to east,
Will soon, in every latitude, display
Whole villages, whole towns, whole cities filled
With pious men ; whole countries too will show
A population vast, of men by grace
Renewed. Nay more ! the gracious promise runs,

Earth will be full, through all its vast extent,
 Of sons and daughters of the Lord Most High.
 Then shall we see the gates of Paradise
 Wide open thrown ; and, through her blessed gates,
 A ceaseless crowd of happy souls shall press.
 Hail ! hail, the glorious day ! We shall it see ;
 It hastens on. O ! what a day of grace
 For man ! O ! blessed Saviour, to thy name,
 That name above all names, we bow the knee.
 'Tis to thy love our present happiness
 We owe ; and to thy love indebted too
 We stand for all the brightest hopes of man.'
 He ceased ; and we all raised a song of praise
 To Him, who had redeemed us with his blood.

“ This large assembly then broke up ; and I
 Soon met with many other friends, well known
 To me, on earth, who much rejoiced to see
 Me here. I then, for all my christian friends,
 Who had preceded me to Paradise,
 Inquiries made ; and diligent my search
 For those, who, at the table of the Lord,
 I oft had met ; for whose salvation we
 While partners on the earth, felt much concern.
 I many of them found, and was with joy
 By them received, as you will also be.
 But some, who had with us, the Saviour's death,
 Commemorated, could not here be found ;
 But when I have, at different times, approached
 The verge of the great parting gulf, I've seen
 And recognized them too, among the lost.
 Several of them, soon as they me observed,
 Withdrew, oppressed, as I supposed, with grief
 And shame, and shunned with me all intercourse.
 A few did speak ; and they their deep regret

Expressed, that they had been so insincere ;
And wished, that they could cross the gulf to be
Again with their old christian friends. Others,
In that same place, I've seen, whom, in the house
Of God, I oft had met ; they were not ranked
Among the saints, yet they would sometimes weep,
When you did them, about another world
Address. One of them spoke ; ' I know you well,'
Said he ; ' your presence here does me remind
Of many plain, but then unwelcome truths,
Which, from the lips of one most dear to you,
I've often heard. Ten thousand times have I
My folly cursed. Oh ! why did I not turn
To God ! Threatenings alas ! nor promises,
Nor all the solemn warnings man could give,
Could my depravity o'ercome. Sin reigned,
And I its sway approved. 'Tis true, I did
Sometimes resolve to break its chains : but oh !
Such was my love to sin, I always did
Repentance, till a future time, defer.
At last quite suddenly came awful death,
And found me but resolving to repent.
My day of grace had fled ; I died in sin,
And to this world of misery I came.

" ' I had not long been here, before I met
With one, who loved you much on earth, and who
For you still has, as you will soon have proof,
A father's heart. While I yet lived we had,
You know, heard of his happy end, and how,
He, on the eve of his departure said,
That when he you should meet in Paradise,
You would have much to say to him. This I
Remembered well ; and to discover him
I was resolved. My search for him was short ;

Almost before I had inquiry made,
I met him ; and not knowing him, addressed
Him thus : ‘ Hail ! happy saint,’ said I, ‘ may I
Inquire your dwelling place, on earth, and when
You came to Paradise ?’ He named the place,
And said : ‘ About two years have pass’d, since I,
In blessed Paradise, arrived.’ ‘ You are,’
Said I, ‘ beyond a doubt, the very saint,
I wished to see. Such is, I think your name ;
And is there not, in such a country, one,
Who you his father calls ?’ ‘ You are,’ said he,
‘ Quite right in both respects ; but may I ask,
Beloved saint, why you these things inquire
Of me ? Was my son ever known to you ?
Can you of him some information give ?
‘ I was,’ said I, ‘ but a few days ago,
Your son’s beloved wife ; and very dear
We to each other were. I was from him,
Quite suddenly removed ; and he does now,
In bitter grief, the loss of me deplore.’
‘ Glad ! glad indeed !’ said he, ‘ am I to meet
You here. On earth, it would have grieved me much,
Of the afflictions of my son, to hear ;
The loss of you must cause him sore distress ;
But here we cannot grieve ; we know full well,
That all things work for good, and that our God
Will give him strength, the heavy load to bear ;
And we have a good hope, that here, at last,
His troubles o’er, he will arrive, and share,
With us, the happiness of Paradise.’
That father, you will soon behold ; for I,
A swift and willing messenger, have sent,
A fellow-saint, well known to you on earth,

To bear to him the glad intelligence,
That you are here. How great will be his joy!

“ ‘ But let us, from this private conference,
Desist ; not only is your father near,
But many other friends and relatives
Already wait, you to congratulate,
On your arrival here ; and some of them
May wish, as well as I, your history
To hear, and to have long discourse with you ;
And you may wish to have discourse with them.
The claims, which other friends and relatives
Most dear, may have on you, will only serve
To increase my happiness. Here the sweet ties
Of earth are fully recognized ; and if
These ties bind one to many, yet no one,
Among the many, ever feels aggrieved,
Because the affection of an earthly friend
On many is bestowed ; that friend is felt
To be a bond of union to them all.
They do but love each other more, because,
By some dear tie of earth, they all were bound
To one, who was, on earth, and who is here
In Paradise, most dear to each of them.
I now will only add, that though I have,
In this delightful place, great happiness
Enjoyed ; yet never since the moment, when
I left you weeping by my corpse, have I
Forgotten you. Oft have I hailed, in sweet
Anticipation hailed, the happy day
Of your arrival here ; that day is come ;
I see you here ; and now my joy is full.’ ”
“ Here ceased the wife ; the husband then received
Congratulations from a host of friends,

And dearest relatives ; who long with him,
On former earthly scenes, and on what they,
In Paradise, had seen and known, conversed.

“ Here pause we for a time. What I have said,
Some information will to you convey
Of the delightful scenes of Paradise.
O ! had the saints, on earth, but thought enough
Of what awaited them in that bless'd world ;
They would, like Paul, have felt it gain to die.”



THE INVISIBLE WORLD.



BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

THE auditors make their observations on what they have heard, then request to hear more of Paradise.—Degrees of happiness in Paradise.—An assembly of saints in Paradise, who tell their earthly histories to each other.—An aged saint tells his.—One who died in youth tells his.—A child, that died at the age of five years, tells his.—Another, who died before he had reached the age of two months, tells his.—A sailor, who died alone on an uninhabited island, tells his earthly history.—A convert from Heathenism then tells his.—A missionary then addresses the assembly, and describes the principal scenes of his life.

BOOK VII.

WHILE the narrator paused, his auditors,
Their observations, made. The human saints
Did both of them, in what they had just heard,
A pleasure great express. "These happy scenes
Of Paradise," said they, "are new to us ;
And make us almost wish, that we had lived
On earth in earlier days, and had, at death,
Been placed among the spirits of the just.
Our fellow-saints, who pass'd the vale of death,
Need not repine at their appointed lot ;
If death was bitter, Paradise was sweet.
Some did whole centuries of happiness,
And others whole millenniums, enjoy,
Before we an existence had ; this was
A compensation grand,—a thousand-fold
Reward for all the pains and fears of death."

The saints from the far distant world their thanks
Returned, and said : "We much delight to hear
These narratives of human saints ; their state
On earth, while subjected to grief and pain ;
The way they passed through death ; the happiness
Which they enjoyed in Paradise, are themes,
Which do to us, an interest deep possess ;
We wish to hear still more of things like these."

This said, both the two human saints, and those

From the far distant world, in a request
To the narrator joined, that he would yet,
Of Paradise, more information give.
To their request he thus replied : “ To do,
Beloved saints, as you desire, to me,
Will pleasure great afford. Of Paradise,
I will my narrative extend ; and you,
Of its inhabitants, still more shall hear.

“ In blessed Paradise, though all were safe
And happy too, yet equal happiness
Was not the lot of all. There were, as here
In Heaven, we see, degrees of happiness,
Which some proportion bore to what the saints,
In state and character, on earth, had been.
Did not, my brethren of the human race,
The Saviour, while on earth, assurance give,
That, when in glory he should come, he would
Each one, according to his works, reward ?
And did we not, at the last day, behold
His promise verified ? All, that to Him
Had for salvation come, at his right hand
Were placed ; and he, as holy Paul foretold,
To all of them, gave crowns of righteousness ;
But higher bliss, and brighter crowns, to some
Were given, than others did obtain. And still
We see, e’en here in Heaven, a difference reigns,
Founded, in part at least, on what we were
On earth ; yet no one thinks his happiness
Too small ; nor, for a moment, envies those,
Who hold a higher grade. Each one exclaims :
‘ By grace I’m saved ;’ and wonders at the love,
Which gave to him, a sinner lost, a place
In Heaven. And if, in this celestial world,
Degrees of happiness prevail ; why not

In Paradise, since that, to all the saints,
A foretaste was of their reward in Heaven.

“ On earth, ’twas felt that intellectual powers,
And knowledge great, gave pleasure to the mind ;
Hence, some, among the saints, enjoyments had,
Which others, of a lower intellect,
And knowledge scanty, could not taste. And when,
In Paradise, these intellectual saints
Arrived, if not in holiness, on earth,
Below their fellow-saints ; advantage great
They found, both in the intellectual powers,
And knowledge which, they had on earth possessed.
They were more capable of entering on
The high pursuits of Paradise, than minds
Of lower order were ; yet wonderful
Appeared the growth of intellect, in saints,
Whose mental powers, of lowest order seemed,
On earth ; and great the fund of knowledge, which
They soon acquired. But that, which most of all
Enhanced the happiness of blessed saints,
In Paradise, was that proficiency
So great in holiness of heart and life,
Which, some of them, had, while on earth, attained.
Yes ! those, who most, on earth, the Saviour loved,
And most obedient were to his commands ;
Though they but little mental culture had,
Enjoyed, in Paradise, a happiness
Of highest kind. The love they felt to Christ,
A source of great enjoyment, was, to them,
On earth ; but when they came to Paradise,
Where they more of the Saviour saw and knew,
Their love to him rose to a pitch unknown
And unconceived, on earth ; and as their love
To him increased, so did their happiness.

“Paul taught, that the afflictions of the saints,
On earth, would a far more abundant weight
Of glory bring to them at last ; but they
Had not to wait till they, in Heaven, arrived,
For proof of this ; no ! for the griefs of earth,
Like seeds in a most fruitful soil, produced,
In Paradise, large crops of joy. The saints
Did there, not only change their gloomy fears
For certain hope ; their sufferings for ease ;
Their poverty for riches great ; darkness
For light, and grief for joy ; not only there
Rejoin their dearest friends, whom they on earth,
Had lost ; but in proportion to the griefs
And sorrows great, they had on earth sustained,
Did their enjoyments also rise. All, that
The saints on earth, for the Redeemer’s sake,
Had done ; the suff’rings which, from love to him
They bore ; their works of faith, and every act
Of kindness shown, the fruit of love, to those,
Who him obeyed ; all tended to augment
Their happiness, in Paradise, as well
As to secure a great reward in Heaven.
Yet what humility, in all the saints
Appeared ! Of all they did for Christ on earth,
Or suffered for his sake, they little thought.
‘ Why,’ they would say, ‘ why so much love to us ?
Nothing, that we, on earth, performed ; nothing,
That we endured, can e’er acknowledgment
Deserve from Him, who gave his life for us.
Yet all we did for him, though by his grace
Performed ; our suff’rings too, though in his strength
Endured, do here much happiness produce ;
While they insure to us, O wond’rous grace !
Still higher bliss in Heaven. Were we on earth

Again, with what redoubled zeal would we,
This ever blessed Saviour, love and serve !'

“ ’Twas common for the saints, in Paradise,
Assemblies large to hold ; and often, when
They met, their earthly history became
The theme of their discourse. This subject had
An interest deep to those, who spoke, and those
Who heard ; because it showed the way, in which
The Lord had his own people led ; it threw
Much light on the wise plans of Providence ;
And well displayed how providence and grace,
In their salvation, did co-operate.
On earth, the ways of God were often dark ;
His footsteps in the sea, from human view
Concealed. He led his people in a way
Which they knew not ; in paths they had not known ;
And oft their utmost efforts failed, when they
Would penetrate the grand result, which he,
In love and wisdom infinite, proposed.
They walked by faith ; implicit faith, they were
Required to exercise ; and to believe,
That all was right, though they could not see how.
Trusting in God, amidst the darkest scenes,
They often said : ‘ Another world will throw,
On these mysterious things, the light of day.’
And so it was ; for while, in Paradise,
The Holy Spirit so their minds inspired,
That the obscure was clear ; the darkest light ;
And that, which, while on earth, the deepest grief
Produced, became a cause of greatest joy.
’Twas no uncommon thing to hear one say :
‘ The bitterest cup, I ever drank on earth,
Was most impregnated with real good ; —
The greatest blessing, God on me conferred.’

“ In the assemblies large, in Paradise,
Of which I just now spoke, saints might be found
Of different nations, different ranks in life ;
And saints, whose circumstances, while on earth,
Did almost all varieties embrace.
Of an assembly of this kind, I now
Shall give you an account. Soon as the saints
Had met, they joined in salutations warm ;
Then offered up, from hearts inflamed with love,
Their praise to Him, who, by his blood had, them
Redeemed ; to Him, who gave his Son to die
For them ; and to the Spirit of all grace,
Who had, their once most sinful hearts, renewed.
They then began each other to inform
Of what the Lord had done for them ; how he
Had led them through the changing scenes of earth,
And trials great, to that delightful place.

“ When some had spoken of their earthly course,
And of the Saviour’s love to them ; one, who,
Down to a good old age, on earth, had lived,
And borne the heat and burden of the day,
Stood up, and thus his fellow-saints addressed :
‘ Beloved saints, ye sons and heirs of God,
Chosen of him before the world began,
Partakers of the blessings wonderful,
Insured to us by the Redeemer’s blood ;
Ye, who the worth of an immortal soul,
And value of salvation fully know,
Hear what the Lord for me, a sinner vile,
Has done. I cannot say, that my long course
On earth, though I had trials great, was marked
With very much beyond the common lot
Of those, that serve the Lord ; but I am saved ;
That is the point of magnitude ; ’tis that,

Which calls my praises forth, and prompts me now,
In this assembly of beloved saints,
To tell my earthly history, that you
May join, with me, in the great Saviour's praise.

“ I was of pious parents born, whom I
Have often met in Paradise. They taught
My infant tongue to lisp the Saviour's name ;
For me they offered up their fervent prayers,
Which they see answered now ; instruction too,
They poured into my mind ; but I, alas !
To sin and folly prone, grew up to be
A wicked youth. My conscience was awake,
And sinful pleasures cost me dear ; but still,
In evil to proceed, I was resolved.
Thanks be to Him, by whose rich grace I'm saved,
Convictions deep of sin produced a pause ;
I saw my ruined state, and felt assured,
That sin must be renounced, or I must sink
To endless wo. But still the love of sin
Remained ; and if, one day, the fear of wrath
Made me resolve, that I would turn to God ;
Another day, the love of sin led me
Each better purpose to reject and say,
That I, my evil ways, would not forsake.
Thus I almost a christian, at one time,
Appeared ; but in a few days more, quite changed,
I showed myself a great adept in sin.
Such was my course for years. Few, I believe,
Did ever strive so much against the Lord,
As I then did. What patience, and what love,
And what surprising grace, were shown to me !
All my perverseness did the Saviour bear ;
He overcame my strong rebellious will ;
Brought me his mercy to accept, and own

Him for my Lord. But what a wretch was I,
To struggle thus against the Saviour's love,
And labour hard to gain eternal wo !
That wickedness is all forgiven now ;
But still, I blush to name what I have done.
If all are saved by grace, then how much grace
Has the great Saviour shown to me perverse,
In saving me, almost against my will !
'Twas in my eighteenth year, the Saviour gained,
Over my wicked heart, this victory
Of grace ; and well indeed for me it was,
That thus, in early youth he did compel
Me to submit. Left to myself, a few
Years more, I should, in that depravity
Of heart, which God so much abhors, if not
In outward crime, I fear, unparalleled
Have been. Oft have I shuddered at the thought
Of what I should have been, had I not thus
Been early turned from sin's destructive ways.
When turned, temptations strong assailed me oft ;
Hard was the contest ; painful was the strife ;
And many times I was almost o'ercome ;
But, to the Saviour's praise, be it declared,
I was from falling kept, and no gross sin
Did to my christian character adhere.

“ As I advanced in life, and grace gained strength,
Temptations did, less frequently, my soul
Assail, and less their power ; and when old age
Came on, I oft enjoyed a holy calm
Of mind, and had, of endless happiness,
A bright and cheering hope. Were I, at length,
My history, to tell, I must say much,
Yes ! very much, of the chastising rod.
Trials of heaviest kind, th' extreme of pain

Inflicting and of long duration too,
Were, by our Heavenly Father wise and good,
Allotted me on earth. Few, of the saints,
As I suppose, and much have I observed
And heard, have passed through trials, both so great
And numerous, as mine. When I had reached
My fiftieth year, and had, down to its dregs,
The bitter cup of suff'ring often drunk ;
I dared to hope, that my remaining days
Would not be marked by any heavy griefs.
' I have,' said I, ' so very much endured,
That surely now, the storms of life are o'er,
And I shall reach the port of Paradise
In peace.' My hope was vain ; the gathering clouds
Presaged a coming storm. It on me burst
At once ; but in a way, and at a time,
Which my forethought did not anticipate.
I never can forget, though here no pain
The recollection gives, the sad events,
Which then did me befall. In a few hours
A change occurred, a blow was struck, which laid,
As I then thought, all my fond earthly hopes
For ever in the dust ; there followed too
A numerous train of other ills. I mourned ;—
I sank quite overwhelmed, and wished to die.

“ But why upon my troubles, longer dwell ?
They're gone ; and I am safe and happy too ;
But their results remain ; the blessed fruits,
Those sorrows did produce, I now enjoy ;—
I ever shall enjoy. I cannot say,
That under heaviest griefs, I sweetest peace,
And strongest consolations always had ;
Nor was that perfect resignation, which
Our God of all required, with me a plant

Of earliest growth ; my sinful heart required
Much prayer and labour too, ere it was brought
To feel, that the afflictions, I endured,
Were but a wise and needful chastisement.
Yet I was oft eventually compelled,
Not only, the necessity, to own
Of trials great ; but also to confess,
That I, from them, much real good had gained ;
And that they must, among my blessings prime,
Be classed. And since I have been here, our God,
Upon my earthly path, so much new light
Has thrown, that I'm disposed to praise him most,
Not for the best enjoyments, which I had
On earth, but for the bitt'rest cup of grief,
He ever put into my trembling hand.

Now the peculiarities of wo
Found in my earthly lot, blessings appear,—
Peculiar blessings, which a God of love
Bestowed on me, above some other saints.
And if, beloved saints, we can, while here
In Paradise, rejoice in that, which gave
Most pain to us on earth ; what shall we feel,
When, for the light and momentary griefs
Of earth, we a far more exceeding weight—
Eternal weight, of glory gain in Heaven !

“ At length old age arrived ; then earthly things
Lost that engrossing power, which they had once
O'er me possessed. Trials were light, because
I knew they could not long remain ; and though,
Of earthly comforts, I had still a share,
And did enjoy them with a thankful heart ;
Yet on them, no high value could I place,
Because I felt, that I could not retain
Them long. Another world now occupied

My thoughts ; and in contemplating the scenes
Before me there, I much enjoyment found.
I loved to muse upon departed friends,
And dearest relatives by death removed,
Who had to Paradise preceded me.
My christian friends, on earth, were dear to me ;
And I had those, who were, by nature's ties,
Fast bound to me, and by affection strong
Endeared ; but all, both dearest relatives,
And christian friends, I cheerfully could leave,
Because, that they would shortly follow me,
As I hoped soon to follow those dear saints,
Who had left me on earth, I did not doubt.
And much I felt this pleasing truth, that friends
More numerous, than those I had on earth,
Awaited me in Paradise ; that there
Too I had relatives, as dear to me
As those whom I, at death, must leave behind.
I once drew up a list of names of friends
And relatives most dear to me, who had,
As I believed, in this fair world, arrived.
That list I oft reviewed ; and, as the names
Occurred, my heart would melt ; affection's tear
Would start into my eye ; and much I longed
To go and join their bless'd society.
Now I am with them ; many of them now
Around me stand ; and the delight, which I,
In the sweet intercourse enjoyed with them,
And other saints unknown to me on earth,
Have found, is greater far, than I did e'er
Anticipate. But what, my fellow-saints,
What is the cause of all our happiness ?
Not simply, that we all are here, old friends
And new, combined in one society ;

No ! 'tis the Saviour's presence makes our bliss.
He shines upon our souls, and makes us know
More of the magnitude, the height and depth,
And length and breadth of his great love, than we
On earth could ever know ; and that we are
The objects of that love, in its extent
So vast ; that all its fulness does to us
Belong, no doubt remains. But were he once
His presence to withdraw ; or as on earth,
His smiles but sparingly impart, and we,
Of his great love to us, were left to doubt
How small our bliss ! How little happiness
Would then each other's constant presence give !
He is the source of all our happiness ;
The fountain-head of all our bliss ; and while,
From him, full streams of holy love proceed,
We, to each other, real joy impart ;
And thus we feel, that Jesus is our all.

“ But I must, to my earthly history,
Again advert. A painful fear of death
Was often felt, we know, by saints on earth ;
Few, we believe, are found in Paradise,
Who did not sometimes dread that enemy.
I too was often much distressed, at thoughts
Of death, especially in younger days.
Such fears, I know, showed no excess of faith ;—
No ! had our faith and love been of full growth,
Fear would have been subdued ; for what was death !
It was to part with sin and wo ; it was
To follow Christ ; he died, and his soul came
To Paradise. Why dread to follow him ?
Paul spoke the simple truth, as happily
Our own experience shows, when he declared
It gain to die. On earth, my faith was weak ;

My love too cool ; when things invisible
I much desired, and longed to be with Christ,
And with the spirits of the just, as now,
Through grace, I am ; fear would sometimes intrude,
And check my strong desires. My grounds of fear
Were various ; sometimes most painful doubts,
Of the great truths revealed in Holy Writ,
Would cross my mind, or for a time remain ;
Terrific then another world appeared.

Sometimes, I doubted much my love to Christ,
Or felt a sense of guilt, that weighed me down,
While my weak faith would fail to realize
The efficacy of atoning blood.

At other times, my mind would entertain
An apprehension vague of something dark,
Unknown, and terrible, that might succeed
To death ; and fearing that, I clung to life.
But as the mists and clouds, which did sometimes,
On earth, the trav'ler's path obscure, were soon,
By the sun's cheering rays, dispersed ; so, when
The Saviour shone upon my soul, brought faith
And love into full exercise, my fears all fled,
And death became an object of desire.

“ Thanks be to God, in my declining years,
Death little terror had. Weaned from the earth,
By trials great ; by losses numerous
Of christian friends, and dearest relatives,
Familiar grown with death ; cheered by the hope
Of here regaining all, that I had lost ;
And strengthened by the Saviour's grace, for which
I bless his name ; I did, with calmness, wait
The hour of my discharge ; nay more ! I felt,
That I, with holy confidence, could hope
For the great happiness, I now enjoy.

My life was not, by violent disease,
Cut short ; there was a gradual decay ;
And then a short, mild illness closed the scene.
Though ripe in age, I did not, thanks to God,
My mental powers survive, nor live to lose
All relish for the pleasures sweet of life.
My last few months, to calm reflection given,
And intercourse with most beloved friends,
Were a fit preparation for the change
About to come. I thought on my past life ;
And, as its various scenes and actions pass'd
Before my mind, over my numerous sins,
I deeply mourned ; before the Lord myself
I humbled, and to the atonement looked
For pardoning grace ; nor did I look in vain ;
The Saviour on me smiled ; into my heart
His consolations poured, and made me feel,
That all my sins were for his sake forgiven.
My trials o'er, as I then felt they were,
I of the past a calm survey could take ;
And could perceive, though not so clearly then,
As now I can, that all had been for good.
Then, with o'erflowing heart, I thanked the Lord
For that wise discipline, so painful once,
By which he had my soul matured to join
The spirits just. With my beloved friends,
My conversation was of things to come,
Of Paradise,—the resurrection day,—
And of the great inheritance reserved
For us in Heaven. The hour of my release
Not unexpected, for I thought it near,
Nor yet unwelcome was. I had, two days,
Been slightly indisposed, when a dear friend
Came in, and spoke to me about my state

Of mind ; I told him, all was well ; that I,
Through grace, was quite prepared to go ; and begged,
That he would, by my couch, kneel down and pray,
And thank the Saviour for his grace to me.
He did so ; and while he, on my account,
Was offering thanks to Him, who, by his blood,
Has us redeemed, my spirit took its flight.
Thus the last sound, which I on earth did hear,
Was that of praise to the great Saviour's name ;
And scarcely, as it seemed to me, my ears
That sound had lost, when I the angels saw,
And heard them hail me as a happy saint
For ever saved from sin and wo. ' We come,'
Said they, ' at the Redeemer's great command,
To bear thee hence to blessed Paradise,
Where thou henceforth, must in his presence dwell.'
This is, beloved saints, my history.
It shows how vile I was, how rich, in grace,
The Saviour was to me,—and to his name,
For ever dear to us, be endless praise."

This narrative, to many saints, appeared
Almost their own. In their conversion, they,
The same rich grace, could see ; and the same love
And faithfulness, in all that discipline,
Through which they had been led, and in the grace
To help, they had in times of need received.
" Yes," said a thousand tongues, " we join with thee,
Beloved saint, in offering endless praise
To Him, who called us by his grace ; led us
Quite through the wilderness, a long sad way,
Beset with thorns and woes ; and did, at last
In safety, bring us to this world of rest."

But now another saint arose to tell
His narrative, and say what God for him

Had done. “ My history, in one respect,”
Said he, “ is quite unlike to that, which you,
From this beloved saint, have just now heard.
While he was spared on earth to ripest age,
By grace and trials venerable made ;
And while, for his fidelity on earth,
And sufferings there endured, he is e’en here,
And most deservedly, esteemed and loved
By all ; I was in rawest youth removed,
Almost before I trials knew ; and ere,
By stedfastness in dark affliction’s day,
I had, to all my fellow-saints, my faith
And love exhibited. Hence, I’ve no claims
To that distinction, which so many saints
Do here enjoy ; but thanks to Him, whose grace
To me is rich and wonderful, that though
Not greatest, I am saved and happy too.

“ I was, at one time, a most wicked youth ;
In sin most bold ; no parents fearing God ;
No pious friend to check me in my course
Of crime, could I call mine. I stood prepared
To run a course of sin, which would have had
Few parallels ; but grace, almighty grace,
Did, in that awful crisis, interpose
And snatch me from a dreadful precipice,
Down which, into an overwhelming gulf,
I was about to leap. O ! had I plunged
Into that gulf, from it to have emerged
To true repentance, saving faith in Christ,
And holiness of life, has oft, to me,
Appeared impossible. One Sabbath morn
Saw me an ignorant and hardened wretch ;
Too bad, as many thought, to be reclaimed ;
But on that day, most memorable day

To me ! I felt inclined, I knew not why,
To do, what I alas ! had seldom done,
Attend the house of God. I went ;—my heart,
So hard before, now felt the force of truth ;
And ere that Sabbath's sun had set, I saw,
With deep concern, my lost and ruined state.
I thought and feared ;—the dread of wrath to come
Quite harrowed up my soul. Sleep fled my eyes ;—
I made, that night, a first attempt to pray ;—
Few were the words my guilty lips could speak ;—
I mourned and wept ;—by terror quite subdued,
I felt assured, that the next rising sun
Would shine upon my corpse, and that my soul
Would then be found among the lost. But no !
The Saviour's name be praised, after a night
Of vain attempts to pray, a night of groans,
And tears, and horror great, I felt a gleam
Of hope, for to my mind this thought occurred,
' Jesus the vilest sinners saves.' I fell
Upon my knees to make a new attempt
To pray ; and now I ready utterance found.
The rising sun found me, not dead and lost,
As I had feared ; but pouring out my heart
To God ; confessing my enormous crimes ;
And earnestly imploring pardoning grace.
My views of Christ, and his atoning blood
Were quite obscure ; but still the blessed name
Of Saviour, which he bore, encouraged me
To pray. That very day, I sought and found
A christian friend ; he was the first, to whom
I spoke about my soul, almost the first,
Who, on that subject, ever spoke to me.
I was so bad a youth, that nearly all,
Who loved the Saviour, shunned me ; and no hope,

Of my conversion, scarcely entertained.
When on this friend, I called, my first address,
He with suspicion heard; he thought I meant
To scoff at things divine. 'Can this vile wretch,'
Thought he, 'in earnest be? Can he indeed
Be thus concerned about his precious soul?'
At last my keen distress, and flowing tears
Produced conviction in his mind; he then,
Became a friend judicious, faithful, kind,
Whose heart with love o'erflowed,—the friend
I needed most. After a long discourse,
Most beneficial to my soul; we went
A godly minister to see, to whom
My coming caused no small surprise; but when
He knew my case, he welcomed me with tears
Of joy, and said, in tones of holy love:
'Come friend with us, and we will do thee good.'
That invitation cheered my heart; henceforth,
I, at the place, where he the word of life
Dispensed, attended. There, the things of God
I soon began to understand; the truths
I heard, I loved; they were my daily food.
And when a clear and comprehensive view
I gained of that great sacrifice for sin,
Which He, who loved us, offered up, my faith
Became confirmed; my mind with holy peace
And joy was filled; and much I longed to be
With Christ; for I believed, that I could love
And serve him better here, than I could do
On earth; and having tasted of his love,
I wished to be where, more of that rich love,
I could enjoy. Long to remain on earth
I greatly feared; my love to him might cool;
I might to sin incline; and thus might lose

That blessedness, which I so much desired.
Our gracious Saviour did my wishes grant.
In one short year, from that important day,
On which I first my lost condition saw,
My christian course was run ;—just that day year,
I was to blessed Paradise removed.
But short as was my christian course on earth,
I often felt the tempter's fiery darts ;
And sometimes too of chastisement partook :
Without it, who could be a child of God ?
My earthly course, so brief, but little yields
For narrative ; in my short history
The greatest point is this,—the joyful fact,
That I, the vilest of the vile, am saved.
The dart of death, which laid me in the dust,
A raging fever was. I suffered much
For three short days, and then my reason failed ;
Delirium, to stupor, soon gave place ;
And I became, to every thing around,
Insensible. How long, I in that state
Remained, I could not tell ; I nothing knew
Till death his work had done. Then my surprise
How great ! to find, that I, the trying hour,
Had passed, and that the angels present stood
To bear my soul away to Paradise.
O ! the delight, the love to Christ I felt,
When thus, at once, the full reality
Of my most happy state, burst on my mind !
' Have I then passed the gate of death ? ' said I ;
' And can these shining forms, be angels sent
To be my convoy to the world of rest ?
Can it be thus ? It is, it is ; I am
A disembodied soul ; there lies my corpse ;
The work is done ; I'm saved, I'm saved. O ! how

Astonishing the Saviour's grace to me !
And what awaits me now, but all the joys
Of Paradise ; the resurrection day
With all its glories, and, at last, the bliss
Unspeakable of Heaven !' The angels heard,
And sharing in my joy, addressed me thus :
' A sinner saved thou art. Not long ago,
The news of thy repentance, we to Heaven
Conveyed ! and there was joy indeed ; for well
Thy former wickedness, we knew, and thought,
That thou wouldst never turn to God. How much,
In one short year, has the great Saviour done
For thee ! Thou hast, in that short space, been plucked,
Just like a fire-brand, from the flame ; been brought,
Through all the troubles of thy earthly course,
And made quite sure of blessed Paradise,
And all the happiness, which does the saints
Await at the great resurrection day.
Away then from this earth, the scene of sin
And wo. Come, happy soul, beloved of God,
And, by the Saviour's precious blood redeemed,
Come take thy flight with us ; soon thou shalt see
The world of rest and peace, where thou must dwell
With happy saints.' They said, and I, with them,
Took flight, from earth, and soon I reached this world
Of saints, where I, the greatest wonder am."

No sooner had this saint his narrative
Concluded, than another rose to speak
Of what the Lord for him had done. " If he,"
The speaker said, " who last addressed us, has
No claims to high esteem, among the saints
In Paradise, because he was from earth
Removed, before he had endured the heat,
And burden of the day ; what claims have I ?

I did not to the age of youth attain ;
But like him I can say, that I am saved ;
Hence I've a claim, of the Redeemer's grace,
To tell ; for great that grace to me. A child,
Of but five years, was I, when, from that world
Of trouble, called the earth, I was released.
I have no mental troubles to narrate ;
And little do I know of the few pains,
Which my poor body felt. Quite vividly
I can, the things of earth, to my mind recall,
Far as I know them ; but the greater part
Of my poor earthly history, I have,
From my dear parents learn'd, since they, with me,
In Paradise have been. Their first-born son
I was ; they thought to train me up for God.
I well remember, that, at the return
Of morn and eve, they all, within the house,
Together called to worship God. Oft have
I heard my father then, address the throne
Of grace on my behalf, while, in her heart,
My mother joined her prayers with his. It was
Their wish, that I should be a minister
Of God's most holy word ; and much they strove
To imbue my infant mind with truth divine.
But in that wish they were not gratified.
He, who does all things well, saw fit to bring
On me a dangerous disease, which soon
Assumed a threatening form ; and though, it was
In progress slow, and hopes were entertained,
That I should be restored ; yet, in the end,
It fatal proved. Oft, when my parents sat
By my bedside, or by me knelt and prayed,
I've seen big tears, the emblems of their grief,
Flow down their furrowed cheeks ; but of the pain

Their minds endured, at thoughts of losing me,
I little knew. They spoke to me of Christ;
Told me, that he could save ; that I to him
Should pray ; and that there was a happy place,
Beyond the grave, to which they trusted he,
If I must die, would take me, where they hoped
They should meet me again. Such their discourse ;
Such the effusion of their love, to me,
Their dying child ; for which I love them still.
After much suffering, I seemed to sink ;
And the last thing, that I remember, was
My mother's tears, and father's earnest prayers.
But soon I felt my mental powers return,
With strength and vigour quite unknown before.
Another moment, and I felt convinced,
That I was free from pain ; at the same time
A flood of pleasure flowed into my soul.
' Oh ! what is this ? ' thought I. A moment more,
And I perceived my happy state. ' I've passed
Through death,' said I, most joyfully ; ' but where
Are the good angels, who, my parents hoped,
As they have often told me, would, at death,
Convey me to a world of happiness ?'
' Here, infant saint, we are,' a Heavenly voice
Replied ; and instantly I saw them near.
With them I took my flight, reflecting much
On what our gracious Lord had done for me.
Arrived, I to the Saviour's presence went,
And there, in terms of warmest gratitude
Poured out to him my heart. O ! how amazed
Was I, at his great love to me ! And still
Amazed I am ; the wonderous theme acquires
New interest, as the years of Paradise
Roll on. The more I know of the lost state

Of man, and of the trials of the saints
 On earth ; the more I wonder at that grace,
 Which, while I was an infant, did me save ;—
 And not me only, infant saints are here
 In millions found, who like myself, were saved,
 Before their lost and sinful state they knew.
 Ye aged saints, who, down to hoary hairs,
 The path of sorrow trod, and whose escapes
 Hair-breadth, from sin and endless ruin, show
 The Saviour's grace, in thus preserving you ;
 Have you a claim to speak of being saved
 By grace, and tell of the Redeemer's love,
 Like that, which we, who died in infancy
 Possess ? You have, we own, through trials great,
 And dangers manifold, to this fair world
 Been brought ; hence, great the Saviour's love to you ;
 But we, to this delightful place, trials
 And dangers quite unknown, through a smooth path
 Were led. We in your labours had no share,
 Yet we your rest enjoy ; we have not fought
 Your battles dangerous, yet in your joys
 Of victory we partake. Surpassing love,
 Dear Saviour, thou to infant souls hast shown."

This speaker done, another, who from earth,
 At a more tender age, had been removed,
 Arose, and thus his fellow-saints addressed.
 " Beloved saints, my earthly history
 Is short, and little interest can excite,
 Beyond what may be found in this one fact,
 That I, from all the ills of life, was freed,
 Before I had, on earth, two months remained.
 Yes ! I, no trials borne, no knowledge gained,
 And ere my reason had begun to dawn,
 Was brought to Paradise. It is this fact,

That makes me feel how much I owe to Him,
Who did for sinners die. If grace appears
In saving those, who watch and pray, labour
And strive; through a long life the cross endure,
Or even die for Jesus' sake; what grace
Is shown to me, who have, no pain endured,
No dreadful risk incurred, no effort made,
No thought bestowed, been brought to take my place
Among the saints in blessed Paradise!
I cannot say with him, who just now spoke,
That I, the child of pious parents, was.
I have been told, by some in Paradise,
Who did my parents know, that both of them
Loved much the world, and ne'er professed to turn
To God. This circumstance enhances much
The favour shown to me. Why was not I,
Like those, from whom I sprang, left to fill up
A course of sin, to suffer much, on earth,
Then sink to endless woe? Why was a course,
So smooth and safe allotted me on earth,
So soon to end in blessed Paradise!
What wondrous grace has Jesus shown to me!

“ My exit from the earth, was an event,
Of which, till it had passed, I nothing knew.
My intellectual life did not begin,
Till I had passed through death; then first, I felt,
That I had power to think; then first, I knew,
That I a being had. The angels kind,
Who brought me to this happy place at death,
My first preceptors were; I learn'd from them,
That there's a God Almighty, wise, and good.
They told me who I am, and how I life
At first obtained; that I had passed through death,
The lot of all mankind. I first, from them,

Heard of the love of Christ to sinful men,
And of my future life in Paradise.
On these, and other points, instruction much
From them I gained ; and hither came prepared
To love the Saviour, and his blessed saints.
Arrived, I offered him the warmest thanks
My infant soul could give ; and he to me
Spoke words of love, which filled me with a joy
Almost too great to be expressed. I soon,
From converse with the saints, perceived how much
I had to learn. I saw, that those, who long,
On earth, had lived, had an advantage great
O'er me, who nothing knew on earth ; it seemed
To me, at first, that all, in Paradise,
In knowledge me excelled. The truths, which I,
Fully to understand, did most desire,
Were those, which, in the Scriptures were revealed ;—
The sinful, ruined state of man ; the love
Of God ; the Saviour's death ; his promises
To save ; the Spirit's work, in all the saints,
On earth ; the glorious resurrection day ;
The judgment ; and the joys of Heaven, and pains
Of Hell. The more of these great things I learn'd,
The more did I, the ways of God, admire,
And wonder at the Saviour's love. His love
To all the saints is great ; but O to me
How great ! for I, by his great love, was saved,
As millions more of infant souls have been,
Before I, in the least, my danger knew.
Such is, beloved saints, my history.
It shows, and for that reason I it tell,
How great, how free, how wonderful has been
The Saviour's love to me ; praise to his name."

After these infant saints had done, a saint,

Who had passed through some of the roughest scenes
Of life, began his earthly history
To tell, and how to Paradise he came.
“ I was,” said he, “ a very wicked youth ;
I left my parents kind, to brave the storms
And dangers of the deep, and ne’er to them
Returned. The worst of men, many were such,
Who on the ocean lived, were, for a time,
My sole associates. I soon became,
In almost every vice, a great adept ;
The road to endless flames, with awful speed,
I ran ; there nothing was to check my course ;
Not one true follower of Christ, for years,
Was known to me. At length, I saw, one day,
In port the Bethel flag wave in the breeze.
This was an invitation, to the men
On board the ships around, to go and hear
The word of God. I went ; and my hard heart
Was moved, and serious thoughts prevailed. My mind
Reverted to that home, where I had left
My pious parents ; to their fervent prayers
For me ; to the instructions, they had given ;
And to the many sermons, I had heard :
A tide of recollections, such as these,
Came rushing o’er my soul. The preacher’s theme
Was the returning prodigal. I felt
His words ; they were so well adapted to my case,
I thought he knew my history. Returned
To my own ship, I sought a secret place,
Where long I sat, and my past wicked life
Reviewed. I tried to pray ; but not a word
Could my poor faltering tongue pronounce. I sighed
And wept ; ’twas all that I could do. I longed
To hear the word of God again ; and wished,

That I could to my peaceful home return ;
But neither could I do, for the next day,
We went to sea. I often thought and wept,
And sometimes prayed ; but I had no good book,—
No Bible to peruse ; a few plain tracts,
Containing Scripture truths, were all the food
My starving soul could, at that time, obtain.
The wicked men, with whom I was, observed
A change in me, and showed their strong dislike.
Scoffs and reproaches were my daily lot ;
With bitter curses too I was assailed.
I did not stand so firmly as I ought ;
I wavered, and began to entertain
Thoughts of returning to my former sins ;
But, blessed be the Lord, he gave me strength
To overcome temptation's power. After
Five months had passed, I to the port, where I
First heard the word of God, returned. Again,
I saw the Bethel flag ; the sight rejoiced
My heart. With pleasure great I heard the word,
And learn'd the way to pardon and to peace,
Through the Redeemer's blood. Dark was my mind
Before ; but now, light from above dispelled
The darkness ; and, by faith in Christ I gained
A cheering hope of everlasting life.
And now, a Bible to procure, I felt
A strong desire ; but I was ignorant
And poor, and knew not how I could, a prize
So great obtain. One day, the preacher said
To me ; ' Have you a Bible friend ? ' ' That is,'
Said I, ' the very thing I want ; but where
Can it be found ? ' ' A good society,
That cares for seamen's souls, will give you one,'
Said he ; and he immediately put one

Into my hands. With tears of joy, I did
The Book bedew ; and hastening on board
My ship, I sought a place, where unobserved,
I might pour out my heart, before the Lord.
I thanked him for the precious gift ; and begged,
That he would make his word my guide, my light,
My comfort, and my strength. And sure I am,
He heard my prayer ; for from that happy hour,
Down to the end of life, his Holy Word
Was, to my soul, a source of highest good.
In a few days, I left the port, and saw
The Bethel flag no more ; but God, to me,
Had given what was to be my firm support,
In heavy trials, and in early death.

“ The Bible now I studied much ; and great
The light and comfort from it, I derived ;
It my companion was, and my best friend.
But still I wished, nor did I wish in vain,
That I, one pious man, could find, with whom
I could, about the things of God, converse.
Soon after leaving port, when I one day,
As oft I did, for secret prayer retired,
I saw a shipmate sitting quite alone ;
I watched him for a moment, and observed,
That in his hand, the Word of God, he held,
And as he read, the tears rolled down his cheeks.
This sight rejoiced my heart ; I went to him,
And said : ‘ Do you then love that sacred book ?’
‘ Love it ?’ said he, ‘ it is my all on earth ;
I little have, and little want besides.
I was a destitute and orphan lad ;
And having made one voyage, when I returned
To port, I heard a Bethel minister,
A plain good man, who preached to seamen much,

And greatly loved their souls. This precious book,
He gave to me ; and ever since that day,
More than three years ago, I have it read,
And prayed o'er its divine contents ; and found
In it the food of my poor soul. I feared,
That in this ship, in which my first voyage I
Now make, a pious man could not be found ;
But may I hope, that you will prove to me
A friend and brother in the Lord ? I took
His hand, and we together prayed ; henceforth,
We lived in holy love, and strengthened much
Each other's hands, and often comfort found,
In social prayer, and conversation sweet
On things divine. Our intercourse was short ;
But a few weeks had passed, when death removed
My dearest earthly friend. In death, his mind
Was calm ; his faith in Christ was strong ; he had
A bright immortal hope ; and I felt assured,
That when he left the body, he, with Christ,
Would be. That so it was, I have full proof ;
Oft have I seen him in this blessed world ;
And you have seen him too ;—you see him now ;
For this is he, who here beside me sits.

“ My friend removed, a trying scene began ;
The oaths and curses of ungodly men
Were loud against me ; and my grief was great,
That I was then alone. O ! that the Lord
Would take me too ! I often did exclaim ;
I longed to be delivered from the power
Of sin, and the society of men,
Who feared not God. While in this state of mind,
A storm arose, which, for two days and nights,
Did us with ceaseless violence assail.
At last the ship struck on a reef, and there

Remained immovable. Death now appeared
In view ; for none believed, we could survive
An hour. My mind was calm ; all fear was gone ;
I hoped the time of my release was come.
But I was grieved, at the most awful state
Of those around me,—unprepared to die,
And yet, from death, unable to escape.
Some boisterously prayed, and uttered vows,
Which, had they lived, they would not have performed.
Some cursed and swore, determined not to fear
E'en with eternal misery in view ;
And some, in low despair, spoke not a word.
At length, the wind became less violent ;
And then, it was resolved, if possible,
To gain, by boats, the neighbouring rocky shore.
When all was nearly ready, I ran down
To take my Bible, and to find a thing
Or two, which, as I thought, might useful prove ;
But vain my search ; the things could not be found.
When I went up, I was surprised to see,
That all were gone ; the boats had left the ship,
And, in them, all on board except myself.
Far from the ship, they had not gone ; but short
As was the distance, my loud cries for help
Could not, amidst the winds and waves, be heard ;
Nor was I seen on board, as I suppose,
By any in the boats. No ! the poor men
My shipmates, though they had for seriousness
And love of better things, despised me much ;
In that sad hour, showed me no disrespect,
And did not leave me thus designedly,
I felt assured. It was the hand of God ;
He, in this manner for me interposed,
That I might have a calm and peaceful end.

To be abandoned thus, and left to die,
For a few moments, caused extreme distress ;
But soon I had recourse to prayer ;—in that,
I comfort found ;—the Lord was with me there ;—
‘ ’Tis kindly done,’ said I, ‘ my last few hours
I now can spend, in converse with my God ;—
Fit preparation for a better world.’
As night approached, I felt almost assured,
That I, that night, should find a watery grave ;
And much I hoped, that ere the morning sun
Would lighten up the eastern sky, I should
With Christ, among the spirits just, be found.
But soon the storm was changed into a calm,
And all immediate danger disappeared.
With watching and with labour overcome,
Confiding all to God, I sank to rest ;
Nor woke again, until the rising sun
Had spread his cheering beams around the sky.
Now all was calm and clear ; and I, a place
Observed, where I supposed, that I could land ;
And feeling, that an effort to preserve
My life a duty was, resolved to make
The attempt. A piece of wreck furnished the means.
Before I left the broken ship, I prayed
To Him, who rules the waves, that to the land
He would me safely bring ; or if the deep
Should overwhelm me, that he would my soul
Receive. Then with my Bible well secured,
A treasure, which I could not bear to lose
But with my life, and a few things besides,
I made the hazardous attempt, and reached,
The tide then flowing, the not distant shore.
I thought it possible, that, on the land,
I should my former shipmates meet ; but no !

Not one of them was there. The deep I feared
Had them devoured ; a painful thought indeed,
For I believed them all ungodly men,
Unfit to die ; and my worst fears proved true.
Since I have been in Paradise, I have
One of them seen beyond the parting gulf,
Who me, in mournful tones, addressed and said :
' We soon met death among the foaming waves ;
God would no longer spare ; much had we him
Provoked ; his vengeance seized our guilty souls,
And we were, in this awful place, confined,
To wait, as now we understand, the wrath
To be revealed, at the great judgment day.
Oh ! had I but your admonitions heard,
And walked with you the path to endless life !
But now, too late I mourn my evil ways.'

" I found the land an island desolate,
On which, as it appeared to me, no foot
Of man had ever trod. But it had charms ;—
A vegetation so luxuriant,
So pleasing to the eye, I ne'er had seen.
The plumage of its feathered songsters shone
In gayest, richest hues ; and their sweet notes
Did oft exhilarate my heart. I felt
How great and good, in nature's lovely scenes,
Our God appears. Thus I, my first few days,
In comfort pass'd ; great was my peace of mind,
And sweet my meditations on the works
Of God. But when my little stock of food,
Brought from the ship, was nearly spent ; a scene
Of trial opened to my view, at sight
Of which, my faith in God was shaken much,
And peace and comfort fled. Six days had pass'd ;—
When, on the morning of the seventh, I rose,

I saw the ship had wholly disappeared.
It overset, as I supposed, and sank
With all the stores of food, that it contained.
I had a hope indulged, that the rough waves
Would break it up ; and that, some articles
Of food, would float on shore. Most carefully
Did I the shore examine, day by day,
But nothing found. I, on the island, sought
For food, but a keen search, of several days,
Most fully proved, that little, to sustain
The life of man, could there be found. Now rushed
Into my mind the certainty, that death,
In a most trying shape, awaited me ;—
That I to hunger must a victim fall.
In my distress, I raised my heart to God,
And he was near to hear my feeble cry.
He gave me inward strength, made me resigned
To all his holy will ; and soon I had
Sweet peace with God, through Jesus Christ,
And solid hopes of everlasting life.
' What though,' said I, to take me off this isle,
No ship may ever come, all will be well ;
I do not hope or wish to see one come.
What though my strength, by hunger, should decay,
Till I am brought to death ; why should I mourn ?
My bitter sufferings cannot long endure ;
A few short weeks will terminate my course ;
Will close this trying scene ; will end my grief
And sin, and place me, where no sorrows come ;—
Where I my Saviour's presence shall enjoy,
And dwell with perfect saints. Lord I accept
These painful terms ;—painful indeed to flesh,
But most delightful to the soul. Let then
My strength decay ; let then the tide of life

Each day still weaker flow, till it shall ebb
To flow no more. Here, where no friendly hand
Can help afford ; no human eye behold
My breath depart ; no one, in the cold grave,
My poor remains deposit, let me die.
Death I desire, for it will be my friend ;
Will introduce me to society
Again ; will place me where the Saviour's love,—
His wonderous love to me, I can proclaim,
And call on all around to bless his name.'

" I soon discovered a most pleasant spot,
Which, for the rest of life, I made my home.
Near to the top of a fine sloping hill,
There stood a goodly tree ; its branches were
Of large extent ; its foliage was dense,
And of the deepest green ; its utmost boughs
O'erspread a crystal rill, which murmured down
The verdant slope. ' This rill' said I, ' my thirst
Shall quench ; this friendly tree afford me shade ;
And, under it, I'll stretch my limbs and die.'
From this new pleasant home, I, every day,
Went forth in search of something to sustain
My mortal frame ; and here, at eve and morn,
And oft at other times, I read the Word,
And prayed, and held sweet intercourse with Him,
Who hears and answers prayer. Lonely I was ;—
But I was not alone, for God was there.
Finding but little, that could satisfy
A craving appetite, my strength began
To fail ; I could no more, a distant search,
In quest of food, maintain. My feeble steps,
Each day, a shorter distance strayed ; and, less
And less, did I procure, until at last,
I was too weak to leave my friendly tree ;

And then, no kind of food, could I obtain.

'Twas well the little stream was close at hand ;

It quenched my raging thirst ; and gave relief,

When every other comfort failed. My mind

Was calm and cheerful, as I saw approach,

That happy crisis, I had long desired.

'Twas on a sabbath morn, I first perceived

My strength all gone ; and felt, that on that spot,

I soon must yield to death. ' I may,' said I,

' A week of bitter suffering have ; but what

Is one short week of pain ? Another day

Of holy rest, I hope, will see me safe

In Paradise.' I suffered much, 'tis true,

But why complain ? Beyond my utmost hope,

I was supported ; never did the Lord

My soul forsake. Some faithful promise sweet,

Or cheering thoughts of future happiness,

Did always occupy my mind, save when

Soft slumbers closed my eyes, and then my dreams

Were sweet ; imagination then would paint

The joys of Paradise, and more than once,

Showed me the angels come to bear my soul

Away. When I awoke, I felt regret,

That what I saw was not reality.

' But patience, patience, let me have,' thought I ;

' A little time, and I shall more behold,

Than all the power of fancy now can paint.'

A few days pass'd, and I insensible

Became, and knew not day from night. Once more,

I thought, I saw the angels near me stand ;

But said, I to myself ' it is a dream.'

' No !' said an angel, ' 'tis a dream no more ;

You are delivered from your suffering state ;

And we are sent to carry you away,

To that bless'd world, where all the saints reside.'
Then I awoke indeed, and found it was
No dream ; but that I really had gained
The object of my long pursuit ;—that I,
From sin and sorrow, was set free, and made
Quite certain of eternal life. ' Behold,'
I to the angel said, ' that blessed book !
It has my guide, my strength, and comfort been,
Through all my christian pilgrimage on earth.
O ! but for that, you had not now been sent
To bear my soul away to Paradise ;
That book unknown to me, I must have gone
Into the world of wo. O ! blessed Lord,
To give that book to man ; and blessed they,
By whose great kindness, I that book, obtained.
Sleep my poor mortal body here. No grave
Will thee receive ; no tears of mourning friends
Will thy pale face bedew ; yet thou shalt rise
When Jesus comes ; and I shall put thee on
Again made strong and incorruptible,
Immortal, glorious too. Till then rest here ;
Decay and turn to dust ; it matters not ;
Jesus, at the last day, will raise thee up,
And like his glorious body fashion thee.'

" The angels now removed me from the earth ;
And what a scene earth's atmosphere did show ;
Angels on wing, in all directions pass'd.
To different places on the earth, some bent
Their course, there to perform their Lord's commands ;
Some were returning from the earth, where they
Their Sovereign's will had done ; and some were charged
With the conveyance of the souls of saints
To Paradise. As we approached this world
Of rest, great was the number I beheld

In charge of happy souls. ‘O! what a crowd
Of saints shall I just now behold!’ said I.
Arrived, the hearty welcome, I received
You know; but how shall I describe the joy,—
The joy unutterable, which I felt,
When the great Saviour, with his Heavenly voice,
Addressed me, and assured me of his love!
His gracious words o’erwhelmed my soul with love
To him. What can I add to my poor tale,
But, worthy is the Lamb that died for me?
For his rich grace, I’ll praise him ever more.”

Another saint then rose, and thus addressed
His fellow-saints: “If that beloved saint,
Born where the light of truth doth brightest shine,
And where each child the Book of God can read,
Did this high value on a Bible set,
And justly too, we know; O! how ought I,
Born in a land, where heathenish darkness reigns,
To praise that Book divine; for I its light
Enjoyed, its most important truths, I knew,
While thousands of my countrymen had not
It once beheld, and scarcely heard of its
Contents. My parents were idolaters;
They taught my infant lips to invoke and praise
The filthy deities of Hindustán;
Beings, who were we to admit they e’er
Existence had, as much in wickedness
All men exceeded, as their worshippers,
Alas! how blind, supposed they did in power.
I had to manhood’s full maturity
Attained, before the first attempt was made
To give the Holy Book to those, who did
My language speak. And though the holy men,
Who undertook the work, all diligence

Applied, both to prepare and circulate
The sacred volume ; I had far advanced
In life,—had numbered almost fifty years,
Before the smallest part of it was seen
By me, or I, of its great truths had heard.

“ While yet a heathen, I perceived, that I
A sinner was ; a consciousness of guilt
Produced a fear, that, after death, I should,
Some dreadful punishment, receive ; yet who
That punishment upon me would inflict
I did not understand. How those false gods
Could ever punish sin, I could not tell ;
Nor did I think, when told to pray to them,
That they could pardon me ; yet as I knew
No other way, I did as I was told.
But much dissatisfied, because I felt
No benefit arise from what I did ;
I left my home, to make a pilgrimage
To a reputed holy place, for there,
’Twas said, pardon of sin and holiness
Of mind I should at once obtain. But soon
I found the assertion false ; an idol’s shrine
Is but a scene of greatest wickedness ;
And I more sin committed there, than while
At home I stayed. Conscious that I was worse,
Much worse, for visiting that shrine, I said :
‘ I will another try ; I there may find
The peace of mind,’ I want ; but there no good
I found. Another and another yet
I tried ;—I travelled many hundred miles
To visit many of these holy spots,
As they were falsely called. Among them one,
Called Jagannáth was held in high repute
Through every part of Hindustán. As I

That place approached, I said, ‘ Here all I want,
I shall obtain. I all the forms, prescribed,
By the vile priests of that rough shapeless log,
For such the idol was, observed ; but soon
I felt, that I had thither gone in vain.
That place, of all the places holy called
By the idolaters of Hindustán,
Was, I believe, the very worst ; it stood
Supreme in wickedness. The obscenity,
The lust, the thirst for filthy gain, the lies,
The artifices vile, the cruelty,
And recklessness of life, which there prevailed,
Exceeded all, that I had ever seen.
‘ Can this,’ said I, ‘ be the high road to Heaven ?
No ! the suburbs of Hell it rather is.’
I left it in disgust ; and walked along,
Uncertain to what place I should my steps
Direct, reflecting on the wickedness,
Which, every where, attends idolatry,
And most of all, where that is practised most.
‘ This cannot be,’ said I, ‘ the proper course ;
After so many pilgrimages made,
I more polluted am, than when I left
My home. What can I do, or whither go ?
At home I nothing good could find ;—abroad,
I’ve nothing found. O ! that I knew the way
Salvation to obtain !’ I wandered on,
In sadness musing on my wretched state,
Until I met a party travelling
To bathe in Gangá’s holy stream, as they
The river termed. ‘ There,’ said they, ‘ we all sin
Shall lose ; and, by our holiness, a place
In Heaven obtain.’ I with the party went,
Because I knew not whither else to go,

And not because I hoped for benefit.
A concourse large was in that place convened,
Come, as they said, to wash away their sins.
All bathed ; and all departed to their homes
As sinful as they came. ‘ In this way too,’
Said I, ‘ no good can be obtained.’ But soon
I tried another place, for some had said :
‘ By bathing there, you will much holiness
Obtain.’ On leaving that, I bent my steps,
Desponding steps, to other spots of like
Renown. But finding all my efforts vain,
‘ What shall I do ? What shall I do ?’ said I,
In bitterness of soul. ‘ O ! that some one,
If that be possible, would pour the light
Of day upon my sad, benighted mind !
Can such a one be found ? and if so, where ?’
Just then I heard, that, a day’s journey gone,
I might bathe in a very holy place,
Where certainly, I all my sins should lose.
No faith had I, in what was said, yet I,
Moved by an unknown impulse on the mind,
Resolved to go. I went ; and there I found,
Not holiness in Gangá’s stream !—but light,—
That light divine, which, through the Bible, shiues
On man. Soon as I reached the place, I saw,
Near to a grove of mango trees, a crowd
Of people round a European stand,
While he was earnestly addressing them.
‘ What can that mean ?’ said I. ‘ I’ll go and see.
I listened and I found the speaker’s theme,
Though new to me, was one of interest deep.
He spoke of one true God, who all things made ;
Idols, he said, were vain ; and that all those,
Who worshipped them, committed awful sin.

He pointed out the sinner's awful doom ;
Told us of the great sacrifice for sin,
Which Jesus Christ had offered up, and spoke
Of the great love, he had to sinners shown.
' Come sinners, come,' said he ' this is the way,
The only way, to obtain true holiness,
And the forgiveness of your sins. In vain
You bathe in Gangá's stream, call on her name,
Or visit idol's shrines ; the blood of Christ
Is the great sacrifice for sin ; that is
The remedy for a diseased mind ;
The boat, in which you may, with safety cross,
And reach the shores of Heaven. To Jesus come,
The sinner's friend and Saviour of the world.'
These truths I felt. ' Ah ! this is what I want,'
Said I. ' Here I at last, have found, the way
Of peace.' I stood, from morn till eventide,
And listened to his voice. Sometimes, I smiled,
Because my heart was glad ; sometimes, I wept,
Because my sins were great. When it grew dark,
The crowd dispersed ; under a spreading tree
He wearied sat ; and there came some, whom I
Before had not observed, my countrymen,
And sat with him ; and soon they sang a hymn
On full salvation through the death of Christ.
This pleased me much. He then took up a book,—
The Book of God, called the New Testament,
And, in John's Gospel, read of God's great love
To men, in sending his beloved Son,
That sinners might, by faith in him, be saved.
He closed the book ; and then requested one of those,
Who with him sat, to pray. He did ; each word
Went to my heart. ' O ! what is this !' said I,
' What do I hear ! Yet surely this is right !

This to salvation is the certain path !'
I, all this time, at a short distance, stood ;
But now, said I : ' To this good man I'll speak,
And tell him something of my state of mind.'
I did so ;—he invited me to go
With him, and my few christian countrymen,
To their abode, and there, for a few days,
Remain, that I might, more of Jesus Christ
And his salvation, hear. Gladly did I
That offer kind accept ; and the next day,
I saw the missionary's humble home ;
And, by the christians there, was welcome made.
A portion of the Book Divine was put
Into my hands ; the other parts, not then
In my own tongue prepared, could not to me
Be given. I read the Word, and prayed, and heard,
With pleasure great, its all-important truths
Explained. Much also I conversed with him,
Who now my teacher was ; and questions put
To him, on many points, to me quite new
And difficult. No labour did he spare
To make me understand the things of God ;
And soon, the blessed Saviour's name be praised,
A light divine illumined my dark mind.
I saw and loved the truth ; and felt, that I,
The way to pardon and to peace, had found.
Then in the sacred name of Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, I was baptized. I still,
For several years, in the same place remained ;
And often with the missionary went,
Now my best friend, to tell my countrymen,
Who still in darkness sat, that I had found
A Saviour great, who could all sinners save.
But few alas ! would listen to my words ;

They did not feel, as God gave me to feel,
A consciousness of guilt, and dread of wrath
To come. I mourned the hardness of their hearts,
And wondered at the Saviour's love to me ;—
That he my heart should soften ; my dark mind
Enlighten ; bring me to his feet ; infuse
Sweet peace into my heart, and thus,
From almost all my poor, blind countrymen,
By his great love distinguish me. His grace,
Rich, sovereign grace, thus shown to me, I praise.

“ At length, I left this most laborious man,
To join two other missionary friends ;
And, with them, labour in the work of God.
I, for a time, in that great work, both zeal
And comfort had. But how shall I express
A cause of deep regret ? My love to Christ
Grew cool, my zeal declined, and I alas !
The holy work forsook. I did not turn
To open sin ; idolatry I still
Abhorred ; but I had left my God ; I had
My hope and confidence, from Him who died
For me, withdrawn. The danger to my soul
Was great. I stood on ruin's dreadful brink ;
But He, who did, at first, great mercy show,
Restored my soul. He true repentance gave ;
Helped me, for pardoning grace, again to look
To him ; restored to me the holy joy
Of his salvation, and encouraged me
Again, transgressors the right way, to teach.
I, afterwards to that good man returned,
Who first directed my poor soul to Christ.
The Word of God, with pleasure I perused,
And oft the sacred truths, which it contained
To the idolaters around, proclaimed.

But now, advanced in years, my health declined ;
And my poor mortal frame, became to death
A prey. I saw my end approach ; yet felt
No dread, because I had a solid hope.
As death approached, often did I contrast
My happy state, with that most awful state,
In which I must undoubtedly have died,
Had I, down to that time, a heathen lived.
'How sad,' thought I, 'my mind would now have been !
What keen distress should I have felt, all here
To leave, and go into another world !
What an impenetrable gloom would then
Have hung over that world to come ! What dread
Of unknown evil ! Yet no hope ; no ray
Of light could my dark mind have seen. But now,
By the great Saviour's grace, I am, I trust,
Prepared to die. My sins, for his name's sake,
Are all forgiven ; my spirit sanctified ; what then,
Through grace, awaits me in the world to come,
But happiness ? 'Twas on a sabbath morn,
My course was ended ; that day was to me,
A day of rest indeed ;—a rest from sin,
A rest from all the infirmities of age,
And bitter griefs of life. What joy to find
My spirit liberated from my clay !
I met not then, as I once thought I should,
The fabled king of death ; but angels bright,
Who over me rejoiced, and called me one
Of the first fruits of India to Christ ;
Then quickly brought me to this happy place.
My entrance here, I scarcely need describe ;
But great was my delight, when, here arrived,
The Saviour called me his ;—that Saviour, whom
I ignorantly sought so long ; who found

Me in the wilds of sin ; opened my eyes ;
Taught me to pray ; then heard my broken prayer ;
Gave peace of mind ; a hope of pardoned sin ;
Reclaimed my wandering soul ; supported me
Through life ; his angels sent for me at death ;
Then placed me here, among his blessed saints ;—
That Saviour, I will ever, ever praise.”

Soon as that saint had done, another who
Had, by his narrative, been much rejoiced,
Arose, and thus the assembled saints addressed.
“ You will, my fellow-saints, rejoice with me,
When you know my connexion with the saint,
Whose narrative you have just heard. I am
The missionary, from whose lips he first
The tidings of salvation heard. I was,
As he describes, then preaching to a crowd
Of poor idolaters just by a grove
Of mango trees. I saw him come and join
That crowd ; and his appearance me informed,
That he, to holy spots, falsely so called,
In quest of holiness, had travelled far.
I marked the strong surprise his countenance
Expressed, when, on his ear, my words first fell.
He with profound attention heard. His tears
And smiles alternate, which I well observed,
Produced in me a hope, that truth divine
Had entered his dark mind, and so it proved.
But he, the blessed Saviour’s name be praised,
Is not, beloved saints, the only fruit
Of my poor labours in that heathen land ;
I see another here, yea several more,
Who through a blessing on my weak attempts,
From idols turned to serve the living God.
“ What joy it gives me to behold, in this

Assembly, many, whom I knew on earth ;
And some, who were my dearest friends ! Here I
With great delight, behold, three happy saints,
Who, in succession, were, on earth, by ties
The tenderest that nature knows, to me
United ; soothers of my care ; in grief
My comforters ; who, by their sympathy,
Their prayers, and faithful love, were helpers meet.
Two of them did the Lord remove from me,
In such a way, as caused me sore distress.
Each, to an infant, did give birth and died.
Those infants too are here. The third I left
A mourning widow ; who, a few short years,
On earth remained ; but now is with me here.
How is the bitter cup of earthly grief
Now changed for joy ! I feel a pleasure now,
In meeting these dear saints, and in the ties,
Which bound them to me while on earth, which yields
A compensation great for all the pain,
Which I endured, when death, those dearest ties,
Asunder cut. How kind our gracious Lord,
To make the bitterest griefs, we felt on earth,
The sweeteners of the joys of Paradise !

“ In this assembly, most of those, who were
My fellow-labourers in the work of God,
With others, who, in the same heathen land,
Did toil and die, I now with joy behold.
Where now, my brethren dear, are all our fears,
Our griefs, and tears, and low despondency !
See we are saved ; we all have overcome ;
We have, through grace, been faithful until death,
And our great Lord will give us crowns of life.
What though we were among the first to preach
The Word in Hindustán, and had to bear

Much opposition, in its strongest forms ?
Our labours have not been in vain ; for some,
Who, by our means, were turned to God, are here ;
And they will be our joy and crown. And what
If our successors in that field, in which
We laboured first, a greater harvest reap
Than we ! Shall we repine ? O no ! but we
In their success will much rejoice. We first,
To those most barren wastes, the gospel plough
Applied, and, here and there, a little seed
Threw in ; they reap what we have sown ; and this
Is what we wished. All glory be to Him,
Who, to commence a work so great, did us
Employ. What thousands we shall soon behold,
In Paradise, brought from the ample plains
Of Hindoostan, where all in darkness sat ;
Where Satan once appeared the only Lord ;
But where whole millions soon, will at the name
Of Jesus bow, and feel his love divine !

“ My earthly history, beloved saints,
I briefly will narrate ; it shows the love,
The Saviour felt to me, a sinner vile.
He, who did David, from the sheepfolds, take,
To feed and guide his people Israel ;
Took me, from ploughing Britain’s fertile fields
To cultivate the moral wilderness
Of Hindustan. In early life, his grace
My heart renewed ; then made me feel concerned
For those, who did in heathen darkness sit.
Just in the prime of life, vigour and health
In bloom, I left my native land, which I
Beheld no more, to cross the ocean’s waves,
My sole companion, and my other self
Was that dear saint, and rear, on India’s plains,

The standard of the cross. Arrived, I saw,
With pain, the ignorance and wickedness
Of poor idolaters. O! how I wished,
I could their language speak, that His great love,
Who did for sinners die, I might proclaim.
That language so far gained, that I could speak
Of Christ and things divine ; my residence,
I in a village fixed, where not one ray
Of gospel light had ever shone. There I,
Though much opposed, reviled, and cursed, by those,
Who hated light, some feeble efforts made
To preach the word of life. I visited
The villages and towns around ; but met
With opposition strong, in every place.
Often, with strength exhausted, and with mind
Depressed, I home returned, and spread my griefs
Before the Lord. He heard my cries, and gave
Me strength my efforts to renew. Thus day
By day, supported by his grace, I strove
To turn these poor idolaters to God.
O! how the mind needs the kind intercourse
Of christian friends in scenes like these ! But there
No christian friend, to soothe a saddened heart,
Had I, but her, whom God had made my wife.
' What should I do,' said I, ' had I not her,
By kindness, and by sweet discourse, to cheer
My drooping heart, and strengthen my weak faith,
By bringing to my mind the promises
So great, which God for my support has given !'
But soon this earthly prop was knocked away ;
And I, o'ercome by grief, was prostrate laid.
When I resumed my work, as soon I did,
For still, God gave me grace to persevere ;
Grief my companion was, and tears my food.

When, day by day, fatigued, dispirited
For want of more success, I, from my work,
Returned ; no wife, a sister in the Lord,
Was there to meet me with a smile, and ask
How I had sped. There was her tomb. I looked
And wept ; sad recollections of the past
Rushed in, till, by my sorrows overcome,
I was compelled to seek a throne of grace.
My passions there were hushed ; my strength renewed ;
I was again prepared to preach the word
To dying men. Thus, through a sea of grief,
I waded ; labouring abroad, praying,
And often weeping much, at home. At length
Our gracious God, who all my sorrows knew,
And the dread solitude in which I lived,
Another helpmeet gave. My heart was cheered,
' I'll now,' said I, ' dismiss my grief, it does
But waste my strength, and do, with cheerfulness,
My Heavenly Father's work.' But, for a cause,
Scarcely suspected then, now clearly seen,
The Lord, in a short time, my dearest friend
Removed ; and then, I had a solitude
To bear, more gloomy, and more hopeless than
Before. Year after year, rolled on, and I
Was still alone, or only, for a time,
A fellow-labourer had to cheer a heart,
Which then, no other earthly comfort knew.
Yet in the midst of all this gloom, a ray
Of light appeared ; a few poor souls were won
To Christ ; he, who spoke last, was one of them.
Yes ! when I, in that large assembly, stood,
Where I first met with him ; I was a man
Of sorrows great ; and hope, of doing good,
Had almost fled. Then, did the Lord begin

My humble labours with success to crown ;
And from that time down to the day of death,
I had to praise his name for some success.

“ At length, the Lord, in mercy great, for he
My sorrows knew, another helper gave,
Whose loss he never called me to deplore.
I thanked my gracious God, and courage took.
The place of my first residence I left,
And, in a part remote, fixed my abode.
There I, the Lord assisting me, upreared
The standard of the cross ; and, in a tongue
Quite new to me, the truth divine proclaimed.
There good was done ; a few were brought to God ;
But soon, by persecution driven away,
With deep regret, my little flock I left.
A few months passed, and then another door
Was opened to me, Christ to preach, where he
Had not been named. I to the place repaired ;
And there, and during some long journeys too,
I preached our blessed Saviour’s name, and strove
To bring idolaters to serve the living God.
There too my humble efforts gave offence ;
And by the influence of some, who bore
The christian name, I was compelled that field
To abandon too. Now, for a time, I had
No certain dwelling place ; and much I feared,
That should I find another spot, on which
To pitch my tent, I might, from it, be driven.
I went from place to place, and preached the word,
Supported by the blessed Saviour’s aid,
Till to a spot he led me, where it was
His will my efforts to succeed. A few
Soon turned to God ; and, then the cause of truth
A slow but steady progress made. This proved

My last abode on earth. Disease began
To undermine my frame ; with pain I did
The word of life proclaim ; but, as I loved
The work, I persevered, till I could preach
No more. 'Twas at this time the saint, who last
Did us address, in Jesus, fell asleep ;
And I, with reference to that event,
Which pleasant thoughts inspired, did from these words :
' Lazarus, our friend, doth sleep,' my little flock
Address. While speaking, it occurred to me,
That soon, I too, in Jesus Christ should sleep.
The thought was sweet ; I wished it might be so ;
I was with labour and disease, worn out.
Our gracious Saviour granted my desire ;
And on the next Lord's day my labours closed.
I on that day, but once, on the great things
Of God, my fellow-men addressed ; that done
My work was done ; I could no more attempt.
My friends, and chiefly she, my helpmeet then,
Who since to this bless'd world has followed me,
Prayed much, did much for my recovery ;
But He who loved me, saw it best to take
Me from my suffering state, and give me rest.
After all other means had failed, it was
Proposed, that I should, to my native land,
Return, and there my health recruit. To this
I readily agreed ; for, though I longed
To be with Christ ; yet it was sweet to think
Of health restored, and labouring again
For him. Accordingly, I went on board
A ship, and there took leave of her, whom most
I loved on earth. Painful that parting was !
She feared, and all her fears proved true, that she
My face, on earth, no more would see. I too

Much apprehension felt, that she, who had,
Of all my cares and toils, for many years,
The partner been, would soon a widow be.
That my last earthly trial was ; that o'er,
My mind grew calm. I felt my time was come.
To prayer and meditation now, myself
I gave. My missionary life, I now
Reviewed ; and great the cause, I saw to mourn,
For many were my sins ; but to the cross
I looked ; atoning blood great comfort gave ;
And I, a sweet unutterable peace
Obtained. Much did I pray for her, whom I
Behind had left ; 'twas all that I could do.
And now I know, my prayers were heard, for here
I see the proof. The widow's tears are dried ;
She weeps no more ; all is for ever well.
A few weeks only on the sea I lived,
And then my weary spirit took its flight.
Friends far—no human eye my end observed ;
Alone, and in the darkness of the night,
None but the gracious Saviour with me there,
Did I give up the ghost. I suffered much
An hour or two, then pain to ease gave place ;
Had I not known, that death was just at hand,
I could have thought myself about to sleep.
I sank, till I became insensible ;
And then, I seemed to awake or to revive ;
And, the next moment, saw, that death was past.
I instantly perceived an angel bright
Stand by my side ; who, by his kind address,
Caused me to feel a joy unknown before.
' Beloved saint,' said he, ' thy sufferings now
Are o'er ; thy Saviour has commissioned me
To say, that he thy labours has approved,

And has a crown of righteousness for thee.
Till the last day reserved ; that he will thee,
Before the assembled world, and angels bright,
His faithful servant own ; and then, that crown,
In presence of them all, on thee bestow.
And now, he calls thee to a better world ;
Where thou his presence shalt enjoy, and feel
The blessedness his love imparts. What though
Thy poor remains, the deep will swallow up ?
Thy Saviour will a glorious body give,
When from the dead he all his saints will raise.
Fear not to leave, on earth, thy other self ;
Though, as a widow, she will mourn, when she
The tidings of thy death receives ; the Lord
Will her support ; and in a few short years,
Her faith and love matured, she will appear
With thee in Paradise. Already some,
Who were, on earth, thy dearest friends, are there,
And thy arrival wait. They've been informed,
That I, for thee have been despatched ; and now
They gather near the gate of Paradise
To meet thee there, and thy arrival greet.'

“ Now filled with joy, I took my flight, and found,
When I arrived, just as the angel said,
Some of my dearest earthly friends prepared
Me to congratulate, in terms of love,—
In terms of holy love unknown on earth,
Which only to the speech of Paradise
Belong. But O ! when I the Saviour met,
And low before him bowed, his gracious words
Astonished me ; and so my thoughts o'erwhelmed,
That I could not reply. Beloved saints,
What grace, what love, has the dear Saviour shown
To us ! But O ! I feel, that I to him,

Indebted stand, above you all! His love
And grace to me, I feel most wonderful.”

Here finished he; other beloved saints,
Then rose and told, to that assembly large
Of fellow-saints, their earthly histories.
Great was the love, which they expressed to Him,
Who, with his precious blood, had them redeemed;
But I, their narratives, need not rehearse;
What has been said, is a fair specimen.
Each saint, in that bless'd world, as you perceive,
Believed himself a miracle of grace;
And spoke of the great Saviour's love to him,
As quite superlative. Just as he felt,
He spoke; and who could other language use?

“Assemblies such as these, in Paradise,
Were often held; and seldom did the saints,
When thus convened, in haste disperse. None e'er
Of weariness complained; none were compelled,
By urgent business, to retire; the curse
Of earth, that man by labour should himself
Support, to that fair world of peace and rest
Extended not; there each one, as he pleased,
His time employed, and yet did always right.
Such an assembly ne'er broke up, till they,
A song of praise, adapted to the themes
Of their discourse, had offered up to Him,
Who had them safely brought to Paradise.

“My fellow-saints of Adam's race, you know
The scenes of earth, the trials of the good;
You also know the interest deep, which, here
In Heaven, our earthly history excites;
And you can well perceive the pleasure great,
With which the saints, in Paradise, the way,
In which the Lord had led them, did review.

And you, beloved saints not of our race,
May now perceive the sad depravity
Of man ; his lost and helpless state ; his need
Of mercy, and a painful discipline
To purify him for a better world ;
And these things knowing, you, to join with us,
Once sinful men, in our great Saviour's praise
Who gave himself for us, are now prepared."

This said, the saints from the far distant world,
Delighted with the Saviour's love to man,
United with the human saints, as they
Sat on that hill in Heaven, in offering up
A song of ardent praise to Him, who had
For sinners died. ' Worthy the Lamb,' said they,
' Who once was slain, all riches, wisdom, power,
Strength, honour, glory, blessing, to receive.
Blessing and honour, glory, power, to Him,
Who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb,
That sinful men redeemed, for evermore.'

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.



BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE narrator proposes to tell of things, which occurred in Paradise near the end of the world.—The saints in Paradise greatly desire the millennium.—The saints on earth make persevering and successful efforts for the universal spread of the gospel.—The imprisonment of Satan in the Abyss.—Saints in Paradise see him there.—Happy state of things on earth during the millennium.—Great influx of saints into Paradise.—Termination of the millennium and liberation of Satan.—Saints in Paradise converse much about future things, as the resurrection, Heaven, &c.—They are addressed by the apostle Paul, by Adam, and by the Saviour himself.—An angel goes to Tartarus to announce the near approach of the judgment.—Consternation of the wicked.—A host of angels go to Tartarus, and convey the wicked to the earth.—Another host of angels convey the righteous to the earth.—The dead are raised and the living changed.—The judgment.—The entrance of the saints into Heaven.

BOOK VIII.

FINISHED the song of praise, a pause ensued ;
And the narrator knowing, that they all,
Still more of Paradise would hear, his theme
Resumed, while they a fixed attention gave.

“ My brethren of the human race, and you,
My fellow-saints, from a far distant world,
I will, my narrative of Paradise,
Conclude, by telling you of things, which there
Occurred, when earthly scenes drew near a close.
There was a time, as every human saint
Well knows, predicted in the word of God,
When, through the earth, the great Redeemer should
His sceptre sway, and all should know the Lord ;
When universal peace on earth should reign ;
And all mankind, bound by the ties of love,
Should form one family ; and every one,
In every one, a friend and brother own :
That time, the great millennium was called.

“ The saints in Paradise, had waited long
The great millennial day. It was a time
They ardently desired ; and when its dawn
Appeared, it filled their hearts with boundless joy.
The saints on earth, as those in Paradise
Well knew, had, through successive ages, made
Exertions great to spread the word of life.

Thousands of missionaries left the lands,
Which gave them birth, to rear, in distant climes,
The standard of the cross ; while other saints,
Most numerous, their substance freely gave
In aid of the great work ; and offered up
Incessantly their prayers for its success.
These efforts ceased not ; the whole church, on earth,
From her long slumbers roused, in her resolve
Was firm, that, in the glorious enterprise,
Of spreading truth divine throughout the world,
She never would relax, till all on earth,—
Men of all countries, nations, tongues, should hear
The sound of mercy through the Saviour's blood.
Those who, at that bless'd time, of which I speak,
The church on earth composed, though far remote
Some, from the others, lived, did all one heart
Possess ; those in the east, those in the west,
Those in the north, those in the south, and those
Who in the islands of the sea abode,
One wish expressed—‘ Thy will be done on earth,
As it is done in Heaven.’ Such was their prayer,
And such the language of their efforts too.
Great their success ;—each year, each month, each day,
Brought large accessions to the church. Success
New means and instruments, for the great work,
Produced. Thus, with accelerated speed,
To which no parallel had e’er on earth
Been seen, the cause of holy truth prevailed.
“ The missionaries of the cross, who had,
In Paradise, long rested from their toils,
Almost desired to live on earth again,
That, in the great success, they might a share
Obtain. ‘ These are the times,’ they often said,
As with each other they conversed, ‘ we longed

To see. O ! that each one of us, as some,
Who labour now, have done, whole myriads
Of souls had brought to God ! We sowed the seed,
Or but prepared the ground. Where many now
A glorious harvest reap, a barren soil
We mourned. But 'tis all well ; some must prepare
The ground ; some sow the seed ; some reap the crop ;
The blessed Saviour has the praise ; the souls
Of men are saved, and we in all rejoice.'
Once I stood by, and heard discourse like this ;
When lo ! the Saviour's voice, these holy men,
Addressed : ' My faithful friends,' said he, ' for such
You are, and such you showed yourselves on earth ;
It was my sovereign will, that you should be
The first to bear my name to heathen lands.
Your toils I know ; your sore distress, your groans,
And tears, were all by me observed. Your faith
Was sharply tried ; I gave you grace and strength
The trial to endure ; and now, you see,
Of your long patient toils, the happy fruit.
And know, my friends, that, at the great, last day,
Your faith and labours I will not forget ;
No ! then a great reward awaits you all.
You shall not then regret, that I chose you
To be the leaders in this mighty work
On earth. That glorious day will all reveal.'

“ At length the gospel every land had reached ;
The Bible had, in all the languages
Of earth, been read ; and all the human race,
Or nearly all, had heard the tidings glad
Of full salvation through the Saviour's death.
All had not yet believed ; but truth divine
Had every where prevailed ; and many hoped,
That all, on earth, would shortly turn to God.

But there was still some great impediment,
Which did the world's conversion, for a time,
Delay. The great impediment was this :
The Prince of darkness, and his legions still
On earth remained. They had ten thousand times
Been foiled ; their power was much reduced ; their hopes
Had almost fled ; but, with more enmity
Than ever fraught, they strenuous efforts made,
Not without some success, to check the work
Of God. At length, the happy time arrived
When this impediment was quite removed,
And the great enemy of God and man
Confined in the Abyss ; whence no egress
He could obtain, for a whole thousand years.
It was a joyful day in Paradise,
When Satan and his legions vile, were all
As prisoners brought to Tartarus. This was
A glorious victory achieved, o'er those,
Who had, for many thousand years, waged war,
And too successfully, with God and truth.
Upon that memorable day, the saints,
In numbers great, approached the parting gulf
That they might see all that in Tartarus,
On that great day occurred. They soon perceived,
That all the spirits lost of human kind,
Were seized with consternation great ; for they
Could see the bearing of this great event
Upon their destinies ; they knew, it was
A most decisive step in God's great plan,
And gave sure presage of the judgment day,
The object of their utmost dread ; and showed,
That it, at no great distance, was. The lost
Of the angelic race with rage were filled ;
They felt, as they had never felt before,

The certainty of ultimate defeat,
In their attempts to nullify the plan
Of God for saving sinful men ; yea more !
They felt a dread, quite irrepressible,
Of that great day, when, with rebellious men,
They must before the Righteous Judge appear.

“ We had not long, across the gulf, our view
Directed, ere we Satan saw, with him
The rebel angels too we saw, who had,
In the destruction of the souls of men,
So long on earth, his coadjutors been.
The hosts of mighty angels, which had them
As captives brought from earth, did them conduct
Near to the parting gulf, that so the saints
In Paradise might all of them behold.
What joy !—what exultation did we feel,
To see these principalities and powers,
With whom we oft had wrestled hard on earth,
Now powerless made, and placed where all their strength
And dreadful cunning nothing could avail
To injure men ! But the Arch-enemy
Of God and man drew our attention most.
He looked around on the vast multitude
Of human souls in Tartarus, and seemed
A moment to exult in his success ;
But when across the gulf he cast his eyes,
And saw the crowds,—the more than multitudes
That peopled Paradise, his rage became
Unbounded, and he made a furious
But vain attempt to break his massy chain.
Maddened at what he saw, his liberty
He wanted to regain, that to the earth
He might return, and there, as long before,
But now with tenfold malice fired, the souls

Of men destroy. When we, in Paradise,
This scene beheld, with great astonishment,
We thought of our escape from enemies
So powerful and so malignant too.
More clearly now, than ever, we could see
How much to the great Saviour's constant love,
And Holy Spirit's influence, we all,
For our deliverance, indebted stood.
'Had we but known on earth,' said we, 'the power
These enemies invisible possessed;
We should have thought all our resistance vain;
Certain destruction would have then appeared
Our lot; but blessed be the Saviour's name,
He did these mighty enemies restrain,
Or give us strength their fierce attacks to bear;
Nay more! he made us conquerors over those,
To whom compared, we were but feeble worms.'
But how the spirits lost of human kind
Were stirred, when they their cruel enemy
Among them saw! With fiercest rage did they
Reville and curse this author of their woes,—
Prime mover in the cause of sin on earth.
While pouring curses on his head, they seemed
Their own dread torments to forget; nor did
He hear unmoved; he felt that his success
So great, in ruining the souls of men,
His misery would awfully augment.
Yes, now the dreadful truth flashed on his mind,
That for each ruined soul of man, he must
A heavy load of wrath divine endure;
And that each one of all the millions lost,
Much as he had the race of man contemned,
Had power a fierce tormentor to become,
And take revenge on him eternally.

He cursed his dire success ; yet such, to God
And man, his enmity, he burnt to range
The earth again, that there, if possible,
He might not a small number nor a great,
But all mankind to endless ruin bring.

“ Now, Satan and his angels bound, all things
On earth went well. The opposition long,
By principalities and powers, maintained,
Was felt no more ; men yielded now to that
Bless'd influence which drew their hearts to God.
A few short months now saw a glorious change ;
Now, came a movement grand ; now, through the earth,
And almost simultaneously, did men
All turn to God. Earth, which so long had been
A painful scene of sin and misery,
Now seemed, in holiness and happiness,
Almost to rival blessed Paradise.
Now, the sure word of prophecy, which taught,
That from the greatest to the least, all men
Should know the Lord, its full accomplishment
Received. Yes ! now the knowledge of the Lord
Extended o'er and covered all the earth,
As ocean's waves filled up the mighty deep.
Now the great Saviour's love filled every heart ;
Each tongue his praises spoke ; while fraud, and wrongs,
And violence, and the whole train of ills,
Which man inflicted on his fellow-man,
Quite disappeared ; and universal love
Prevailed. Men of all climes as brothers met ;
And did each other hail, as fellow-heirs
Of Heaven. Now earth one temple was ; her towns
And cities, villages, and fields, mountains,
And vales, all consecrated were to God.
In all, assemblies large of holy men

Were oft convened to worship God, and praise
The great Redeemer's name. The countless ships,
Which o'er the ocean sailed, were manned with saints ;
Each one contained a church of Christ, a band
Of brothers in the Lord, who saw his works
And wonders in the deep ; and often joined
In prayer and praises to His name, who made
The earth and sea, and gave his only Son
Us sinners to redeem. Whene'er a ship
From any distant land arrived, the saints
On shore saw not a crew of wicked men,
Who by their crimes and shamelessness in vice
The city would pollute ; profane the day
Of God with open immoralities ;
And Satan's standard rear just by the house
Of God ;—defiance bold of his command
To sanctify the day of sacred rest.
Such things had oft been seen, but now such things
Were seen no more. A novel, glorious scene,
On the arrival of a foreign ship,
Was now, in every port, exhibited.
' Here come,' the saints on shore would say, ' a band
Of holy men ; some country far remote
Has given them birth ; they tidings bring of man's
Great happiness, and God's great love, now shown
In all its glory to the human race.
Great joy we feel to see the saints of God
From distant lands, that we may know them here,
And, ere we meet in Paradise, join them
In praising Him whose wondrous love has them
And us redeemed. Then would they go on board,
And welcome these good men ; so great the joy,
So warm the salutations, which each gave
To each, one might almost have thought it was

A meeting, in a better world, of saints
And their old christian friends just come from earth.
The holy seamen, who to many lands
Had gone, and much observed of the new state
Of things on earth, would tell what they had seen ;—
How they in many places had, in acts
Of worship, joined with myriads of saints ;
How love to God and man, and peace and joy
Prevailed in every place where they had been.

“ The curse, which God pronounced upon the earth
For Adam’s sin, was now removed. The earth
Her increase gave ; the wilderness became
A fruitful field ; the desert, as the rose,
Its blossoms showed, and Eden-like appeared ;
Yea, the whole surface of the teeming earth
Almost in its primeval glory shone,
As when no sin its beauty had defaced.
Disease and pain, and all infirmities
Had almost fled the human frame. The march
Of death was slow ; man’s days did equal now
The days of some most venerable tree,
Which had the winter storms and summer heats
Of many centuries borne. As in the days
Before the flood, vigour and frame robust,
And great longevity, did to the race
Of man belong ; so in these latter days.
This happy change on earth produced a change
In Paradise ; for during many years
But few beloved saints from earth arrived
To join our bless’d society. And we
Observed with joy, that those who came from earth
To join the spirits lost were fewer still ;
Their number was reduced almost to none.
An influx great of saints from earth gave joy

To all in Paradise ; but in the cause
Of the diminished influx now we all
A boundless pleasure felt. Most easily
Did we perceive, that in the state of things
Which then prevailed on earth, the human race
Would greatly multiply ; and, in those days
Of holiness, was not the increase great
Of men on earth, an increase great of saints,
Who would, at last in countless multitudes,
In Paradise arrive ? Yes ! earth became
Most populous ; her former cities, towns,
And villages, received an increase large
Of their inhabitants ; while in those spots,
Which once lay desolate, new towns sprung up,
New cities rose to view. Extensive tracts,
Such as in Russia, and Tartary,
And that large part of earth America,
Were found, which ne'er had cultivation known,
Now showed a population numerous,—
Were densely thronged with saints, all training up
For Heaven. Nor did this increase wonderful
Of human kind, though full ten thousand-fold,*
The least degree of want produce ; plenty
Reigned through the earth ; poor there were none ; the sons
Of want had disappeared. Wise industry,
And agricultural skill, and science raised
To highest pitch, and to all purposes
Of life most skilfully by all applied,
A most productive soil,—all were the gifts
Of God ; secured to men who then on earth
Abode, abundance great of the good things
Of life. Oft, when on earth I lived, did I
This happy state of things anticipate.

* See note T. in the Appendix.

To know the progress which true science made,
And see the wants of men at small expense
Supplied, was joy to me. My heart rejoiced
To hear of many great discoveries
In agriculture made, by means of which
Earth double crops produced ; nor did I less
Rejoice to hear of numerous settlements
Of men, in thinly populated lands,
Or where before no human beings dwelt.
'Twas easy to perceive the grand result
Of these events in the millennial day.

“ Thus happily did every thing on earth
Proceed. At length, great numbers of the saints
Had reached old age, and a maturity
In grace but rarely known on earth before.
And now an influx into Paradise
Began, which both delighted and surprised
Its bless'd inhabitants. Now, in one day
More happy souls did in that world arrive
Than sometimes in a century before ;—
More than, if we all infant souls except,
Came, at one time, in several hundred years.
'Twas often said, when I on earth abode,
That the whole sum of its inhabitants
To full eight hundred millions did amount ;
And that each moment forty human beings died.
How great the population of the earth
Must then have been, when several centuries
Of the millennium had rolled away !
For during that long period of rest,
And peace, and holiness, the human race
Did rapidly and constantly increase.
And when, men having reached the usual age,
Allotted them in those bright days, they were,

Just in the same proportion as prevailed
Before the great millennium, removed ;
How many, seeing nearly all were saints,
Did in one minute come to Paradise ?
Not forty only ;—no ! nor would it reach
The truth to say, that in each minute came
A hundred happy souls to Paradise ;
We must of hundreds speak ; for I have seen
Hundreds of saints in that bless'd world arrive
Within what was, on earth, a minute's space :
My fellow-saints from a far distant world
Will understand how small a point of time
A minute was on earth. If in a point
Of time so short, numbers so great arrived,
How many in an hour, a day, a month,
A year ! How many in a century !
How many during all the centuries
Of the millennium ! O ! we have now
A multitude, which the arithmetic
Of earth could scarcely count ; but in the hosts
Innumerable seen, of human saints
In Heaven, you have most blessed proof of what
I have affirmed. Think then, beloved saints,
How great our happiness in Paradise,
To witness these astonishing effects
Of the great Father's love, and of that blood,
Which was for guilty men on Calvary shed.

“ At length, of that millennium, which was
So justly styled the Sabbath of the earth,
The termination came. Then Satan was,
For a short time, released ; and did again
The nations of the earth deceive. We saw
Him set at liberty ; and well observed
The operations of his mind. So great

Was his chagrin, at the vast numbers saved,
That he could not endure, before he left,
To cast one look at Paradise. Wrath burnt
Within him for his long imprisonment ;
And, full of rage, he sped his way to earth,
Determined there his kingdom to regain,
And to attempt, with tenfold energy,
And cunning too, the ruin of the souls
Of men. His time was short ; this he well knew ;
We knew it too, and in it much rejoiced.

“ The saints, in Paradise, did now, their thoughts,
On future scenes, employ. Frequent and long
Their conversations were on that great day,
When, having triumphed over death, they should,
In immortality, before their Judge
And Saviour stand. How ardently did they
The joys of Heaven anticipate ! How long
To gain the consummation of their bliss !
Though saints in Paradise knew much of Heaven,
Compared to saints on earth, yet much concealed
Remained ; and ample room was left for faith,
And hope, and rational conjecture too.
Some of the immortal body loved to speak ;—
Its senses, properties, and powers, were all,
As far as known, discussed ; where certainty
Was not enjoyed, they of the probable
Discoursed ; and much that was conjecture then,
Has since proved true. Others were much engaged
In speaking of the judgment day ;—the scenes
That would appear, among both bad and good ;
The great reward the righteous would receive ;
The awful sentence which would be pronounced
Upon the lost ; the joy the saints would feel
When owned by Christ ; the invitation : ‘ Come

Ye blessed,' and the opening gates of Heaven.
Others would speak of Heaven itself, and try
To paint its blessedness ; and much was said,
Which would, had it by saints on earth been heard,
Have much surprised, enlarged, and fired their minds.
But all that perfect saints in Paradise
Could say, though very much they knew, and all
Imaginations warm possessed, fell short,—
Yes, very short of truth. What Paul once said
' Eye hath not seen ; ear hath not heard ; nor has
The heart of man conceived, the joys which God
For them that love him has prepared,' was true
In Paradise ; for Heaven does far exceed
All that the spirits just could e'er conceive.

“ While thus the saints in Paradise did all
With expectation glow ; the apostle Paul,
Surrounded by a host of spirits just,
To them this speech addressed : ‘ Beloved saints,
The joys of Paradise, to most of us,
Have long familiar been. Some of us have,
In this delightful place, had our abode
Whole centuries ; some of us from the time
When first the gospel was proclaimed on earth ;
Some from the days in which the prophets lived ;
Some from the patriarchal times ; and some
Down from the earliest infancy of time ;
And all of us have here great happiness
Enjoyed. We have a great advantage had
O'er saints that now on earth reside. While they
Into existence came but a few months
Or years ago, and have but little seen
Or known ; we, the development of God's
Great plan for man's salvation, have beheld ;
Nay ! some of us its progress have observed,

From its first opening to this closing scene.
 O ! with what holy joy have we the grand
 Disclosures of that plan contemplated !
 How wise ! how just ! how holy ! yet how rich
 In grace, our God appears ! O ! what displays
 Of grace to man the last few centuries
 Have shown ! What millions, countless millions have,
 Within that time, been added to the saved !
 We've seen the great prophetic word fulfilled ;
 The stone cut from the mountain without hands,
 A mountain has become, and filled the earth.
 We've seen that sacred leaven, truth divine,
 Little as it at first appeared, extend,
 And operate, and leaven all the earth.

“ ‘ And now the consummation is at hand ;
 Soon will the earth's last day arrive ; and soon
 Shall we before the Judge appear. No name
 Of terror that ; we, in the Judge, our friend,
 Our Saviour, and our brother shall behold.
 Rejoice, beloved saints, our great reward
 Is near. That crown of righteousness, which has
 For us been so long reserved, we now shall soon
 Obtain. Our humble acts of faith and love,
 Deficient though they were, recorded are ;
 No service will our gracious Lord forget,
 But will on us a great reward bestow.
 Now what we all have sown, that shall we reap,
 A hundred, yea ! a thousand-fold, the crop
 Will be. O gracious Saviour, why this love ?
 'Tis but a little we have done for thee,
 And most imperfectly that little done,
 Yea, done it only by thy gracious aid ;
 Yet thou, a most magnificent reward,
 On thy unworthy servants, wilt bestow.

O ! happy saints, by the great Saviour's blood
Redeemed ! How light, how momentary now,
Your earthly pains and griefs appear ! Sorrows,
Which once quite overwhelming were, appear
As nothing now ; for now, transporting thought !
The weight,—the exceeding and abundant weight
Of glory is at hand. What though some few
Of us have, for the Saviour's sake, our lives
Laid down ! To die for him a privilege
Must be esteemed, which no reward can claim ;
Yet for this act, which was but being led,
By a short road, to Paradise, we shall
Unfading crowns of glory soon obtain.
But who can tell all the vast happiness
Which us awaits,—which now is just at hand !
I, while on earth, to the third Heaven was raised,
And did its wonderous glories see ; yet 'twas
A transient visit ; just enough to show
That Heavenly glories are too great for men,
Not yet immortal made, to comprehend.
Long have I been in Paradise, and much
Of its delights, akin to those of Heaven,
Have I enjoyed ; and much of Heavenly bliss
Has, by the Holy Spirit, been to me,
While in this place, revealed ; yet well I know,
For so the Holy Spirit has me taught,
That more, far more, yes ! infinitely more,
Than has been yet revealed, remains unknown.
Come Saviour, quickly come ; we long to see
The wondrous glories yet to be revealed.'

“ Here the apostle ceased ; the hearts of all
Responded to his words ; the blessed saints
All longed to see that Heaven of which he spoke,
Assured its joys were inconceivable.

“ About this time Adam, the first of men,
A large assembly of the saints addressed.
‘ My happy children, though I am’ said he,
‘ Unworthy of a father’s name, for I,
By my transgression, brought you all to death ;
Yet listen to my speech, for now my heart
With joy o’erflows. The long expected time
Is just at hand, when the Redeemer will,
His work of mercy to our race, complete ;
Will, from the dead, his people raise and give
To them the rich inheritance of heaven.
When the first hint about the woman’s seed,
To me and Eve was given ; we little thought
Results, so great as those we’ve lately seen,
Would ever have appeared. How great the love
Of God ! great to my race, but greater still
To me, who the first sinner was ;—the first
Who did, against his just commands, rebel.
Quite unsolicited, our gracious God
Resolved his well-beloved Son to send,
Us sinners to redeem. How has the plan,
The wondrous plan of our redemption, step
By step, unfolded been ! Its progress I,
From the commencement to the present hour,
Have carefully observed ; and I, new proofs
Of love to man at every step, have seen ;
But the millennial day has far surpassed
All that I ever dared to hope. The souls,
Of our lost race, now found in Paradise,
Innumerable are become. The love
Of God, and fruits of His great sacrifice,
Who for us died, astonish and delight,
And fill the mind with holy ecstasy.

“ Now we rejoice to see the closing scenes

Of earth appear. The day is now at hand,
When all the injury my sin has done,
Shall be repaired. Death was the punishment
My sin, on my posterity, entailed.
Never can I forget what I have done ;
But oh ! the wondrous love of God ! He sent
His Son to take my place ; to be the head
Of the whole human race instead of me ;
That great responsibility to bear,
In bearing which I failed through sin ; but He,
Though tempted more, far more, than I had been,
In every instance, did the tempter foil.
By his obedience to God's holy law,
And the great sacrifice he offered up
On Calvary, he has the evils great,
Which my sad fall upon you brought, removed ;
And from that dreadful punishment, which you
For your own sins deserved, has you redeemed.
The more we think of what his love has done,
The more we wonder, and that love adore.
What shouts of praise, to the Redeemer's name,
Shall we all raise in Heaven ! Soon we shall hear
The trumpet sound, that will our bodies raise ;
And let us think what bodies they will be ;
Not sickly, weak and mortal, like to those
We left on earth ; but great in power,
Immortal, unaffected by disease,
And glorious too, like that in which we have
The Saviour often seen. While in a state
Of innocence I lived, superior far
My body was to those which you possessed ;
It was intangible to all disease ;
Nothing could pain or injury inflict,
And wonderful its strength ; the human frame,

Unhurt by sin, was all that man could wish.
But oh ! the woful change which sin produced !
Bless'd, as I was, with such a body then,
I can, at least some distant notion form
Of those strong bodies, incorruptible,
Which we shall soon receive ; and much they will,
I speak from what I know, our happiness
Augment. I deeply felt the woful change
Which sin produced ; and I should much rejoice
A body to obtain like that, which I
At first possessed ; but well I know the love,
The Saviour bears to us, will more than this
Perform. Yes ! he, to all his blessed saints,
Will bodies give, which will in every part,
That body which I had while innocent,
Exeel ; how greatly then will they exeel
Those sickly, weak and mortal frames, which you,
My children, had ! O ! what a glorious sight,
When, in immortal bodies clothed, the saved
Shall all in one assembly stand, to be,
By the Redeemer owned, and to receive
From him their crowns of life ! My children will,—
Yes, many of them will, a brighter crown,
Than I, obtain ; they have done more for God,
And suffered more for him, than I have done ;
But I will not repine ; of all the saved,
Who so unworthy of the Saviour's grace
As I ? That blessed immortality,
Which was on me conferred, I threw away,
And filled the world, alas ! with sin and death.
What if I have the meanest place in Heaven ;
What if my crown, by crowns of other saints,
Be far outshone ; no envy shall I feel ;
But gladly own, that to the Saviour's grace,

Of all the saints, I most indebted stand.
I the first sinner was,—the root, whence sprang
The sins of all the human race. And O !
To me, 'tis happiness unspeakable,
Enough to make my Heaven, to see the great,
The countless multitudes of the redeemed,
For they, transporting thought ! my children are.”

Scarcely had Adam ceased, when shouts of joy,
On every side, were heard ; the Saviour had
In Paradise appeared ; most glorious
His human body was ; fair specimen
Of what his saints would be. He on that spot,
Which he had constituted his abode
In Paradise, and where the glory bright,
The token of His presence always shone,
Had, all his saints, invited to convene.
With speed, that gracious summons they obeyed ;
But what a concourse ! At no time before,
Had Paradise such an assembly seen.
It was like that, almost as numerous
As that, which, shortly after, on the day
Of judgment, did at the right hand appear.
The Saviour thus his blessed saints addressed :

“ My well-beloved saints, the time is come,
The hour's at hand, when all the promises,
Which I to you have made, shall be fulfilled.
Adam, and all ye ancient saints, who dwelt
On earth in her primeval days, and were
The first inhabitants of Paradise,
You have, from first to last, the ways of God
To man observed ; through the whole course of time,
You have his wisdom, mercy, holiness,
Seen gloriously displayed ; but in the scenes
Which lately have appeared, and which you know

To be the closing scenes of earth, you have,
Upon a scale immense, his love beheld.
And now the end is come ; the period,
Which you have all, for several thousand years,
Expected, has arrived. Now you shall see
That glory which I have, for all my saints,
Prepared ; and it shall far exceed all you
Have ever thought. Ye prophets, who my reign
On earth, and all its grand results, foretold,
See your predictions all fulfilled. That which
Was once e'en to yourselves obscure, is now
To all most clear. The purposes of God,
Concerning man on earth, now have an end ;
And now my faithful servants, you shall all,
Without delay, receive your great reward.
You, my apostles, who my great commands,
To preach my word in every land, received,
See of your labours now the happy fruits.
When you commenced that word to preach, how few
The truth received ! yet you have lately seen
My holy word triumphant through the earth.
You laboured much in sowing the good seed ;
You sufferings bore, and death itself endured ;
But you have seen a harvest gathered in,
Which has compensated a thousandfold
Your greatest labours, and your sufferings too.
Yes ! from the seed, which you in tears once sowed,
Earth has a field of ripened corn become ;
Exhibiting from east to west, and north
To south, one vast, unbroken, waving crop.
Now the great day is near, when I of you,
In presence of the whole assembled world,
My approbation strongly will declare ;
And your fidelity, so much admired,

Abundantly reward. Ye ministers
Of my most holy word, whether you have
To heathens preached, or o'er my churches watched,
See the result your labours have produced.
That work, which my apostles left undone,
Because by death removed, you undertook ;
Your labours have my church on earth preserved,
And spread the blessed gospel through the world.
I know your works ; your conduct I approve ;
And the great day, now just at hand, shall show
Your great reward. All ye my saints, who have
The heat and burden of the day sustained,
And proved your faith by holiness of life,
Rejoice. I've seen your patience, faithfulness,
And love ; nothing you've done, from love to me,
Will I forget ; the seeds of faith and love
Shall soon a most abundant harvest yield.
Ye infant saints, who hither came from earth,
Almost before you knew its ills, or felt
Its dreadful snares, you have much happiness
In Paradise enjoyed ; and you shall soon,
With all my saints, the unutterable bliss
Of Heaven partake. Hear, my beloved saints,
Without distinction, I, you all, address.
I in your happiness rejoice ; I gave
Myself for you ; the purchase of my blood
You are ; I called you by my grace ; I kept
You in the narrow way ; and when your feet
That way forsook, I caused you to return ;
When by temptation foiled, I healed your wounds,
Pardoned your sins, and gave you peace again ;
When bowed with trouble down, I gave you strength
To bear the load, and made your griefs a source
Of good. Sustained by me, you persevered

Till death ; and then I brought you to this world
 Of rest. Here you have had enjoyments great,
 But greater far are in reserve for you.
 The long-expected resurrection day
 Is near, when I, according to my word,
 Will raise your bodies up ; will clothe you all
 In immortality ; and glorious
 Your bodies make, fashioned like this, in which
 I now appear. When I to judge the world
 Shall go, you shall, at my right hand, be placed ;
 And I, before my Father and the hosts
 Of angels bright, will own and crown you all.
 Then you shall see the righteous doom of those
 Who lived and died in sin, rejecting all
 My Father's laws, and all my offered grace ;
 And you my righteous sentence will approve.
 Be ready then, my saints, the time is come,
 When you shall all at my right hand appear ;
 And I, on you, will crowns of life bestow."

This speech the saints, with acclamations great,
 Received. " Yes, Lord ! yes, blessed Saviour ! see
 We ready are ; thy grace has made us so.
 Come quickly Lord ; we long to see the day
 When we shall stand at thy right hand ; we long
 To see the kingdom, which thou hast for us
 Prepared, and praise thy name, Redeemer great,
 Before thy throne, among the hosts of Heaven."

Soon after this, an angel, great in might,
 Was seen to enter Tartarus, and call
 The spirits lost to hear a message sent
 From God. Lost human souls, and spirits lost
 Of the angelic race, in numbers great,
 Around the angel came, but not from choice ;

A power quite irresistible compelled
Them to approach his message to receive.

“ I come,” the angel said, “ by His command,
Whose holy laws you all have disobeyed,
Whose righteous anger you all feel and dread,
To warn you, that the dreadful judgment day
Is just at hand ; be ready then your doom
To hear. The Son of God, who gave his life
For men, that he might them redeem, will be
Your Judge. He will, in human nature clothed,
Upon the judgment seat appear ; and you
Must all, angels and men, before him stand ;
And there, according to your works, be judged.
His righteous sentence ne’er will be reversed ;
And under it you will for ever groan,
Tormented in the eternal fire of Hell.”

This said, the angel disappeared, while fear
And consternation wild pervaded all
In Tartarus. The fallen angels raged ;
Blasphemed the Son of God, yet trembled much
To hear his name. Among the human kind
Some spoke their feelings of despair and dread
In manner thus : “ Oh cursed be the day,”
Said one, “ in which I was made governor
Of vile Judea’s land ! The wicked Jews
Induced me to condemn the Son of God,
When, as a man, he at my bar appeared.
I knew, that he, to be the Son of God,
Had claimed ; and though, the nature of that claim,
I did not understand ; yet I did feel,
He was no common man. Quite over-awed
I was by him, while he before me stood.
My wife too, by a dream, concerning him,
Was much alarmed, and sent to admonish me

No injury to inflict on that just man.
 Conscience that admonition seconded ;
 I knew, I felt his spotless innocence ;
 But the vile fear of man prevailed ; and I,
 To please the Jews, condemned that mighty one,
 In all the shame and torture of a cross,
 To die. 'Tis true, that I did water take
 And wash my hands before the multitude,
 To signify, that of his blood I was
 Quite innocent ; but 'twas a vain pretence ;
 I could not thus myself deceive ; too well
 I knew, that I was guilty of his blood,
 And conscience, dreadful pangs of guilt, produced.
 Oh ! how shall I at his tribunal stand !

I well remember his mild looks, when he,
 At my tribunal, stood ; but will he now,
 As then, appear ? Ah no ! he'll frown on me ;
 That frown I well deserve, yet greatly dread ;
 'Twill torture me ; 'twill crush me ; him to meet,
 Thus face to face, is worse to me than Hell."

" Oh ! how shall I," another said, " meet Him,
 Whom I once charged with horrid blasphemy,
 Because he said I am the Son of God !
 'Twas true ;—I felt he spoke the truth ;—that truth,
 Vivid as lightning flashed into my mind ;
 Yet I that strong conviction did suppress,
 Pronounced what he had spoken blasphemy,
 And, in affected horror, rent my clothes.
 How shall I meet that injured Saviour now !
 From the high, sacred office, which I held,
 I ought to have been the first to own his claims,
 And call upon my nation to receive
 Him as their long-expected king. But I,—
 How could I act so vile a part ! I stirred

The people up to have him crucified.
 That crime is mine ; its blackest parts are mine ;
 I, in that cursed deed, prime mover was ;
 And I, wretch that I am ! desisted not,—
 Paused not, till my foul purpose was complete.
 Oh, crime of crimes ! Of all the human race
 I bear the blackest guilt. He told me once,—
 Fresh in my memory his words remain,—
 That I should him, at the right hand of Power,
 Behold, and coming in the clouds of Heaven.
 He spoke, I knew, in figurative terms
 Referring to an ancient prophecy ;*
 But now, how literally true his words !
 Awfully true to me ! Where, when he comes,
 Shall I, wretch so vile, myself conceal !
 I cannot,—but I must, his face behold ;
 And vivid recollections of the past,
 Will then rush in, and harrow up my soul.
 And when he looks at me ;—and look he will ;—
 He will me single out from all the crowd,
 And will the eyes of all upon me turn
 As his chief murderer ; oh horror great !
 What shall I do ! Oh ! that the great last day
 Were at the distance of a million years !
 But no ! it is at hand ; I almost hear
 The trumpet sound. O that I ne'er had lived !”

Others, among the spirits lost exclaimed :
 “ We in the cry of ‘ Crucify him’ joined.

* Dan. vii. 13, 14. The reader of the Original will see, that Matt. xxvi. 64, will bear a rendering different from that in the English version. Instead of “ Hereafter shall ye see,” &c. the passage may be rendered “ Henceforth, from this time, ἄν' ἔρτῃ shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven.” Hence, the passage may not refer to our Lord's coming at the last day, but to his coming in his kingdom.

When on the cross, his dying agonies
We mocked ; and, though we could not doubt the fact,
His resurrection boldly we denied.
How shall we now his piercing looks endure !
How bear his dazzling glories to behold !
What pangs unutterable shall we feel,
When, from his lips, we hear our doom ! That doom,
Awful as it will be, we well deserve."

" Oh ! how shall we," others, in anguish, cried,
" Meet him, whom we contemptuously have called
A man ! In whose great sacrifice, by pride
Of heart, deluded, we refused to trust.
Yet he is God ; we know it now ; and we
Shall feel it to our cost, when we behold
Him on his judgment seat. Were he not God,
Could he on us eternal woes inflict ?"

" We," some in terror said, " did hate his saints ;
We them defamed ; we spoiled their goods ; we them
Of their liberty deprived, and some to death
We doomed ; our hands have reeked with martyrs' blood.
He will not these abominable deeds forget ;
But will assert, and we cannot that truth
Deny, that, what we to his people did,
We did to him. Because we hated him,
We did his people persecute ; and now,
What we have sown, that shall we also reap."

Many, who never, had, in the saints' blood,
Their hands imbrued, yet, full of terror, did
The great last day expect. " We heard his word,"
Said they ; " his messages of love were sent
To us ; but we would not our sins renounce ;
We all his love despised, or only made
A faint resolve, that we would sometime turn
To God. We well remember what he said

Of Sodom, and the men of Nineveh ;
And sure we are, a doom more awful far
Than theirs doth us await. Vain the regret,
But we could weep through all eternity,
To think how we his mercy have refused."

While all the spirits lost were thus engaged
In sad anticipations of their doom,
They suddenly beheld a numerous host
Of angels bright approaching Tartarus.
All now were horror-struck ; they needed not
To be informed that the last day was come ;—
They felt it was. " We come," the angels said,
" You to convey to earth ; there sinful men
Their bodies will receive ; and angels lost,
Their leader Satan, and that rebel throng,
Which with him now infest the earth, will join.
There you will all await the trumpet's sound ;
That sounded, you must all, with short delay,
Before the judgment seat of Christ appear,
Your just and awful sentence to receive,
And then be cast into the lake of fire."
Then was all Tartarus to earth conveyed.

At the same time an angel glorious,
One of the highest rank in Heaven, appeared
In Paradise. " Hail happy saints," said he,
" The day of your reward is come. Behold
Yon host of angels ;—under my command
They're placed, you to convey to earth. Not that
There is now ought to fear ; the rebel hosts
Are prisoners now, placed under close restraint ;
Their power is at an end ; they will no more
The saints annoy ; but this bright army goes
To do you honor, and to show how much
The blessed Saviour doth in you delight.

As he, until his resurrection day,
In Paradise remained, then went to earth
His body to resume, and afterwards
Ascend to Heaven ; just so will you his saints.
Now leave, beloved saints, this Paradise
For fairer seats, and higher joys in Heaven.”

The journey now, to earth, began ; but how
Shall I describe the shouts of joy, the songs
Of praise to the Redeemer's name, which burst
From all the spirits just ! Never before,
Had any of them tasted joys so great ;
The long-expected, glorious event,
Then just at hand, to overflowing filled
Each holy mind. At length, the happy saints,
The innumerable hosts of Paradise,
On earth arrived. They were invisible
To all on earth, but every thing on earth
Was visible to them. A pleasure great
They felt, to see again their old abodes ;
And many ancient saints were much surprised
At the great alterations, which the earth,
Since they upon it dwelt, had undergone,
But none, a moment, wished to live on earth
Again. Many, who had but lately left
The earth, their former dwellings saw, and friends,
And visited again the lonely walk,
And secret chamber, where they had, in prayer
And holy meditation sweet, with God
Conversed. Others there were, and not a few,
Who visited the spots, where their remains
Were laid ; and in most pleasing thoughts indulged
On the great resurrection, just at hand.

We saw full proof, that many, then on earth,
Were living in a thoughtless state, absorbed

In business, pleasure, or in things, which had
No useful bearing on another world ;
Little suspecting that the awful day
Of their account was come. But in the saints
We saw a seriousness, a cheerful hope,
A holy joy, and, of that great event,
An expectation, which spoke them prepared.

The spirits lost could nothing find, on earth,
That comfort gave. The sight of former scenes
Of crime most dreadful pangs of guilt produced,
Or raised desires for sinful sweets again ;
Desires which none could hope to gratify,
And which did naught but misery inflict.
But most they thought of their tremendous doom,
Each moment fearing, that the trump would sound
To raise their bodies up, that they might stand
Before their righteous Judge. Fall'n angels too,
With terror stricken, all their courage lost ;
Satan himself, though adamant his heart,
The terrors of that day could not outbrave.
I saw him writhe with anguish at the dread
Of his most awful doom ; yet still he raged,
Because no more, as he so long had done,
He could the sons of men to ruin bring.

Now suddenly all nature seemed to pause ;
The waters were as motionless as land ;
The winds were still and breathless as a corpse ;
The cattle ceased to graze ; the birds to fly,
And universal silence reigned. Men seemed
To have their senses chained by some surprise ;
They looked expectant of the great event ;
Yea felt convinced that earth's last hour was come.
The countenances of the good expressed
The inward joy they felt ; while all the bad

Too clearly showed the terror felt within.
Few did the silence break ; but all, both good
And bad, did look unutterable things.
Now suddenly a mighty sound was heard,
A sound, which quickly spread from pole to pole,
And round the whole circumference of earth ;—
A sound to which the thunder's voice was weak ;—
No not a thousand roaring thunders could,
A sound so loud, so terrible, produce ;—
It was the trumpet's sound, which raised the dead.
Earth was convulsed ; its surface seemed alive ;
Millions of human bodies started up,
And by a process not to be described,
Each human soul did its own body take.
The living were amazed ; but short the time
Allowed them to reflect, or view the scene.
Again that loud and mighty sound was heard ;
And as it rolled through the expanse of earth,
The living all were changed,—their bodies made
Just like the bodies of the risen dead.
And now, the dead all raised, the living changed,
All were prepared to stand before the Judge,
And, from his lips, receive their final doom.

Here I my narrative might terminate ;
For you, my fellow-saints, of Adam's race,
From me no farther information need ;
All subsequent events, as well to you,
As to myself, are known ; but for the sake
Of these beloved saints, not of our race,
But from a distant world, my narrative,
Though long, a small addition shall receive.

Hear then, ye much beloved saints, who ne'er
Have sinned, hear while I tell, in fewest words,
How God, who is both just and merciful,

Did both his justice and his mercy show
In fixing the last state of Adam's sons.

The resurrection past, the living changed,
The human race immortal had become.
That immortality, to all the saints,
A blessing was of value infinite ;
But, to the wicked of our race, a curse.
Gladly would they a second time have died,
Or e'en annihilation undergone,
Could they but have escaped the flames of Hell.
After an interval allowed for all
To anticipate, in sure and joyful hope,
Their great reward, or contemplate with dread
Their awful doom ; the righteous Judge appeared,
And all were to his judgment seat conveyed.
They stood not all in one promiscuous throng ;
The saints were placed on the right hand of Him,
In whom they both their Judge and Saviour saw ;
The wicked on his left. The omniscient Judge
Was well prepared on each one to pronounce
According to his works. The wicked felt
Their doom was just ; the conscience of each one
Of all the lost condemned him, just as much
As did the Judge. The final sentence pass'd
On wicked men, and wicked angels too,
They both were driven into the lake of fire,
Where they in torments ever will remain.

To all the blessed saints, the Saviour spoke
In terms of love ; he owned them all as his ;
Pronounced them all the purchase of his blood ;
Declared their sins forgiven ; their works of faith
And love approved ; and with a gracious smile,
Which would the sufferings of ten thousand years
Repay, invited them to enter Heaven,

There to receive their great and bless'd reward—
Their incorruptible inheritance :
The Saviour led the way, and all his saints
Innumerable followed him. The hosts
Of angels bright, which had conducted them
From Paradise to earth, attended them
To Heaven. They a triumphant entrance made,
For they were conquerors now. At their approach,
The gates were open thrown ; and there came forth,
Many of highest rank in Heaven, to meet
And welcome them. And, as they entered in,
Millions of angels, ranged in shining ranks,
Poured, from celestial harps, their sweetest notes
To praise the Lamb for his redeeming love,
And to congratulate his happy saints.
The Saviour, through these ranks of angels bright,
Straight to his Father's throne, led all his saints,—
His happy saints, the purchase of his blood ;
And there, to him, did all of them present :
“ Father,” said he, “ behold the multitude,
Which thy rich mercy, through my blood, has saved.”

“ Beloved saints,” the Father's voice replied,
“ Welcome, most welcome to this Heavenly world ;
Here in my presence dwell ; the kingdom take,
So long for you prepared ; and all the bliss,
Which Heaven affords, for evermore enjoy.”

The Saviour then, to their celestial seats,
His people led, and thus them all addressed :
“ This is, beloved saints,” he sweetly said,
“ The kingdom, which, on earth, I promised you ;
Which was, from the foundation of the world,
For you prepared ;—for your inheritance,
’Twas set apart, long ere you drew the breath
Of life, or Adam by my hand was made.

Before I left the earth, to take my seat
Upon my Father's throne, did I not say :
“ I'm going to prepare a place for you ?”
This is, my saints, the place of which I spoke.
It was, from the foundation of the world,
For you prepared, but not as now it is.
As soon as I returned from earth, I did,
The beautifying of this place, begin ;
Nor did I cease now beauties to impart
To this your bless'd inheritance,—for you
New sources of enjoyment to provide,
Till I, according to my word, to earth
Returned, to take you to myself in Heaven,
That where I am, there you may also be.
Look round, my saints, the beauties of this place
Behold ; see the delights this kingdom gives.
'Tis yours,—'tis your eternal home ;—I give
It you, the people of my love. Here dwell
In endless joy ; and, as your wishes prompt,
Go forth to visit every part of Heaven.
Your angel visitants, and blessed saints,
From every world, you here may entertain.
Many, my saints, will visit you to see
This happy place, and learn your history ;
For they, of your redemption, through my blood,
Have often heard, but more they wish to know.
I will myself full often visit you,
For I, as the Redeemer of mankind,
In all your happiness, rejoice ; it is
The great reward my sufferings bring. And you,
Like all the saints and angels here in Heaven,
Have free access to my Great Father's throne ;
Oft as you please, you may him there address
And praise ; you need no Mediator more.”

The Saviour ceased, the saints in song of praise
Their gratitude and holy joy expressed ;
Then entered on the pleasures great, the bliss
Unspeakable, of their inheritance.

O ye beloved saints, not of our race,
And not, like us, by the Great Saviour's blood
Redeemed, see what rich mercy has to us
Been shown. The height, and depth, and length, and breadth
Of the Great Father's mercy who can tell ?
And O ! how wonderful the Saviour's love !
How far surpassing what created minds,
Had they not seen it, ever could have thought !
We, who were rebels, lost, and doomed to Hell,
Are, by the Son of God, redeemed ;—redeemed,—
Not by his power alone, but by his blood ;—
His blood the price for our redemption paid.
And O, what proof of highest love appears
In this inheritance,—this heavenly land,—
These blissful seats,—surpassed by none in Heaven !
Here ends, beloved saints, my narrative.



APPENDIX.

Note A. Book I. Page 7.

It appears from 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17, that the dead will rise before the living will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air ; so that they will have no advantage over that vast multitude of the saints, which, previously to the last day, will have fallen asleep in Jesus. But from 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52, we learn, that the dead will be raised even before the living will be changed. Hence it is concluded, that the dead will rise at the sound of the first trumpet, and the living be changed at the sound of the second or last trumpet.

Note B. Book II. Page 34.

As those who can read the New Testament only in English, are unable to tell in what passages the terms *Gehenna* and *Hades* occur, it has been thought proper to adduce all the passages in which these terms are found.

Gehenna γεεννα occurs in

Matt. v. 22, 29, 30.

— x. 28.

— xviii. 9.

— xxiii. 15, 33.

Mark ix. 43, 45, 47.

Luke xii. 5.

James iii. 6.

Twelve passages.

Hades ᾠδης occurs in

Matt. xi. 23.

— xvi. 18.

Luke x. 15.

— xvi. 23.

Acts ii. 27, 31.

1 Cor. xv. 55.

Rev. i. 18.

— vi. 8.

— xx. 13, 14.

Eleven passages.

In ten of these passages, the word is rendered Hell; in one of them, 1 Cor. xv. 55, it is rendered grave. "O grave! where is thy victory?"

Note C. Book II. Page 37.

That the Seventy considered *Sheol* and *Hades* correspondent terms, there can be no doubt; as they have uniformly rendered the Hebrew term *Sheol* by the Greek term *Hades*. Campbell says: "The Greek *Hades* they (the Jews) found well adapted to express the Hebrew *Sheol*." (Dissertation vi. Part. ii. Section 19.)

Note D. Book II. Page 39.

2 Peter ii. 4, "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment," &c. The English reader will perhaps think, that this passage does not prove the point. "Where," he may say, "is Tartarus?" Not in the translation, but in the original. Macknight's rendering of the passage accords with the original, better than our common version does. "If God did not spare the angels who sinned, but with chains of darkness, confining them in Tartarus delivered them over to be kept for judgment," &c. Macknight has an interesting note on this passage, to which the reader is referred; it is too long for insertion here.

Campbell's remarks, on this passage, are as follows: "To express the unhappy situation of the wicked in that intermediate state they (the Jews) do not seem to have declined the use of the word *Tartarus*. The apostle Peter says of evil angels, that God cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness to be reserved unto judgment. So it stands in the common version, though neither *γεεννα* (*Gehenna*) nor *ᾗδης* (*Hades*) is in the original, where the expression is *σειραῖς ζοφου ταρταρώς παρέδωκεν εἰς κρίσιν τετηρημένους*. The word is not *γεεννα* (*Gehenna*) for that comes after judgment, but *ταρταρος* (*Tartarus*) which is, as it were the prison of Hades, wherein criminals are kept till the general judgment. And as, in the ordinary use of the Greek word, it was comprehended under Hades as a part; it ought, unless we can find some positive reason to the contrary, by the ordinary rules of interpretation, to be so understood here." (Dissertation vi. Part ii. Section 19.)

Note E. Book II. Page 39.

“When our Saviour therefore said to the penitent thief upon the cross : ‘To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise:’ he said nothing that contradicts what is affirmed of his descent into *Hades* in the Psalms, in the Acts, or in the Apostles’ creed.” (Campbell Diss. vi. Part ii. Sec. 21.)

Note F. Book II. Page 40.

“Paradise is another name for what, is in the parable, called Abraham’s bosom.” (Campbell’s Diss. vi. Part ii. Sec. 21.) Again, he says in Sec. 19, “To denote the same state (Paradise) they (the Jews) sometimes used the phrase Abraham’s bosom : a metaphor borrowed from the manner in which they reclined at meals.”

Note G. Book II. Page 41.

Philip. ii. 10. Macknight renders the passage thus : “That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and of things upon earth, and of things under the earth.” Part of his note on it is as follows : “The word *καταχθονίων* in this verse, answers to Homer’s *υπερερθε*, *Iliad* [r. line 278,] which signifies *the shades below*. By this word, therefore, the apostle denotes the souls of those who are in the state of the dead, over whom also Christ reigns, Rom. xiv. 9.” The reason of this phraseology appears to be the once prevalent notion, that departed souls were placed in the lower parts of the earth or under the earth. See more on this subject in Campbell’s Diss. vi. Part ii. Sec. 6.

Note H. Book II. Page 42.

Rev. v. 13. By those under the earth, we are, according to Scott, (see his note on the passage,) to understand the souls of those in the separate state, whose bodies were “under the earth or in the sea.” The parallel passage, in verse 3d, Scott explains thus—“But there was *no one*, (not *no man*,) either angel in heaven, or man on earth, or spirit of man in the separate state, whose body lay under the earth, who would claim so high an honour.”

The 22d section of Campbell’s Dissertation vi. Part ii. may be read, with advantage, by those, who feel any difficulty in the phrase, “Under the earth.” One sentence is as follows : “Expressions implying, that *Hades* is under the earth, and that the seat of the blessed is above the stars, ought to be regarded merely as attempts to accommodate what is spoken to vulgar apprehension and language.”

Note I. Book II. Page 43.

1 Cor. xv. 55. Macknight's note on this passage runs thus : " The word ᾠδης (Hades) translated the grave, literally signifies *the invisible world*, or the place where departed spirits, both good and bad remain till the resurrection. (Job xi. 8 ; Psalm cxxxix. 8 ; Isaiah xiv. 9. and especially Psalm xvi. 10.) Thou wilt not leave my soul, εἰς ᾠδον *in hell (in Hades)*. The place where the spirits of the righteous abide, the Jews called *Paradise*, the place where the wicked are shut up, they called *Tartarus*, after the Greeks. There the rich man is said to have gone when he died. There also many of the fallen angels are said to be now imprisoned (2 Peter ii. 4.) In this noble passage, the apostle personifies *death* and the *grave* ; and introduces the righteous, after the resurrection, singing a song of victory over both. In this sublime song, death is represented as a terrible monster, having a deadly sting, wherewith it had destroyed the bodies of the whole human race, and the invisible world as an enemy who had imprisoned their spirits. But the sting being torn from death, and their spirits being brought out of paradise, the place of their abode, shall re-animate their bodies ; and the first use of their newly recovered tongues, will be to sing this song, in which they exult over death and Hades as enemies utterly destroyed, and praise God, who hath given them the victory over these deadly foes through Jesus Christ. Scott, on this passage, calls Hades the unseen world, and says : " He seemed to have shut up in his dark dungeon, as vanquished foes, all the generations of men ; that had lived on the earth."

Note J. Book II. Page 51.

On this subject Campbell speaks thus : " Let it be observed that *keber*, the Hebrew word for *grave* or *sepulchre*, is never rendered in the ancient translation ᾠδης (Hades) but ταφος (*taphos*, grave), or μνημα (*mnema*, sepulchre, monument), or some equivalent term. *Sheol*, on the contrary, is never rendered ταφος or μνημα but always ᾠδης, nor is it ever construed with θαπτω (*thapto*, to bury) or any word which signifies to bury, a thing almost inevitable, in words so frequently occurring, if it had ever properly signified a grave.

Where the disposal of the body or corpse is spoken of, ταφος or some equivalent term, is the name of its repository. When mention is made of the spirit after death, its abode is ᾠδης." (Dissertation vi. Part ii. Sec. 8, where the reader may see more to the same purpose.)

Note K. Book II. Page 52.

Isaiah xiv. 9, 11. On this passage, Campbell, in the section last quoted, writes thus: "In *Hades* all the monarchs and nobles, not of one family or race, but of the whole earth, are assembled. Yet their sepulchres are as distant from one another as the nations they governed." It may also be remarked for the information of the English reader, that the term *Sheol* is, in verse 9, translated hell, and in verse 11, grave. In neither instance therefore, is it correctly translated.

Note L. Book II. Page 55.

Campbell, in Dissertation vi. Part ii. Section 15, says, that "the word *Hades* implies properly neither *Hell* nor the *grave* but the place or state of departed souls."

Note M. Book II. Page 56.

The term Paradise in Revelation ii. 7, seems to mean Heaven; but then it is, by way of distinction, from Paradise, the abode of happy souls, denominated: "The Paradise of God."

Note N. Book II. Page 57.

"This name also was given to the place, where the spirits of the just after death reside in felicity till the resurrection, as appears from our Lord's words to the penitent thief, Luke xxiii. 43—*To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*. The same place is called *Hades*, Acts ii. 27, or *the invisible world*." Macknight on 2 Cor. xii. 4.

For arguments in favor of two visions or revelations, see Campbell's Dissertation vi. Part ii. Section 21.

Note O. Book II. Page 59.

Macknight says, in a note on 2 Cor. v. 8. "The apostle believed his soul was not to sleep after death, but was to pass immediately into a state of felicity with Christ in Paradise."

Note P. Book II. Page 70.

Macknight on Luke i. 10, has a remark, which appears much to illustrate this vision. "Because," says he, "it sometimes happened, that, on ordinary week days, few or none of the people attended the morning and evening sacrifices, there were four and twenty men employed to attend the service, as *representatives* of the people of Israel, to lay their hands on the head of the sacrifice, to pray, and to receive the blessing."

Note Q. Book II. Page 76.

Dr. Burnet, in his Treatise concerning the state of departed souls, proves, by extracts from the writings of the Fathers, that they believed and taught the doctrine of an intermediate state. In a note, page 104, it is said: "Thus many, and thus celebrated are the ancient Fathers, as Tertullian, Ireneus, Origen, St. Chrysostome, Theodoret, Œcumenius, Theophylact, St. Ambrose, Clemens Romanus, St. Bernard, who do not assent to that opinion, which at length has been determined by the Council of Florence, after a great debate, viz. that the souls of the just enjoy the vision of God before the day of judgment, but are of a contrary belief." Staple's Def. Auctorit. Eccles. L. I. C. 2.

Burnet himself states, in the same page, "that at the Council of Florence, in the fifteenth century, it was decreed, that the souls of the saints, when they leave their bodies, should, in a little time, be received into heaven, and should see God, as he is in Trinity and in Unity."

In pages 50, 51, he writes thus—"There are several of the Protestant divines, who will allow of no middle state of souls, through an apprehension of Purgatory. Thus when we would avoid one extreme, such is the folly of mankind, we often run into another as vicious, and as blameable. 'Tis sufficiently known, that the Papistical Purgatory is a human invention, adapted to the capacity of the people and the advantage of the priests; nor will we through apprehension of this phantom, desert the doctrine of the ancients concerning the imperfect and unfinished happiness or misery of human souls before the day of judgment. But, as for what relates to the misery and punishments of the wicked, we shall at present pass it by; it will be sufficient to show at present, that the opinion of those who translate the souls of the departed righteous to the kingdom of heaven, and that supreme glory, which is called the beatific vision before the resurrection of the dead, and the coming of Christ, is neither agreeable to the sacred writings nor to the primitive faith of christians."

Thus it appears, that we are very much indebted to the Papists for the doctrine, that the disembodied souls of saints are admitted into heaven; and that they introduced it, in support of that gainful trade of masses for the dead, and the canonization of saints. Should Protestants then adhere to such a doctrine, unless they could most clearly prove it from Scripture? But let us hear Burnet again, pages 105, 106—"Upon this foundation," he says, "depends the whole superstructure of Romish religion, and Romish pomp, with regard to their saints, with regard to the canonization, as some are pleased to express themselves, to the invocation and adoration of them;

not only with regard to the saints themselves, but to their images and their relics. Upon this depend all their pilgrimages, their meritorious vows, the masses of their saints, and that new but most lucrative invocation of Purgatory. Since, therefore so great a provision, so great a weight of superstition depends entirely upon this article, so great a superstructure upon this foundation, or upon this corner-stone, it most highly concerns us to make no rash concession in a cause of so vast importance, and not to indulge too pious, but too ill-grounded affection."

Note R. Book IV. Page 121.

The term *αβυσσος* (*abussos abyss*), occurs several times in the New Testament, and is worthy of some consideration. It is found in the following passages, viz. Luke viii. 31, where it is rendered, "*the deep*;" Rom. x. 7, where it is also rendered "*the deep*;" Rev. ix. 1; ix. 11; xi. 7; xx. 1; xx. 3. In Rev. ix. 1, the term *αβυσσος* (*abyss*), is connected with *phreär*, a pit, thus, *ἡ κλεῖς τοῦ φρεατος της αβυσσου* the key of the bottomless pit; literally, the key of the pit of the abyss. In the other four passages in the Revelation, the term *αβυσσος* (*abyss*), occurs without the term *φρεαρ* (*phreär*); but, in each of them also it is translated, "*the bottomless pit*." Thus, we have five passages, in which the term is rendered, "*the bottomless pit*;" and two in which it is rendered, "*the deep*." Would any English reader suppose, that the place designated, "*the deep*," in Luke viii. 31, and Rom. x. 7, is the same, as that termed, "*the bottomless pit*," in the five passages in the Revelation? Yet surely the identity of the term, in each passage, indicates that the place intended is the same. Can any one, after a careful perusal of these passages, doubt, that the term *αβυσσος* (*abyss*), in each of them, (Rom. x. 7 excepted), designates the place, where apostate angels are confined, and that it is the place referred to in 2 Peter ii. 4, and Jude ver. 6, usually called Tartarus, and where the disembodied spirits of wicked men are also confined? But, in Rom. x. 7, it is spoken of as the place to which our Lord Jesus Christ went at death; can it then, in that passage, signify the place of lost spirits angelic and human? The term *αβυσσος* (*the abyss*), seems to be used in the same comprehensive sense as the term *ᾗδης* (*Hades*), i. e. as including the place of happy spirits, viz. Paradise, and the place of lost spirits, viz. Tartarus. Hence, there can be no more impropriety in saying, that the soul of our Lord was in the abyss, than in saying that it was in Hades.

See Macknight's note on Luke viii. 31, in his *Harmony of the Gospels*, Section 32. See also his note on Rom. x. 7, where he says, "The abyss here signifies the receptacle of departed souls, called *Hades*,

because it is an invisible place." For further remarks on the term *αβυσσος* (the abyss), the reader is referred to Campbell's Diss. vi. Part ii. Sec. 14.

Note S. Book IV. Page 130.

Muhammadanism commenced early in the seventh century; when it will terminate, we cannot tell; but let us, for the sake of even numbers, date its commencement from the year 701, and suppose that it will be annihilated by the year 1901; thus allowing twelve centuries for its existence. Then if 100,000,000 of human beings are Muhammadans, and one generation, as it has been calculated, passes away every thirty-three years, we have in twelve centuries, omitting the fraction, thirty-six generations of men, each containing 100,000,000 of Muhammadans. But let us deduct half this number for infants and others, that die before they come to years of discretion; and we shall then arrive at the awful conclusion, that in twelve centuries, not fewer than one thousand eight hundred millions of immortal souls will, in all probability, depart into another world under the delusions of Muhammadanism.

Note T. Book VIII. Page 374.

A writer in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, vol. ix. pages 217, 218, after calculating how many inhabitants every part of the earth can at present support, comes to this conclusion, that the whole earth will support sixteen or seventeen billions. Allowing, what is perhaps too high an estimate, that the population of the earth is now a thousand millions, and that the number of inhabitants, which it can support, is, according to this writer, sixteen billions; it follows, that the earth is able to support sixteen thousand times its present number of inhabitants. If all, or nearly all the inhabitants of the earth, will be saints, sixteen billions, will be a goodly number of saints to be found on earth at one time. But we need not limit the population of the earth, during the millennium, to that number; for admitting, that sixteen billions is all the earth can support, in its present state of sterility, for sterile it is compared with its primitive state, we must make a large allowance for that increase of fertility, which most christians, on the authority of the Bible, expect during the millennium. If during that blessed period, the earth should be fifty times more fertile than it is at present, it would support eight hundred billions; and should it become a hundred times more fertile than at present, it would then support double that number, even sixteen hundred billions of inhabitants; which would be one million six hundred thousand times its present number. How delightful to think,

that this apostate world may yet be peopled with nearly sixteen hundred billions of saints. What a glorious prospect for the christian philanthropist ! And who can tell how many times, during the millennium, taking the term in its literal sense, this vast population, these sixteen hundred billions, may be transferred to Paradise ?

THE END.



CORRIGENDA.

Page 15, line 16 from the bottom, *for* will *read* with.

— 44, line 14 from the top, *for* 'doption *read* adoption.

— 47, line 15 from the bottom, *for* all the saints 'mong, *read* 'mong all the saints.

— 48, line 3 from the top, *for* they thought, *read* supposed.

— 56, line 15 from the bottom, *for* to her, *read* to one.

— 86, line 14 from the top, *for* superstitious, *read* superstition's.

— 100, bottom line, *for* their, *read* theirs.

— 157, bottom line, *after* ungodly, *add* worldly.

— 177, line 4 from the top, *dele* to.

— 180, line 9 from the bottom, *for* the *read* their.

— 181, line 14 from the bottom, *dele* he.

— 220, line 11 from the bottom, *for* Led, *read* Lead.

— 229, line 13 from the top, *supply* I.

— 230, top line, *insert* I, *after* While.

— 252, line 9 from the bottom, *for* He, *read* I.

— 273, line 5 from the bottom, *for* converse, *read* conversed.

— 293, line 15 from the bottom, *for* had saved, *read* had them saved.

— 318, line 11 from the top, put a comma *after* doubt.

— 327, line 10 from the top, *dele* my.

— 335, line 17 from the bottom, *for* assured, *read* sure.

— 357, line 18 from the bottom, put a comma *after* done.

— 361, line 7 from the top, *for* geat, *read* great.

— 378, line 9 from the top, put a colon *after* said.

— 379, line 13 from the bottom, *dele* so.

— 382, line 9 from the bottom, *for* great *read* wonderful.

— 390, line 14 from the bottom, *insert* a, *before* wretch.

— 391, line 16 from the bottom, *dele* their.

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